

After Hours—



turn heads and hearts with a sparkling smile!

Your Country needs you in a vital job!

Women are needed to serve on the home front—to carry on the tasks of men gone to war—to release more men for wartime duties.

Jobs of every kind—in offices, stores and schools—as well as in defense plants—are *war jobs now*.

What can you do? *More than you think!*

If your finger can press a button, you can run an elevator or a packaging machine! If you can keep house, you've got ability that hotels and restaurants are looking for!

Check your Help Wanted ads, or see your local National Selective Service office.

Smiles are brighter when gums are firmer and healthier. Guard against "pink tooth brush". Use Ipana and massage.

YOU'RE WORKING on the home front—backing our heroes on the battle front. But when your day's stint is done—it's time for relaxation—for fun, for dates and romance.

Do you need beauty—bright as a star—to capture hearts? Not at all! Look at the popular girls about you. Few can claim real beauty. But they all know *how to smile!*

So let your smile be bright—warm hearts with its magic! But for that kind of a smile you need

bright, sparkling teeth. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

Never ignore "pink tooth brush"!

If you see a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may say your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like many dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage. For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid the gums as well.

Massage a little Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. Circulation increases in the gums—helps them to new firmness. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



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Tell it

in the sewing circle...woman to woman,
from mother to daughter — the battle is on against **VD**

VENEREAL DISEASE is no longer a hush hush topic.

It is a subject that comes up wherever thinking women meet . . . social groups . . . welfare meetings . . . the luncheon table.

And it is not idle talk. Canadian women now realize that when **VENEREAL DISEASE** strikes, the home is usually caught in the merciless web.

The home . . . their domain.

They want to know what can be done about it. How they can help blot out this shadow on our land.

They *are* helping . . . even by just talking about it. The more intelligently we discuss the problem the more knowledge we will have, and the greater the community strength to solve it.

Do YOU want to know how YOU can help? It's quite simple.

First, learn the facts about syphilis and gonorrhœa . . . what they are . . . how these diseases affect one . . . how

they can be prevented . . . cured. Then, see that that 'teen-aged boy or girl of yours knows the facts . . . the truth. *That's your job.*

Second, see that *your* club has a frank discussion about the problem. Call in your*health officer, or someone else who really *knows* the problem . . . and the answers. Arrange to have a free screening of a modern film to give you a better understanding of what is being done, and what can be done.

Third, make sure the conditions in your community are the kind which will give your children . . . and your neighbour's . . . the best chances for health and happiness . . . NO houses of prostitution . . . and NO unsavory places in which healthy and diseased young people can meet easily.

As a homemaker you cannot be indifferent. Canadian home life is the root of our nation's life. It must be protected.

YOU MUST DO YOUR SHARE!

FIGHT VD ON THE 4 SECTOR FRONT



For *all* the facts about VD write your Provincial Department of Health for the new, free booklet "VICTORY OVER DISEASE".

Sponsored by
DEPARTMENT OF NATIONAL HEALTH AND WELFARE
to further Canada's fight against VD.



In an emergency A MIGHTY GOOD FRIEND TO HAVE AROUND

THERE'S nothing like a good friend to help you through an emergency whether it be great or small. If Listerine Antiseptic isn't in your medicine cabinet you're missing a wonderful feeling of security and protection this trustworthy antiseptic inspires.

Think how often it can render real first-aid . . . how often you and your children may appreciate its quick germ-killing action!

Remember how Listerine Antiseptic was called in to take care of those little cuts, scratches and abrasions that you grew up on? And, of course, you simply can't

overlook its value as a precaution against the misery of colds and their accompanying sore throats. Bear in mind that in tests made over a 12-year period, those who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually milder ones, and fewer sore throats, than non-users.

Keep Listerine Antiseptic always at hand to fight infection. It combines a delightfully refreshing effect and complete safety with rapid germ-killing power.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
(CANADA) LTD., Toronto, Ont.

Sixty years in service

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

MADE IN CANADA

Foreword and Footnotes

IT'S HARD, in this cold printers' type and restricted space, to sum up the elusive charm and interesting personality of Jan Struther, whom you see at right. That she was the author of "Mrs. Miniver" is a fact known to all of us; but not everyone realizes that Mrs. Miniver was another name for the author, who found an outlet for her strange experiences in the first year of war as an English wife, mother and housekeeper in what began as a modest series of sketches and anecdotes written for a London journal. But Mrs. Miniver of movie fame got considerably beyond her creator's intentions, and the wave of public adulation which washed over character and author in America was an unexpected shock. So much so that, when a newspaper offered a prize for the best parody of Mr. Miniver, Miss Struther entered under a different name and won hands-down, donating the award to "an organization for distressed gentlewomen." She has, you see, humor as well as delicacy of perception and a graceful writing style. We asked her to contribute a Christmas message (see Page 5) for separated families, because she has been through it too, having said good-bye to her husband and eldest son in 1940 when she came to this continent, bringing her two youngest children with her.



CHATELAINE has always been proud of the fact that most of its editors and contributors are women who live the full life of home, family and housekeeping; they write, not "out of a desk" or an ivory tower of remote observation, but from their intimate knowledge of the sundry matters, practical and spiritual, impinging on the average woman's experience. Take, for instance, Elsie Fry Laurence (whom you'll find at left and on Page 10), and listen to what she writes us from Edson, Alberta: "Have reached that time of life when accomplishment centres in one's grown-up children (one a recently graduated nurse, and two sons and a daughter in the Air Force), but in case it encourages someone else, the family now being reduced to two school children, I have for the first time in my life started to take two precious morning hours for work at writing." This year her third book of verse, "Rearguard and Other Poems" (Ryerson Press), made its appearance, and the grapevine tells us she is now busy on a novel.



WANT SOMETHING different to add to the traditional Christmas menu of turkey and plum pudding? Turn to our Housekeeping pages and discover the secret of cranberry-and-grapefruit cup. It's delicious—in fact, something special, and we have this on the word of Jane Monteith, Chatelaine Institute's technician, who tests all recipes before they are presented in the magazine. Jane knows a fair bit about festive season entertaining too, as it's an old custom in her family to have open house on Christmas Eve; as far back as she can remember there have never been fewer than 50 people milling about the Monteith living rooms on that particular occasion. This new member of our Chatelaine Institute staff is a graduate of the University of Toronto, having specialized in Household Economics; a member of the Toronto Dietetic Association, and before joining Chatelaine she gained important experience in industrial feeding, running plant cafeterias and at one time planning menus for the canteen of a Montreal aircraft factory where 8,000 were fed daily.





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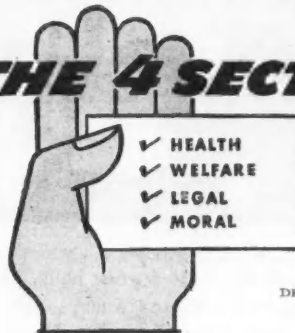
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THIS CHRISTMAS

by Jan Struther

ONCE AGAIN, Christmas will be a strange and lonely time for many. The festival which they were long accustomed to associate with crisp cold and falling snow may find them in humid jungles or under the blazing desert sun or beneath the chilling grey skies of Europe's winter. Instead of sleighbells and carols, they will hear only the sound of gunfire and aerial bombardment. They may spend Christmas Eve, not around a cosy fireplace, but in a foxhole. Palm or gum tree or the cypress of Italy will provide an ironic reminder of the familiar evergreen at home. As children they slept hopefully beside a dangling stocking; this year, their nearest and dearest companion will be their rifle, for they must be prepared for a more real and less kindly visitor than Santa Claus. And some of those who used to spring out of bed hopefully on Christmas morning will never awaken at all, for the night which once brought new life to the world will bring to many, this year, sudden death.

We who remain at home will also find our Christmas much changed; it may be the same as last year or the year before, but it will be vastly different from those other Christmases of bright memory, before the war, before the anxiety of separation and waiting. We shall still have the decorations, the ceremonies, all the outer shell of the festival, yet the essential core will be, for most of us, missing. We shall still sing carols, but in most households there will be a tenor or a bass voice missing. We shall eat our Christmas dinner as usual, but somehow the table will feel much too large for the depleted family circle, and perhaps the turkey will not be so expertly carved, now that the man of the house is away. The wreaths and bells may hang a little precariously, for the lack of someone tall enough to fasten them up in the usual way. The pile of packages will be smaller, and the exchange of gifts which used to take up so much of the morning will be a shorter business. And perhaps on the great day or soon after, we shall sit

down for a quiet half hour with pen and paper, to try to find the words—poor, striving words—to tell of our Christmas, how good and even bounteous it was, and yet how incomplete. We shall go on to say our thank-yous for strange and wonderful presents from far countries—and it may be months later that this letter with its thoughts from home at Christmas will be received and opened. Families are separated now not only by space but by time. One would-be helpful child suggested that we should reset our clocks so that we shall be celebrating Christmas at the same hour as the one who is absent. But this is not enough. To be close to each other in spirit, we must set our minds' clocks back to other, happier Christmases; or, better still, set them ahead to the future Christmas when we shall all be reunited.

Yet, even this year, there will be some among us who will not feel the warmth of their Christmas touched by the icy fingers of war. For the very young, Christmas does not change. For them it will still be represented by the gay kaleidoscopic pattern of green holly, red berries and white snow; by the

sound of rustling paper, and bells, and singing; by that rich smell which is a blend of wood smoke and pine boughs and plum pudding; by the taste of tangerines and candy; by the feel of tinsel and ribbon and the mysterious nobbly bulge in the heel of the stocking. If the small children do not seem to realize that we grownups find Christmas different, it is not because they are being insensitive or unimaginative, but simply because, for them, Christmas is associated with these bright material delights, and if the delights do not change, they are apt not to notice the change in the mental atmosphere. Perhaps it is just as well. Small children are generous; they will welcome us most hospitably to the house of their joy, and we can warm our hearts at its fireside, even though, for us and for the older children, there is a chill wind blowing outside—a wind of anxiety and grief.

For some families this will be the first Christmas which they have not spent together. For many more it will be the second, third, fourth or fifth—and let us not forget that many families in Britain and in Canada first learned the pang of separation by war in that faraway December of 1939. For them this will be the same sort of Christmas as for the last six years, but with the important difference that now the hopes that we have so long cherished are on a solid basis. It begins to look, at last, as if the long, lonely vigil would soon be finished, and families might live and laugh together once more.

So this Christmas, I feel, can have its happier, hopeful side. When everything seems to be changed, when the greeting, "Merry Christmas," seems to have become a mockery and pretense—that is the time to look deeply and see how much of the real spirit of Christmas still remains. In some ways, this year, it will have a very special meaning to us. Christmas has always been a time of unselfish giving; today millions of people are giving, or have given up everything that they have, + Continued on page 49

Decorations by Leslie C. Wookey.

Chatelaine asked the creator of one of wartime's best-loved characters, "Mrs. Miniver," to write a Christmas message to the women of Canada. Here it is — simple, direct and warmed by an understanding heart, alight with hope





TRUSHAY ... THE NEW LOTION LOVELY WOMEN USE BEFOREHAND

Guards hands even in hot, soapy water



Keep busy hands beautiful! Guard their lovely smoothness with a few drops of wonderful, new Trushay — applied before you start your daily soap-and-water tasks. For Trushay—made by a special formula—defends your hands against the drying and roughening effects of hot soapsuds.



Skin soft as rose petals . . . when rich, gentle Trushay is smoothed all over your body. Creamy Trushay softens rough elbows and knees—gives a satiny-smoothness to your back and arms. You'll be delighted at the change this fragrant new lotion brings to your skin.



A little does a lot! Trushay is so concentrated that a few drops go a long way. The generous-sized bottle of long-lasting Trushay is popularly priced. So you can afford to use it in many ways. Buy Trushay at your drug or toilet goods counter.

TRUSHAY — THE BEFOREHAND LOTION — NOW AVAILABLE IN CANADA

A Product of Bristol-Myers — Made in Canada



Lesson In Love

by **GENE HENRY**

Illustrated by Carl Bobertz

the disconcerting knowledge that the girl had been asking him something, and was now urging, "Will you?"

It was exactly the wrong moment for shyness to take over. He should have been masterful, with a touch of insouciance. *Insouciance*, there was a nasty word for you. It would spit in your eye for peanuts.

This girl . . . what was her name? Marsh. Jilancy Marsh, for Pete's sake! Well, Jilancy Marsh was saying, in the voice of a so-carefully-trained little girl, "Mother would be so glad to make your acquaintance."

Jeepers! What had he let himself in for?

She started to blush again, and Al's heart turned over. That was funny. It had never done that before. It turned over with a sort of warm thump that made him think—of all things—of the way he used to lift a setting hen off her nest, on the farm when he was a boy, and hold her, squawking, under his arm while he thumped over the warm eggs on which she had been sitting. A hen could do this for herself. And did. But Al liked to feel that he was giving her a hand in what must have been, at best, a tedious business.

Belatedly he realized that Jilancy Marsh had asked him to go with her to her home to get her manuscript. His shyness was dead set against that. But he didn't want to hurt her feelings. He searched his mind for the exact words in which to convey a courteous and disarming regret.

He opened his mouth and said, "Okay, kid," and could have slapped her when her eyes went black with shock.

IT WAS a short and fearful walk to the pleasant house where Jilancy Marsh and her mother lived. On the way the girl informed him, with a mingling of pride and apology which should have warned him, that her

mother was an invalid. And that they two lived alone.

Suffused with amazement, Al asked, "You mean . . . you take care of your mother . . . and go to school . . ."

"Oh, no," she said, laughing as if he'd said something witty. "There's mother's nurse . . . and, of course, the maids . . ."

Maids! In this neck of the woods anyone lucky enough to have hung onto a hired girl came right out and called her that.

Jilancy took him into a cheerful room with afternoon sun lying in great gold lozenges on rugs as soft as hot fudge. There were flowers everywhere. And on a low couch, garnished with dozens of lacy pillows and pastel coverings, was the invalid.

"Mother," Jilancy said, "may I present Mr. Twining. Mr. Twining is professor of English Literature at the college. He has kindly agreed to read my novel, and has come to get it."

"How very amiable of you, Professor Twining," said Mrs. Marsh, melting into a sort of gold-crowned blur which Al took to be a smile.

Staring at her, shyness and conscience both let go in Al. He would not have believed that anyone could be so authentically *charlotte-russe*. It was strange that coming face to face with 19th Century swoons-and-smelling-salts should affect him like a slap with a wet towel. An angry coldness let him see that while Jilancy's reaction to experience was intellectual, his was emotional. And if he didn't watch his step he would let both these women see how much he resented this atmosphere for Jilancy's sake.

While wrestling with these thoughts he murmured the right things (he hoped) to mother and daughter and escaped to fresh air with a bulky envelope under his arm.

The novel. Jilancy Marsh's novel. Eyeing a corner trash can, he felt an urge to drop the envelope into it and walk away. Next afternoon he wished he had.

The class had clattered out. All but Jilancy. She stood in front of his desk, eagerness overlaid with a restraint too old for her 21 years. She was waiting to hear his verdict on her novel.

He was not at his best because he was sleepy. He had put off reading the manuscript until just before he got into bed. Then, conscience getting a stranglehold on inclination, he told himself he would just glance through it. The next thing he knew, it was three o'clock in the morning, and he was lying there tied in mental knots.

As a novel it was heart-breaking. The plot was something. A neat carefully integrated frame of improbability made credible because it was exciting; and because every doubtful hinge was turned with a delicious and, he was convinced, wholly unintentional wit; and because you wanted to get in there and pitch for the heroine. What killed it was the men. Every man in the whole story was a cluck. There wasn't one good healthy vice among the lot of them. And the hero—the handsome, bowing, fabulously tailored hero—was so noble he made the toe of Al's right foot itch.

Al looked down at Jilancy Marsh and began to sweat. "Look, kid," he said, and the heck with her being shocked. "Haven't you ever . . . well . . . haven't you ever been around?"

This time she stood up under the shock. "Been around?" she repeated. She was honestly trying to understand his curious brand of English.

"Where were you brought up?"

"In Europe . . . mostly."

Europe! Surely the Continental girls knew a thing or two about men. "What schools did you attend?"

"Well . . . you see . . . we were always moving around. Paris, Switzerland, England. I didn't attend school. I had governesses."

"But since you came back to this country . . ."

"We've only been settled here a short time. This is the first school I ever had the privilege of attending."

"Haven't you ever been . . . out with a man?"

"Oh, yes. Occasionally. But always with my governess."

Al glared at her. The poor kid. The poor dumb kid. "Look," he asked, "since you've been here, haven't you—well, hang it all, haven't you ever been coking?"

"Coking?" She spoke French, German, Spanish and English. She had never met this word.

"For the love of Mike!" Al blurted. "A guy comes along and says, 'Hello, kid. How's about you and me going coking'; and you say, 'Could be.' And both of you go down to the hamburger joint and climb up on a couple of stools, grab off a brace of cokes and sit there, shooting the breeze. Haven't you ever done that, for Pete's sake?"

She shook her head. Her eyes were misty with bewilderment. She hadn't the faintest notion what he was talking about.

It wasn't conscience. And it certainly wasn't shyness. Nor could it be compassion—it was too exhilarating. Something ♦ Continued on page 63

"Haven't you ever been around?" he'd asked her, though all the time he knew the answer. It wasn't till later that he discovered that a girl knows some things instinctively, and even a teacher can be taught!



THERE was nothing special about Al Twining. He was just a guy teaching English Literature in what he called a "Cow College."

Older people told him that, young as he was, he was pretty lucky to be teaching in any sort of college, even a small one. And that might be good enough for older people, but not for Al. It was pretty sickening that an old football knee had him stuck up here on this platform shooting ideas at a bank of faces, mostly female, when all he wanted to do was shoot bullets on the other side of the world.

And if that girl in the front row didn't stop staring at him as if he were a cross between Charles Boyer and Frank Sinatra with a dash of nutmeg on top he would blow up on this lecture.

When the corridor bell snarled, releasing him from this period, he said, "Phew!" and slewed an eye down at the girl to see what she would make of that. She did not change her expression.

Al turned his back on the sound of the kids shuffling and laughing out into the corridor, got out his handkerchief and mopped his face. He was always in something of a sweat, due, as he never could admit, to a pretty constant battle between his shyness and his conscience. Shoving his handkerchief in a pocket, he gathered up a couple of books and a handful of papers, heaved a sigh, turned to step down off the platform and would have swallowed his cud if he'd been a cud-chewer.

That girl was standing there. Right slap in front of his desk. There was something touching about the gallantry of her pose, now that her face had paled so that her eyes looked like big grey headlights.

"Mr. Twining . . ." she said.

AL MADE a grab for his wits, which were always jerking off the leash when anybody looked the way this kid suddenly did. "Yes?" he said, gruffly, because it irritated him when one of the kids got under his guard.

"Mr. Twining . . . I've written a novel."

He bit down on a groan, and managed not to say, "You would." Then, before he could stop the thing, up popped his conscience to remind him that this girl's papers showed a nice balancing of thought with delicacy of phrase.

"Practically everybody has, these days," he grinned at her.

She didn't say anything. She stood there, looking expectantly up at him, and Al began to sweat.

"What do you want me to do about it?" he asked, knowing very well what she wanted him to do about it.

"I thought," she said, while a shell-pink blush began to creep up from the turned-down collar around her throat. "I thought . . . if you'd read it . . ."

"Sure," Al said. Heartily, because he'd won a bet with himself. That blush rushed right up into her foamy black hair before she got through speaking. "I wonder," he asked himself, "if anything could be done in a scientific way about the speed at which a blush travels. And if so, of what practical value would it be?"

He was jerked out of these pleasant abstractions by

Canada's distinguished author lives a quiet country life on the outskirts of Toronto; likes to work in slacks; enjoys a well-appointed home and a happy family life



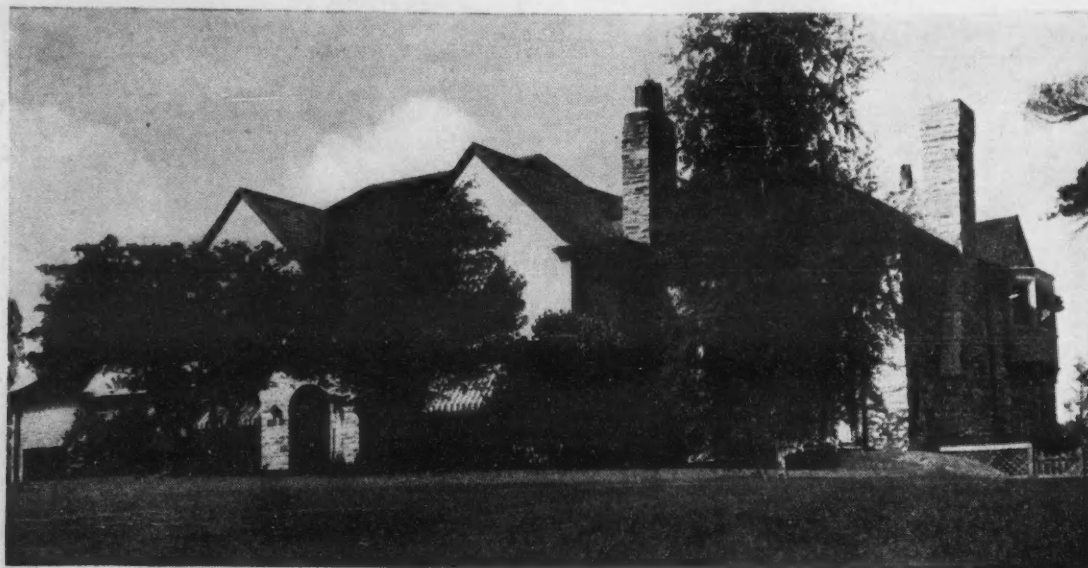
MAZO DE LA ROCHE now lives in a country house at York Mills, north of Toronto, which is picturesquely called "Windrush Hill." Living with her are her cousin, Miss Clement, and, for part of the year, her two children who go off to boarding school in the winter (her daughter Esmé is the young girl on the right, holding out a tempting morsel to one of their dogs). The cairn and Scotty are important members of the household, with well-developed canine personalities. Prior to the war, Miss de la Roche and her family lived in England in an Elizabethan house near Windsor. This house has since been twice damaged by bombs.

The creator of the Whiteoaks and their family setting of Jalna has a deep-rooted love of our Ontario countryside. She spent her girlhood on her father's fruit farm near the Niagara peninsula and has always shown a strong preference for the freedom of the country, rather than the restrictions of an urban life. These days she visits the city only to keep important engagements, then hurries back to the spacious grounds, the magnificent old trees and the pleasant country vistas of Windrush Hill.



★ This colorful collection of glass, on shelves in the dining-room windows, has been assembled over a period of years. Some of it was brought out from England many years ago, returned there with Miss de la Roche and again voyaged to Canada when the family returned just before the war. On the lower shelf of the window are squat old Bristol wine bottles in lovely shades of green, amethyst, ruby and blue, with pewter bands and stoppers. Above them are amber wine glasses from Bohemia, with delicately wrought stems.





Mazo de la Roche at Home

★ The rambling country house is surrounded in summer by green lawns, flower gardens and large shady trees. Last year, when one of the trees was struck by lightning, Miss de la Roche felt as though she'd lost a valued friend. In winter the grounds are covered by a vast expanse of snow which sometimes keeps the family isolated for days.



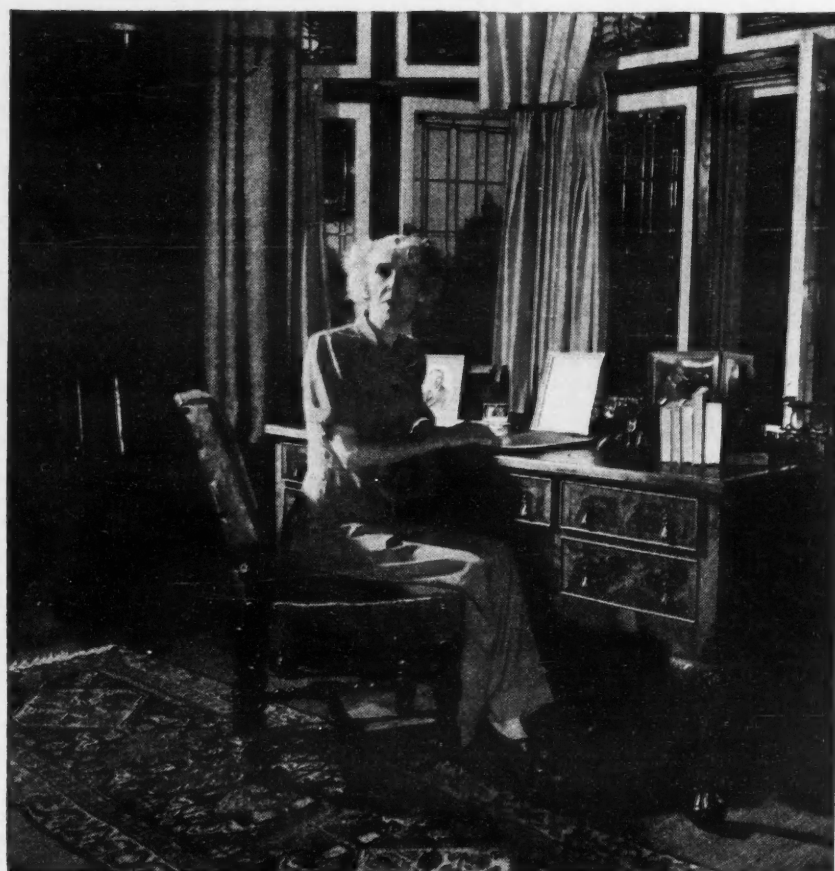
★ The study, which opens off the drawing-room, is Miss de la Roche's workroom. At times she sits at her desk, as shown below, but often she writes with a pad balanced on her knee. Unlike most modern authors, she never composes on a typewriter. A spiral staircase at the north end of the study leads directly to her own rooms above.



★ There are many lovely pieces of furniture in this drawing-room; some of them came from her father's home, while others were brought over from the house in England. On the wall at the end of the room is a collection of beautiful miniatures, which are family heirlooms.

YOU'VE ALL read her books—the saga of the lusty and high-spirited Whiteoaks—which have become classics in English literature, and have penetrated to the farthest corners of the globe. They have been translated into nine languages and are even read by the blind through the use of Braille. With her talent for storytelling and the keen insight with which she draws her characters, Mazo de la Roche has given her world of readers a vivid and lasting picture of pioneer life in Canada. Since "Jalna," the first of the series, won the Atlantic Monthly prize, in 1927, its popularity has never waned, and there has been a constant demand for more and more stories about members of the Whiteoak family, each of whom inherited some part of the rich vitality and Irish temperament of "Gran." There are now nine books in all, and the latest, "The Building of Jalna," is really the cornerstone of the series as it goes back to the days when Adeline Whiteoak first came to Canada with her handsome young husband, Captain Philip Whiteoak, to found their famous homestead on the shore of Lake Ontario. This book was chosen by the Literary Guild (of New York) as their selection for November.

Equally delightful, though not so well known, are Miss de la Roche's stories about children and animals; she has also written considerable nonfiction, of which the recently published "Seaport of Quebec" is an important addition to Canadiana.



Going Home

by Elsie Fry Laurence

Illustrated by Ted McCormick

THE parlor car was filled, and Reg Munro went back to his seat in the Pullman after a late lunch. A slight figure in old officer's khaki, with the lean worn look of years on active service, he bent his head over a magazine for purposes of isolation. He had suspected that his berth companion opposite would start a conversation with him at the first opportunity. The tune of "Lili Marleen," which used to hum in his head like a fly, had given place to one of his old favorites: "Going Home." He could not read: his mind was focused by the words on Clare.

The pilot's long legs brushed his, and Reg was as conscious of his desire to talk as a busy mother is of a child's unspoken question heavily suspended in the air between them. He looked up, his dark brows meeting.

"Home on leave?" The airman's grin was bitter.

"Discharged." He glanced down at his uniform with affection: the civilian suit he had bought in Ottawa had looked and felt like someone else's clothes.

"All through, eh? So am I. Queer sensation, isn't it?"

Reg mumbled an affirmative. His sister-in-law had worn the obvious phrases thin during the last few days, and with them the residue of his patience. He hummed softly to himself: "I'll be going home." The pleasant rhythm, and the procession of permanent-looking pines past the windows steadied him: how he hoped he would be able to go on field work next summer. There was just that slight heart condition to clear, those spells of dizziness: and the specialist had told him they were partly due to his nerves.

"They'll be out with the band, eh?"

"Not for me they won't. Didn't tell my wife which day I would arrive. I don't like these depot meetings."

"Well, you're lucky to have a home to go back to."

"Haven't you?" His dark eyes flashed: he knew that was the cue the man wanted.

"I thought I had. Wife met me yesterday. Everything went wrong somehow. Maybe another fellow had cut in while I was away. Maybe I'll never know. Scared of my coming back. Said I wasn't a bit like the boy she had married. Bit of a blow after counting on it a couple of years." He swallowed, turned his face aside. "She was just a kid though."

"Tough luck." Reg fidgeted in his seat. He did not want to think of anyone else: it was an interruption of his progress toward Clare. His was a monogamous nature. The days of those years had been an endless nightmare field job: and through interminable nights he had seemed to be searching for her, hindered by the ridiculous obstacles of dreams.

He wondered if there had always been something remote about Clare, never entirely his. Habitually she had been sweet and gentle, if a trifle stubborn toward opposition: not as talkative as most women, a continual check to his own impulsiveness and minor irritations. But only on that construction work, when they had shared a cabin for five months on the edge of the bush, had they grown completely close to each other. Then Tad's imminent arrival had taken her to

a city hospital: and she had left it, with the baby, for her mother's house in the small country town which was now his destination. For war had intervened, and he had joined the Engineers on his way home then: four years ago, four whole years.

"Oh, I don't know," broke in the pilot's voice on his reflections. "Maybe marriage is just a habit. People are bound to drift apart if they're separated. Better break it up than patch it up. I've a job anyway."

"That's good."

"Yeah. They've tried to hand us some individual attention. They've been swell mostly."

Reg smiled at the word "they": the civilians, the people on the safe side of the fence. The pilot stared moodily out of the window. "That's just the hell of it, though," he said. "People are so darned individual they don't fuse unless they're crazy about each other, or through just plain habit. Marriage doesn't work by remote control anyway."

Only a youngster, thought Reg, appraising his sharp profile: while he and Clare were into their thirties. He suppressed an impulse to pull out his wallet and reassure himself by the serene gaze of his wife's face from the snapshot within.

The words were like cold fingers on his heart, reminding him of the chill bare truths of doctors' offices, hospital wards, that inescapable limit of the flesh. Suppose Clare was not waiting for him with that intangible warm assurance that the old good life for which he had been fighting was still there.

Talking, he decided, would be better than thinking. "Were you in on the invasion?" he asked, with his rare attractive smile.

The pilot's face lighted up and was almost a boy's again. "That was where I got mine," he said briefly. He patted his right leg. "Man, it was a great show, though. I saw fellows do things . . ."

The air cleared between them. Time passed easily in reminiscence. Yet Reg had not realized he would feel as passionately Canadian as he did, watching the forest one day, the prairie the next, roll monotonously beyond the panes. "Going home"—the tune found him again. After the lands he had left, this country itself was like going from the past to the future. He must control the sense of haste which had accompanied all the tiresome stages of his journey. It was like moving forward, point by point, to take some far-off stronghold. Home, that was now the final objective. He drew a long breath, and looking down at his hands, relaxed his clenched fingers.

The pilot left him at Winnipeg, with an impression of a bewildered smile. "Good to be fixed up with work anyway," he said gallantly, as they parted.

EVERYTHING WAS arranged for Reg, too. His affairs had been put through in half the time he had expected when he sent Clare the night letter from Ottawa saying he might be delayed a week. The doctors had said there was no reason why he should not recover in this climate under a quiet routine. There was a position promised at his final discharge next month, where his engineering would be as useful

after the war as now. Clare could get rid of the house in Meadows which had been left her after her mother's death: and they would move as soon as his brother could find a home for them in Ottawa.

If only it had not been such a long trip. He was extremely nervous when he arrived at Meadows station, and found himself looking through the crowd for known faces, catching half recognition, speculative words. No one addressed him till the expressman handled his baggage. "Well, Captain, or is it Major Munro? Welcome to our city. I bet the Missus was glad to see you. You sure have changed. Don't know as if I'd have known you if you hadn't spoken to me."

Reg's heart beat faster; his jaws tightened. He was thankful to find a car to transport himself and his possessions. The garage man was frankly inquisitive. "Mrs. Munro will be giving you a calling down for not letting her know," he said, with the candor of neighborly acquaintance.

"I got through quicker than I'd expected. Hate a fuss anyway."

"Well, you know how women are. Like to plan. Have everything just so."

"I guess so." They made some local conversation, though he was barely conscious of it. He did not know the place so very well, only on visits, and when he had worked in that district at the time he first met Clare. Meadows was quite a small town. Everyone knew her.

The house was a little shabbier than he remembered: but so many of them seemed to need painting. Her aunt would be there, of course. She had been looking after Tad when Clare went back to teaching school. That jolted him: he had been so full of his own plans he had not given a thought to the aunt or Clare's work.

They dropped his kit on the front porch: the house door remained closed. "Thanks, Joe," he said, as they looked at it, almost resenting the man's friendly interest in the turmoil of his feelings. Joe waved off the fare. "Glad to have you back," he said, moving away reluctantly.

Reg raised his hand to knock, laughed at himself, turned the handle. "Anybody home?" he called, and his voice sounded doubtful; his eyes darted about the unprepared interior, seeking familiar things. He felt gravely like a visitor who is afraid he has come on the wrong day or to the wrong house. He was checked and disappointed out of all proportion to the moment's silence.

An elderly lady hurried out of the kitchen, and stopped short before this tired-looking officer in his worn khaki, his gaunt face pale with old weakness and new excitement. "Why, you must be Reg!" She turned, and called out of the back door: "Clare! Clare! Come at once."

HE FOLLOWED her through the kitchen. Across the backyard the garage door opened, and there spilled out through it a string of schoolgirls, staring at him between hanging curls, over sweated shoulders, a few boys blundering over their boots, elbowing each other. Then a tall young woman with wide-set blue eyes and simply rolled blond hair, ♦ Continued on page 18



Reg did not realize he would feel as passionately Canadian as he did, watching the forest one day, the prairie the next, roll monotonously past the panes.

which it has merged, and the public authority ranges at will through all its traditional intimacies and sanctities.

Canadian women have perceived these changes but not in their full significance. Far too many of them sit dazed by their own fireplaces—or, more likely, by their own radios—or probably stand bewildered in their own kitchens whence the domestic help has scurried out, part of all this movement, carrying the household's erstwhile activities and interest into an engulfing tide.

Only one way does safety lie. If the state enters the home and home life merges in the expanding economic and social network of the state, woman must recapture within that broadened scene her traditional place and direct influence on the life and character of the home and family.

"Life with father" has to be a partnership with father in public no less than in family life. Women must again directly influence the household of the nation, must participate directly in its ordering.

HUNDREDS OF thousands of Canadian women are really better prepared for this than they know, better prepared than any comparable number of our men by reason of their extensive experience in the practical work of their great national organizations, particularly those of the larger churches and the Women's Institutes among the rural women, the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire and the Catholic Women's League among the urban groups. These have all been autonomous, intensely practical groups, carrying on extensive undertakings running into millions of dollars in the aggregate, and reasonably well integrated among their local, provincial and national activities.

Other groups of more specialized interests—the powerfully organized women teachers, the Canadian Nurses' Association, the Business and Professional Women, etc., have a unity of practical interest and knowledge uniquely fitting them for invaluable contributions in the chaos of present public discussion as to where we are to go from here in education, health, the gainful occupation of women in the state. The Federation of University Women has fine capacity and resources for study and leadership if it could get away from the complex of the "association of trained minds," and rid so many of the other women's groups of the illusion of its members' claims to intellectual superiority. One question whether perhaps those University women who have hurled themselves, without "degree" segregation, into other women's groups have not made their most direct and valuable contributions in clear thinking there. The household science graduates who hold high office in the Women's Institutes: Grace Woodsworth McInnes in the CCF, Mrs. W. B. Horkins in the IODE, Dr. Ellen Douglas in the Business and Professional Women, Helen

Smith Agnew, national YWCA president, come to mind as outstanding examples.

Within their various strong groups, the women of this country have influenced, but neither directed nor actively shared, the current of public affairs and national life. Now, everywhere, their keenest leaders realize this and are poised, questioning. They have assumed and magnificently discharged task upon task, laid upon them by a nation at war. But while, here and there, in instances so few that each one has caused headlines and a sensation for an hour or two, a woman has been put on a nominal committee, here been given an innocuous but not executive membership, there been shot into certain administrative posts where the absence of any woman at all would be embarrassing, the over-all picture establishes the fact that the omissions "still have it."

The heads of the Women's Services are really all junior administrators, their policies given them to carry out, though in one of the services the senior woman officer exercises more influence and authority than in the other two. The Dependents' Allowances Board (though nine and a half out of ten of all military dependents are women or children) consists only of nine male members, whose numbers and remuneration have advanced rapidly since 1939. But "down in the powerhouse" where the work is done, women are the major force, but nowhere has one any post of policy or real authority. The Civil Service Commission has never had a woman on it: the new Civil Service Council of 15 members includes professors and dollar-a-year men, not even bona fide civil servants, but never a woman to represent the very particular problems of the tens of thousands of women civil servants—and we have some singularly able women right on the Commission staff! The Unemployment Insurance Commission has no woman on it, none in fact in any major rank on its staff but, now, between 28 and 30% of all insured persons are women.

The National Fitness Council, set up to breed a race of perfect specimens physically and to order physical training and recreation accordingly—surely of vital interest in its very philosophy to women, the mothers and potential mothers of the land—is entirely male. And, calling for a Gilbert and Sullivan to do it justice, is the Home Nursing and First Aid Board, with a bank president chairman, four males from the Red Cross, four from the St. John Ambulance Association, and a male civil servant as secretary! Of course there are those who say that women's wartime invasion of industry, business and the armed services threatens a reversal of the role of the sexes. Perhaps this midwifery and home nursing board is merely a premature portent "of the shape of things to come."

IN THE political parties the situation is even more marked. The "old line" parties will go through all the

motions of naming women to posts here and there, of equality in "the associations," of perfect equality, let it be said, in the bunion-breeding process of tramping the streets for the voters' lists, or staffing the early-morning polls, but enter the inner councils of the Party or the riding association, and "Where, oh where is our little girl blue?" She's not fast asleep but she might as well be under a "haystack"; she's out getting ready for the reception, or getting the cars for the polls, etc. The CCF has shown more appreciation and partnership to its women than any other group, due probably to the general respect in which all but the most prejudiced opinion holds that pioneer woman parliamentarian, Agnes Macphail. But even so, outside of British Columbia, it has shown no proportionate offering of women among its actual candidates, and failed signally in a splendid opportunity, with a legislature and a province in its hands, to name any one of many capable women to the appropriate portfolios of Health, Welfare or Education in Saskatchewan. Its Dominion nominations as yet lack the interest in good women candidates one would anticipate.

As for the "old-time" parties, Mr. King himself, like Mr. Bennett, has always shown a deference and respect for women, quite beyond the convictions of the rank and file of his Cabinet and Party. (Perhaps it explains their bachelorhood.) Neither man was able to carry conferees and machine with him in what he would have liked to do. Now, more dominantly in control of his party machine and resources than ever before, Mr. King may insist on more participation of women in riding associations and nominations, and probably in the antechambers of government among his parliamentary assistants. But the very organism of the Party and its dominant influences are against him and, probably, the gestures to date—a woman here and there on a government committee and apparent equality in the setup of the election machinery—will be as far as the female Liberal adherents will advance unless they storm the outer citadels and march in. But just because they know Mr. King's own convictions, and that their militancy would embarrass him east of Ottawa and Hull, womanlike they will probably forbear. The morning after the elections will likely find them, as usual, figuratively sweeping out the committee rooms, emptying the ashtrays and satisfied if some of their members get a trip to the sessions of UNRRA, etc.

The Progressive Conservative women could become a great coalescing force in a Party that needs cohesion almost as badly as the country as a whole. But the traditions of the Party and their experience in recent years are discouragingly against it. From coast to coast some of the ablest and most useful women of this country will be found of strong Conservative convictions but not so ♦ Continued on page 39

"Women, on the whole, will back with pride and often unusual loyalty a woman really carrying their cause and colors and offering battle on the merits of the question and not on the favor of her sex."

"Were even one woman of substantial means to provide a moderate sum for a limited period to subsidize a Women's Foundation for Political Action, the whole face of Canadian public life could be 'lifted' in less than five years."

"If the women of Canada, through their various political affiliations, fail to capitalize on their franchise in these days of rapid change, they will lapse into another generation of the pleasant impotence that has characterized their public life for the last two decades. There is a deep and silent prayer among most of the males in all the political parties that so will fate dispose."

"'Life with father' has to be a partnership with father in public no less than in family life."

"Women, by law of nature, cannot compromise . . . Every woman knows that there is no such thing as partial pregnancy."

"Too long has it been only too tragically true that, in Canada, most are for the party and few are for the state."

"The (political) 'machine's' resistance and the Canadian women's reluctance . . . combine to deprive this country of the energetic and devoted service in her public life of more than two million of her best qualified and most disinterested citizens. They are the lost legions on our stumbling march in what should be a triumphant progress to national greatness."

What's the Matter With Us ?

by Dr. Charlotte Whitton, C.B.E.

Here is plain speaking by a woman brilliantly qualified, by years of social service and study of public affairs, to do it. If you are a member of a women's organization; if you are a wife and mother concerned with your children's future; if you are old enough to vote; if you are, in short, a Canadian woman of thinking age, this challenge is meant for YOU.

YOU ASK me what is wrong with public life in England today." The speaker was the Rt. Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, president of the Board of Education in Lloyd George's wartime ministry and then (1930) Warden of New College, Oxford. We were standing in New College Chapel.

"There is part of the answer," and he pointed to the deep broad tablet running almost the entire length and depth of one wall of the chapel, and bearing, not in lists but in solid paragraphs, the names of the fallen of New College alone.

"In that list there are the names of at least three men of each of whom it was confidently predicted that he would be a prime minister of England; yet those are the men, dead these 15 years, from but one college of but one of the universities of these Islands." So, he explained, it was bound to be in any state where military service was a matter of voluntary training and enlistment: the men with the strongest sense of citizen duty, the deepest appreciation of historical perspective, and the clearest vision of public service, turned first to the challenge of danger and were among the first to die. Except for the inspiration of their sacrifice, the public life of their generation was the poorer for the loss of what their qualities would have brought to it.

Canada had a parallel experience after the first

Great War, when one out of every 10 of our youngest, fittest men did not return. Many of those who did were prematurely aged in body, mind and spirit; all had lost years and contacts which no re-establishment plans could overtake. Even for those who could effect a "comeback," time ran ruthlessly on.

And, all through the period between Canada's two costly wars, this nation has failed to realize a potential source of compensation for this loss out of the courage, warmth and moral fibre of our national character. This spring has been the vigor and deep measure of devotion our women could have brought into her public life. This country could never have been settled, the harsh challenge never met of opening its forested lands, breaking the soil of its lonely, stretching plains, piercing its mountains and setting up its isolated fisheries had its womenfolk not been characterized by a self-sacrificing courage, determination and vision of the future, unsurpassed if indeed ever equalled in modern story. Risk, deprivation, slaving toil, loneliness in the hard trials of physical suffering and moral testing were the part of all but a few of the privileged women of early settlement. From these pioneer wives and mothers and from the character, home life, neighborhood and community conditions they bred, have the people of this Dominion derived the strength and structure that have given us such

rank in the living standards and national vigor of the nations of the world.

BUT NOW the ways of life have changed. No longer can the woman govern her home by life within it. No longer in fact, except in the rural areas, is it the same centre of the family's existence. The extension of power and the mechanization of agriculture are fast advancing on the Canadian farm home and it too will soon become rather the home hostel than the focus of the family's being. More and more, as the state enters the home, even governs the conditions under which it is set up at all, directly or by implication, it dictates the ways of all our life. To increasing extent public authority prescribes where and at what the income-earner works: where and in what manner of shelter the family is housed: where and of what type are health and nursing requisites provided: how child care and feeding needs met: the place, nature and content of training, even of the preschool child: the instruction in the most intimate attitudes of life of the growing boy and girl: for what they are to be trained and where: and, completing the cycle, where they too will find gainful occupation, at what hours and rates, and under what living and working conditions. In other words, the walls of the home have been knocked down: all its members roam in and out of a community into



Photo by Karsh

missing that time, she didn't eat for 12 whole days. He'd have to spend his first free day with her.

The third day is reasonable, too. His young married sister lives way out at Monk Hills with her little boy. Her husband's still a prisoner of war. He'd surely go to spend the day there.

But today he will be free. It's nearly noon already. It's Christmas Eve, and that's special. If he were going to call me he would have called me.

The phone rang. It had been ringing all morning and every time it rang her heart jumped for nothing.

"Garland's Flowers," she said into the mouthpiece of fate, "What may I do for you?"

It wasn't Simon. It was the manager of the Lennards Arms. He ordered orchids for Mrs. Anthony Clifford, delivered with his personal greetings, but charged to the hotel account.

That arrangement would call for some irony from Grandpa, but Pauli could think only of the strange power of Mrs. Anthony Clifford. That was the sixth order for orchids from six different males since yesterday morning. What has she got, Pauli asked the huge bunch of violets in her hands, that the rest of us haven't got?

Yes, she's pretty—but we all are. More or less. We've all had beaux—but one at a time—while Rita gets everybody. Pauli stood still, staring at the violets. They were enormous and so perfect. Guess I'll use the silver lace I've kept so long and the piece of watered aqua ribbon. While she transformed the flowers into a work of art she went on puzzling about Rita.

A stringy-haired child of no particular charm, grateful for any small attention from the others when, in the same high school class, she had gone to business school somewhere away and returned to Lennards after marrying an airman. She was the first married and the first widowed. Pauli blinked tears away. Not for Rita, but for other young widows in their teens. Rita didn't seem to mind. She was like a girl dressed to dance the pale gold war widow in a ballet. Short exquisitely cut black clothes—a filmy widow's veil—white gardenias, white orchids—blue eye shadow—platinum-bleached silvery gold hair.

Pauli put the violet bouquet into the refrigerator flanked on each side by tea-smelling yellow roses. She heard Grandpa moving in the back room off the shop. The phone had stopped ringing; Lennards was sitting down to lunch. Soon the flower fragrance was mingled with the hungry smell of hot coffee. Yes, hope was definitely over.

The doorbell pinged. Pauli did not even look up from packing the orders. Simon's voice said—"Soldiers come back, you know, and some are old customers!"

PAULI HAD almost died in the last three hours and she could not resume life immediately. She looked at him, dazed, not taking in the fact that he was in mufti that looked too small for him. She said, in a flat expressionless voice, "It's you, Simon!"

"Welcome home!" he mocked. "Welcome—welcome home!"

He pushed the green waxpaper and scissors and ribbon and wire roll into a tangled pile and sat on the edge of her work table. Inconsiderate, she thought. Just like not calling me. Just as if I haven't any more feelings than the pin cushion he's pushed on the floor and is obviously going to leave there.

"I'm surprised, that's all. I just wasn't expecting you."

"Didn't you know I was back?" he said, smiling at her so that the stern line of his lips turned up and his eyes were star-rayed with wrinkles at the corners. He looks years older, she thought, and much much more attractive. Well, so they all do.

"Of course. I can read," she said. "We still get the papers."

His gay expectant look vanished. He was hurt and showed it. Pauli felt amazement—that she could hurt him deliberately and she could like it.

"I hadn't time to write—I didn't know I was coming."

But this is the fourth day, she thought, and all day long I'm here at the end of a telephone. But what claim did she have on him to expect a call? None whatever.

"It's all right, Simon. I'm glad you're back. I'm glad you've come through safely. I'm glad—" She felt her lip tremble, thinking of the prayers she'd said when he was missing. The old feeling was surging up to weaken and to torture her. She glanced at the wall clock and added in a cool ♦ Continued on page 50



But Once a Year

by Mary Lowrey Ross

Sketches by John Morrow

Well, six a.m. The day begins.
We'd better start with vitamins.
No! Christmas morning's no excuse—
You've got to drink your orange juice.
Look, darling, try how good the porridge's.
The Christmas tree is really gorgeous.
You must admit it was inspired,
Getting the Star of Bethlehem wired.
Here's Postie! Now, don't rush and
scramble.

(A dollar! Fifty cents is ample!)
Don't tell me *this* is all there is!
Why I sent *dozens* more than this.
The Gibbsses' annual card is here,
They send the same one every year.
I see the Applegates have missed.
I'm glad I took them off my list.
Now who on earth's J. Edward Jopling?
Quick, quick! The Christmas tree is
toppling!

No, no! The tree! The presents later!
Here, tie it to the radiator!
Ten dollars in this note of Auntie's.
Good grief! I sent her rayon panties!
Darling, you must have put on weight.
I told the clerk size thirty-eight.
The bill is in the left-hand pocket.
The lights? Well, try the other socket.
What's this? Size twenty? Say, what is
this?

Marj knows I take a Junior Misses.
The lights are gone? Oh, what's the use!
The Star of Bethlehem blew the fuse.
Don't throw the wrappings on the floor,
Now, whose is this, and what's it for?
Don't mix the cards! Heavens, which one
Sent Susan Ann the tommy gun?
The writing looks like Cousin Lydia's.
Who sent this Mobile War for Kiddies?
I can't sit down and take it calmly.
This room!—Oh, help, here comes the family!
Why Grandma, Auntie, little Shirley,
How lovely that you got here early.
The baby? Just pay no attention.
His Daddy has his traction-engine.
White meat or dark meat? Just commence.
Hence, care! And dietetics, hence!
Pie? Pudding? Raisins? Candied Fruit?
Bicarbonate to help you through it?
It's time to leave? Well, Merry Christmas.
—Was ever mess as wild as this mess?
Darlings, it's time to go to bed.
You make them go . . . My feet! . . . My
head!

I'm just simply, completely,
And absolutely,
Dead.



Illustration by Jack Keay
 Decoration by Rus. Taber

NOW HAD come the time Pauli had counted on, had waited for. Simon Steede was discharged from service and he was home again. But this was the fourth day since his arrival. He had not even called her on the telephone, so hope was over.

Her mind had ceased fretting, but her heart still ached. Her hands were busy unpacking the rush baskets of cut flowers for the shop. Despair is a kind of peace, she thought, as she arranged them in wondrous still lifes in the huge glass-fronted refrigerator.

Then her mind rebelled at despair and began to torment her all over again. The first day I can understand. Lennards is a small town and Simon came home a hero—ceremonies and a party and a band to meet him at the station. It was after midnight when the hullabaloo was over. The second day I can understand Simon's mother adores him. When he was



QUICK!

BUT SLOW-SIMMERED FROM BEEF

As a forerunner to the turkey on the Big Day or for any entertaining, there's no happier beginning to a meal than Campbell's Consommé. It has a delicacy and a zip that lend zest to the occasion. It starts pleasing the appetite the moment it appears.

Campbell's CONSOMMÉ



For Mother ...

THE GIFT OF TIME!

THAT'S WHAT CAMPBELL'S SOUPS
MEAN... AND THEY'RE SPECIALLY
WELCOME DURING THE HOLIDAY
SEASON

What with rushing here, rushing there ... shopping, wrapping, and mailing ... and the general holiday busy-ness — how's a mother to see that her family get good meals just as usual?

Well, you know she does it—and you know she calls on her old standbys, Campbell's Soups, even more often than usual. They help her make meals that are both quick to fix and good to eat!

Made by Campbell's in Canada



FAST!

**BUT CAREFULLY PREPARED FROM
THE WORLD'S FINEST TOMATOES**

For a hurried lunch or supper, you'd better plan something you know the whole family will like. That's Campbell's Tomato Soup. When it's served, words are few but everybody pitches right in—the sign of a successful meal. And it's especially nourishing with milk added instead of water as a delicious cream of tomato.

Campbell's TOMATO SOUP

Look for the Red-and-White Label

IN A JIFFY!

**AND THE ASPARAGUS
IS SPRINGTIME'S VERY BEST**

When minutes are short and appetites keen, that's the time for a surprise. Serve Campbell's Asparagus Soup and watch the pleased faces of the people enjoying it. Besides the good taste of springtime asparagus, there are plenty of asparagus tips. A gracious start for a holiday dinner, too.

Campbell's ASPARAGUS SOUP





She teetered, trying to shift the load to free a hand. "You take the hatbox," she instructed, "and I'll take the rolls."

Surprise Package

by Dorothy Marie Davis

Illustrated by
Timmins

PEOPLE CHANGE like everything else. Even his former secretary must have changed to be so late. Having arrived at this conclusion, Captain Andrew Duncan looked again at the clock over the elevators. It was three minutes past the last time he looked. Gwyneth was over an hour late, which reminded him of his wife—his ex-wife, Pat—and not of Gwyneth at all.

The elevator starter long ago stopped, being surprised to see him there, leaning against the hosiery counter, while the Christmas shoppers milled on either side. "Up?" the fellow sneered, as if he meant "stood up," and then varied it with a malicious "Down?" Yes, Gwyneth had let him down. He couldn't have made a mistake. She had been whispering, but he got it clearly: "In front of the first-floor elevators at DeGuids."

He'd been afraid . . . well, not afraid, but uneasy . . . that he'd run into former friends of his or Pat's. There was no accounting for the number of people who knew Pat. And they'd dash straight off to his ex-in-laws. "Guess who I saw at DeGuids with that Lake girl!"

There was nothing wrong with meeting Gwyneth, but people would talk, knowing the divorce was proceeding. That is, people would talk if they ever got a chance to see him with Gwyneth which was looking less and less likely. (Where the devil was she?) But

so far the town seemed populated by strangers. Everything changed in a year—especially people.

He considered calling the office again—his former office, barely a block distant—on the public phone beyond the elevators. He sorted a nickel out of the coins in his pocket, but hesitated. Well, if Gwyneth answered, at least he'd know why she hadn't kept her appointment. If Bob Hutton, his former partner, answered, he could ask what legal matter it was he'd wired about.

But someone was using the phone. The girl's back had that oddly familiar look which all backs wear when you come home after months and months. It was probably his conscience. Not that he was doing anything wrong!

The girl had barricaded herself in the booth with a pile of bundles. If she shut the door, thought Andy, the light would go on and she could see better. Inefficiency, thy name is Woman . . . except Gwyneth. That was why, when she was late, Andy wondered.

She hadn't sounded normal when he called the office

earlier, but then it must have been a shock—his voice after almost a year. He'd been curious to know what case Bob had that was important enough to telegraph him to get leave and come west as soon as possible, but when Gwyneth answered it went out of his mind. For she recognized him instantly. His pulse still quickened, remembering how her breath caught audibly, and her sudden tense whisper, "Andy!"

"Hello, Gwyneth," he said, and "how are you?"

After a second she went on whispering as if someone were in the three-room suite of offices he'd shared with Bob since law school. He thought, "Bob's bound to smell a rat if she goes on like that."

She went right on. "I can't talk here . . . now. Meet me in front of the first-floor elevators at DeGuids at three." Now it was . . .!

"Pardon me, are you Captain Duncan?" It was the floor manager, bowing and smiling.

Andy wished he wouldn't burn like this. He got a "Yes" out after a quick glance around. Heck, there wasn't

Continued on page 43

These Realistic MINIATURE FIGURES

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SAILORS
AIRMEN
AIRWOMEN
WRENS
CWACS

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in every package of



These lifelike figures in full colour—a free gift with OGILVIE Oats,—will add greatly to your family enjoyment of this well-known *quality* cereal.

Once you've tasted porridge made with OGILVIE Oats,—we know you'll never be satisfied with any other. OGILVIE Oats have the *better* flavour and *extra* nourishment that only the highest quality oats can give. Every spoonful is much *smoother* tasting. OGILVIE Oats are free of hulls — an exclusive OGILVIE process.

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FULL 4" HIGH**

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**MAKE SURE OF THESE EXTRA
VALUES FOR YOUR FAMILY**

OGILVIE Oats furnish rich stores of body-building
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better and more appetizing way Children especially love
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**TELL YOUR GROCER YOU WANT
OGILVIE OATS**

Remember - IF IT'S "OGILVIE" - IT'S GOOD!

My daddy loves it too!



FRY'S COCOA
... The Family Favourite

Mary is bright-eyed and full of vitality. Her Mother and Dad ... planning a healthy, happy life for her ... know the importance of giving her the right kind of food.

So they follow a family tradition that is common to so many Canadian homes — by making FRY'S Cocoa an important part of the daily diet.

And how Mary looks forward to this delicious cup of food! — especially at breakfast and bedtime. The whole family, too, enjoy their daily cup of FRY'S.

A CUP OF FRY'S IS A CUP OF FOOD

Ready in a moment!

For each cup required, just put into a jug one teaspoon of FRY'S and one of sugar ... mix dry ... add enough cold milk to make a smooth paste ... then fill up with hot milk ... stir and SERVE.



Going Home

Continued from page 11

her hands thrust deep in the pockets of a grey and blue plaid jacket. He could feel his heart thumping.

She came running forward without a word, while a young man, his pleasant face startled, followed her out of the building and disappeared with the throng of children through the back gate.

"Reg, oh, Reg, it's really you."

"Clare, darling."

Secure in the tiny back porch, with her warm face against his, his arms round her, he was conscious of something unexpected, missing. This was his wife, this fair strong-looking girl in the shabby tweed jacket and soft blue pullover. Her hair looked different, her face and figure a little more mature than he had imagined. But the shock in their contact made it seem not so natural as like an act in a play rehearsed too often and then staged inevitably but with a strange player.

"Oh, Clare, I wanted you so much," he whispered. He could feel tears on his cheek that might have belonged to either of them. "Let me have a look at you."

Lifting her head, she met his dark anxious eyes, but hers reminded him oddly of his mother's in their candid affectionate concern. She detached herself slowly from his embrace, with a friendly squeeze of firm capable hands, and pulled herself together with an effort.

"Why didn't you send me another wire, Reg? How dreadful to have no one meet you at the station! Let's go in. It's just about suppertime. You must be dead tired ..."

She introduced him to her aunt, her voice and manner breathless. She hurried through to the front porch and picked up one of the pieces of luggage. "You remember this house? How about taking your things upstairs? I can't believe it's you, though I always knew you would come back. Tad's out playing: Aunt Helen will call him."

Her voice was tremulous, her words tumbling over each other. That was unlike her, he thought; she used to think and speak a bit slowly, to his impatience. He began to feel something like panic creeping over him as he followed her. Neither of them had presupposed that inevitable disappointment following on overlong anticipation; neither had known that nothing and no one returned to is ever the same as before.

THERE WERE two beds in the room that had been their own in this house, as there used to be, both made up neatly with blue and white chenille spreads and blue satin comforters. "Aunt Helen's been sharing this with me the last couple of nights," the soft blurred voice went on. "She has the end room, but one of the new teachers was stuck for a place to go. She'll be going tonight, though. I'll move Aunt Helen's things."

That dream sensation of things and people crowding in between them seemed to be coming true. "Clare," he brought out desperately, "come here. Let me really look at you. It's been so long." The words sounded flat; perhaps they had been rehearsed too many times.

She laid down a bathrobe which she

had taken out of the closet, and crossed the room, her lips parted. He thought she looked frightened. "If you had only let me know, Reg, so we could have been all ready ..."

"That doesn't matter. But do you think I've changed a lot, Clare? Do you feel ... well, different?"

She hesitated, her honest blue eyes on his worried face. "We'll both be different for a while. But not underneath." She patted his arm. "It will be all right."

Footsteps came clattering up the stairs. A little boy, amusingly patterned on his mother, his eyes bright with excitement, a freshly brushed look about his fair straight hair, stood in the doorway, suddenly transfixed with shyness.

"Come here, Tad. This is Daddy, your own Daddy come back to us."

The child advanced slowly. "Hi, there, youngster," said Reg, with an awkward gesture. His own: a sturdy child, strong on his legs, nice white teeth. One noticed those things about a child. He could recognize nothing of himself. Any little boy could have come up to him and said, "I'm Tad," he thought, and he wouldn't have known. They stared at each other.

"He certainly looks fine, Clare."

"Did you bring me a bomb, Daddy?"

"Well, no, son, I didn't."

"Did you bring some shells?"

Reg shook his head, laughed. "Is that what you expected?"

Clare looked faintly distressed. "They are always playing wars," she said.

Aunt Helen was in the passage then, calling Clare out to a hurried consultation about supper. "We're not used to feeding a man," she said, re-entering the

room; but Reg did not look up. He was pulling things out of his kit bag and dumping them on the floor as if he needed something to do. An uncomfortable silence fell between them.

This intimacy of a common room was too sudden. The desolate hunger he had felt for her presence in those hot wakeful nights behind him lost itself in the apprehension of two near strangers. He straightened, remembering something, fumbled in his shirt pocket and brought out a tiny package; two carved elephants, in jade and ivory, carefully wrapped in cotton. "All the way from India," he said. "The only thing I did manage to bring."

She turned them over in her smooth fingers. "They are perfect, Reg."

He watched her. "What is wrong?"

"Nothing, dear. I only wondered if there wasn't some little thing you could have given Tad. It's children who look for concrete things."

Women make so much of a small boy, he thought, annoyed. "I'll see," he said shortly. He turned away. "There's a lot of washing here, I'm afraid."

"I'll see to it."

"You're busy, aren't you?"

"I'll try to get a substitute for a week, but there's been a flu epidemic. Both spare teachers were working yesterday."

"You seem to have a lot of people about."

"The children were practicing for their Christmas play." Her voice became more confident. "You'll be here, won't you?"

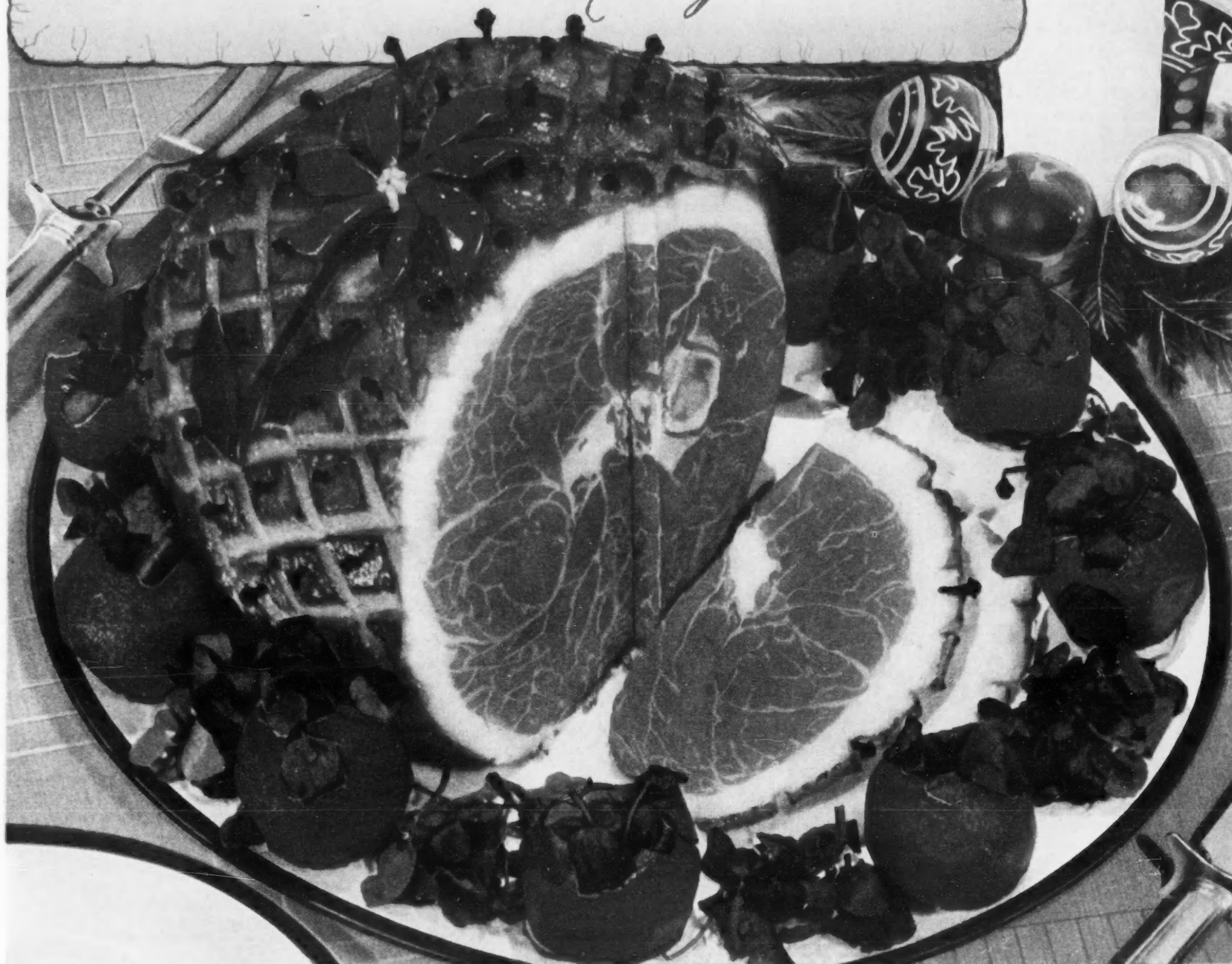
"I figured we'd be down east by then if Fred could get us a house. My job's all fixed up."

Color ran up Clare's face in a pink streak. "So soon! They may not be

Friendships, like wills, are invalidated by marriage.

—SAMUEL BUTLER.

Sing Ho! for ham that's mellowed
in Swift's *Brown Sugar* cure!



Here's "Glamour" for the Christmas Table!

**TUNE IN THE
BREAKFAST CLUB!**

For a gay start to your
day listen every morning
to Don McNeill and
his gang on the Trans-
Canada Network.

See Local Paper for
Time and Station

For a feast your guests will long remember, get a Swift's Premium Ham and deck it out in red and green! Bake on rack in roasting pan, fat side up, in a 325° oven. Allow 15 minutes a pound for large hams, 18 minutes under 12 pounds or 22 minutes for half hams. When cooked, remove rind, score surface, cover with your favourite glaze—1 cup brown sugar mixed with 2 tablespoons flour is fine—and brown in hot oven, 400 degrees. A Swift's Premium Ham, so delicious, so universally the favourite, is an ideal Christmas gift. Swift Canadian Co. Limited.



**LOOK
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Bake ham in blue wrapper as described.
Ham in red wrapper is ready to eat... To
serve hot, just heat through in oven. For
delicious broiled ham, buy slices from
Swift's Premium Ham, boned and rolled.

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TASTY Nabisco Shredded Wheat is a breakfast your family will be glad to wake up to. And, along with that tempting flavor, they get a *better* breakfast! Why? Because Nabisco Shredded Wheat is made from 100% NATURAL whole wheat with the so-good-for-you wheat germ and bran. It also provides strength-building carbohydrates, proteins, and the minerals iron and phosphorus.

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**SERVE
Plentiful Foods
to SAVE
Scarce Foods**

MADE IN CANADA—OF CANADIAN WHEAT

able to replace me right away, Reg. Teachers are scarce." He waited, frowning, and she hurried on. "I thought you might not be settled for some time, that I had better plan to work for a while."

"Is that what you want?" His voice was cold. She could never have guessed how unutterably lonely he felt with his air castles dissolving about him.

"I—I don't know. Don't let's go into it now. Aunt Helen gave up her home in Edmonton to come to us and her tenants won't want to move."

"Does she come in on this too then?" "Oh, Reg!" With a hurt look she went out, her arms full of clothes.

He couldn't begin quarrelling with Clare. He stood in the dainty bedroom, where his heap of crumpled shirts and underwear looked out of place; and perspiration broke out on his face and body. What a rotten start they had made, he thought.

Comfortably commonplace words floated up the stairs. "Oh, Reg, supper in 10 minutes. You'll find towels in the linen closet in the hall if you want to get cleaned up."

From the kitchen there was a delicious homely smell of gingerbread and apple sauce. He felt that Aunt Helen, emptying a can of tomato soup over a pan of sausages, followed him with her eyes: he had become too sensitive, too wary of danger.

AT THE dining-room table he felt like a guest; how was he to conform to this narrow domestic circle? The child watched his artificial left hand, to which he himself had become accustomed, so closely that soup spilled down the front of his striped jersey. His great-aunt spent most of the mealtime over Tad's table manners.

"It will be good for Tad to have a man about," Clare spoke quietly. "A household of women . . ."

The phrase suggested cod-liver oil and discipline. Tad wrinkled up his nose. "Have you got a medal?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Did you kill a lot of Germans?"

"Mostly I was working on roads and bridges before and after the enemy."

"Oh," Tad couldn't take that in. He said "Excuse me" in one syllable and ran out. They could hear him shouting: "My Dad's home. Come and see if he isn't."

"You'll have all the little boys in the neighborhood," said Clare, laughing.

"Looking for medals?" He followed her into the yard, where a number of children were making a leaf house. Tad jumped up and down. "Can we have a bonfire? Can we roast potatoes?" He had accepted his father now into the pattern of his own life.

The late fall evening was still and fringed with a touch of frost. The trees were bare but for the odd clinging brown leaf, their branches etched austere against the cold sky. One lone white butterfly flitted aimlessly about the dead flower border. There was a wistful nostalgic aroma about the heap of burning leaves. Clare stood beside him over the fire and her sleeve brushed his.

"You would try to get away if I went to Ottawa?" he asked, not looking at her.

She hesitated. "I feel sure it would be better not to decide too soon . . ."

He broke in. "You would stay here if I went East!" His tone was incredulous.

"Oh good God, Clare!"

"Reg, please." She looked at Tad.

He had lived too long with men to notice his language. He remembered his sister-in-law's mocking remark: "One of the major postwar problems is who'll keep house, Reg." "But I have a job, Clare, and we don't need your money." He looked at her helplessly.

She seemed to have retired into her old calm sweetness. "I'd hoped you might find work in this district. One or two of our friends had been looking out for something."

"I guess I'll go downtown and buy some razor blades," he said and, turning from her, swung out of the gate and down the street.

When he returned Aunt Helen—that was the only way he could think of her, for a man couldn't remember the names of his wife's relations—was kneading bread in the kitchen. "Where's Clare?" he asked her brusquely.

"Putting Tad to bed." He lingered a moment, attracted by the old familiar smell of dough.

"Don't come to hasty conclusions about your family," she added, looking at him shrewdly over the top of her glasses. "You know a woman doesn't stand in a doorway for four years, holding a baby like the Madonna in a stained glass window. Clare has had to decide everything while you were away."

He felt heat rising within him and could not speak. So this thin white-haired lady had a personality of her own, he thought, regarding her compressed decisive lips. "People with badly trained children have done their best to ruin the insides of my own nice home," she went on, covering up the pan. "We are not in the same category as you soldiers, but we have done what we could."

Reg made an effort, realizing he must have made a bad impression. "I am sure of it," he said seriously.

"Well, I've said my little say. I know you two should be alone, and Clare seemed upset." She threw him an apologetic glance as he started upstairs.

He could see through the open doorway the pyjama-clad figure of his son kneeling on his crib. "And I don't have to say 'Bring Daddy home safe' any more, do I? That's good. For Jesus' sake, Amen, then." He clung to his mother a moment, peering round her at the man in the doorway. She turned too.

"Guess I'll go to bed myself," he said. "I never sleep much on a train."

"Do, dear." He fancied there was relief in her face. Perhaps he should have suggested taking the other room. "I have some work to do for school. There wasn't a substitute available."

THE NEXT few days were not at all what he had expected. He dried dishes for Aunt Helen, and listened to her telling how wonderful Clare had been, through what she called the difficult years. Looking out of the window at the peaceful landscape, he found wry amusement in the adjective. He tried to make friends with Tad, but found a five-year-old a somewhat unsatisfying companion. He also tried to take an interest in the play, and to help with the staging; for they had made a practice theatre out of the garage. He had not realized the fact that Clare had sold their old car, though she assured him she had written of it several times.

They avoided talk of the future. He

There are two sorts of affection—the love of the woman you respect and the love for the woman you love.

—SIR ARTHUR PINERO.

McCarthy takes no chances

DURING DOMINION-WIDE SWING TO CHASE & SANBORN



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And you use Magic Baking Powder to make this grand sugarless cake tender and light in texture . . . to protect your precious ingredients and give fine baking results.

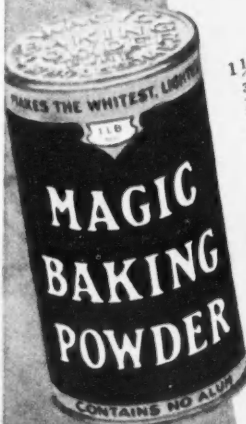
3 generations of Canadian housewives have praised "Magic" for fluffy, fine-grained cakes and for sure-fire dependability. For best baking results—get Magic today!

HONEY POUND CAKE

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1½ c. seedless raisins | 2¼ tsp. Magic Baking Powder |
| ¾ c. shortening | ¼ tsp. salt |
| ¾ c. honey | ¾ tsp. vanilla extract |
| 3 eggs, well beaten | ¾ tsp. lemon extract |
| 2¼ c. sifted all-purpose flour | |

Rinse raisins; drain, dry on a towel and cut fine with scissors. Work shortening with a spoon until fluffy and creamy; gradually add honey, while continuing to work with a spoon. Add beaten eggs; then blend. Gradually stir in sifted dry ingredients; then beat with a spoon until smooth. Add extracts, raisins, and stir to blend. Pour into greased or oiled and lightly floured 9" x 5" x 3" cake pan. Bake in slow oven of 300°F. for 2 hours, or until done.

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Made from the choicest of fresh vegetables, you'll recognize the touch of the master chef in the delicious flavor and wholesome goodness of these soups.

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS

was trying to recapture the old personal contact, for he realized, now that they were together, they would have to be friends before they could be lovers again.

Meadows had a party for him in their community hall. "You will wear your new suit, won't you?" Clare asked him, as they were dressing for it.

"If you like." He had been comfortable, if untidy, in old flannels and a tweed jacket that were too loose for him. He opened his top drawer upon a neat pile of old ties. "That red and grey one would look nice with it," she suggested hopefully, as he picked up a handful.

He stared down at the tie. It was one she had bought for him a long time ago, and he had always hated it; he never liked zigzag stripes. "Why didn't you get rid of this one? You knew I wouldn't wear it."

"Oh, Reg. I was sure you would come to like it."

He threw back his head and laughed. He knew now what it was about Clare that had always bothered him, that he had refused to admit to himself. She had always been so absolutely sure that she was right. "I shall have to burn it," he said, "I'm sorry."

She smiled over her shoulder from the dressing table, as if she was determined not to mind.

He went over to her and leaned on the edge of her mirror. "I don't know if I'm going to get used to this civilian life," he said with a bright intensity in his face. "When I was in khaki I knew what I had to do and why I was doing it, and what I thought it was for, what was the end of it. I thought that peace and home and you were synonymous, that this was my final objective. How I must have upset your life, barging so suddenly into it!"

Clare's face, looking up at him, was frozen. He picked up his things and went into the bathroom.

Whatever impression he might have made on her, he thought she had never looked lovelier than she did that night, in a soft blue dress with a square neck, a string of pearls at her white throat.

It was a real small-town party; almost all the women at one end of the room, a smaller group of men at the other, with a few well-intentioned people trying to make mixed informal groups, and a merry hum in the kitchen over quantities of food. And in the midst of it, Reg watched his wife and thought that if it had been to do all over again he would never have chosen anyone but her.

He did manage to talk to the men of his experiences; their kindness warmed him. It was something he found hard to do. Clare moved down the hall, gracefully as she always did, and slipped her arm through his. "Bet she can't leave you alone," one of the men said, and she blushed beautifully.

"Oh, I knew he would come back," she said, "I always knew."

Reg looked at her, amazed. He thought not so much of the fighting as of the half dozen or so of odd times when he had so nearly not come back. He thought of the three men he had known best, two of whom were killed and one a prisoner.

So many of these people over here seemed to be ranged behind a barrier of remarkable innocence, inevitably so. It should be easier for him to do the adjusting.

The band on the platform broke into swing music. "Can you dance, Reg?" Clare asked. "Will it hurt you?"

"I think not." He put his arm round her. "Are you beginning to get used to me, Clare?" he whispered.

She nodded, smiling at him. "But

you shouldn't say such things as you did."

"Well, I had a letter from Fred today, and didn't know whether I should tell you. He thinks we can get one of the new houses they've been building; says it's quite a decent place, near the river. Clare, you'll try—you want to get away, don't you? You don't realize how long I've been sticking round in hospital, convalescent home, ships, trains..."

"I'm sure you have, dear, but I do think..."

He couldn't go any farther by himself. A pain shot through him and everything went black before his eyes. He fell heavily to the ground, almost dragging Clare with him.

THERE WAS a great commotion and confusion, Clare going home after a few minutes with Reg in the doctor's car, a coat over her shoulders and terror in her heart. But he wasn't so well, she was saying to herself, and it was a good thing she had her work: he would see that later on.

It was only after the doctor had stayed with Reg a long time, and had had a talk with her, that she broke down and cried as no one had ever known her to cry before.

The doctor was an elderly man, and at two in the morning he felt distinctly old; he had been overworking regularly for years. Aunt Helen had a cup of coffee ready for him in the kitchen. She looked old and tired herself, but she awaited him with interest.

"It will do her good to cry," he said. "I shook her."

The old lady came wide awake. "Oh, not with my hands," he said. "Though a lot of us could do with a real shaking, I sometimes think. I asked her if she wanted to lose him."

"Oh, dear! Is it so serious, doctor?"

He gave her a whimsical smile over his cup. "His fainting," he said, "was largely due to nerves and indigestion. A woman can lose a man in other ways than by putting him into the ground."

She looked at him, startled. "He's been wanting to get home for a long time," he said, sipping meditatively. "Our men aren't fond of fighting. They just want to get it over and come back to a normal life."

"That should be simple." Aunt Helen suppressed a yawn. Clare, who had shut herself up in the bathroom to cry, seemed to be washing her face preparatory to leaving it.

"Nothing to do with human beings is ever simple." The doctor set down his cup. "People should never be too sure they know anything. And they've earned a priority, these fellows," he added, a bit savagely, getting into his coat and thinking of his brilliant elder son who had been lost at sea.

When Reg opened his eyes it was quite dark and he had no idea what time it was. "Clare," he called.

She was beside him in a moment. "What is it?"

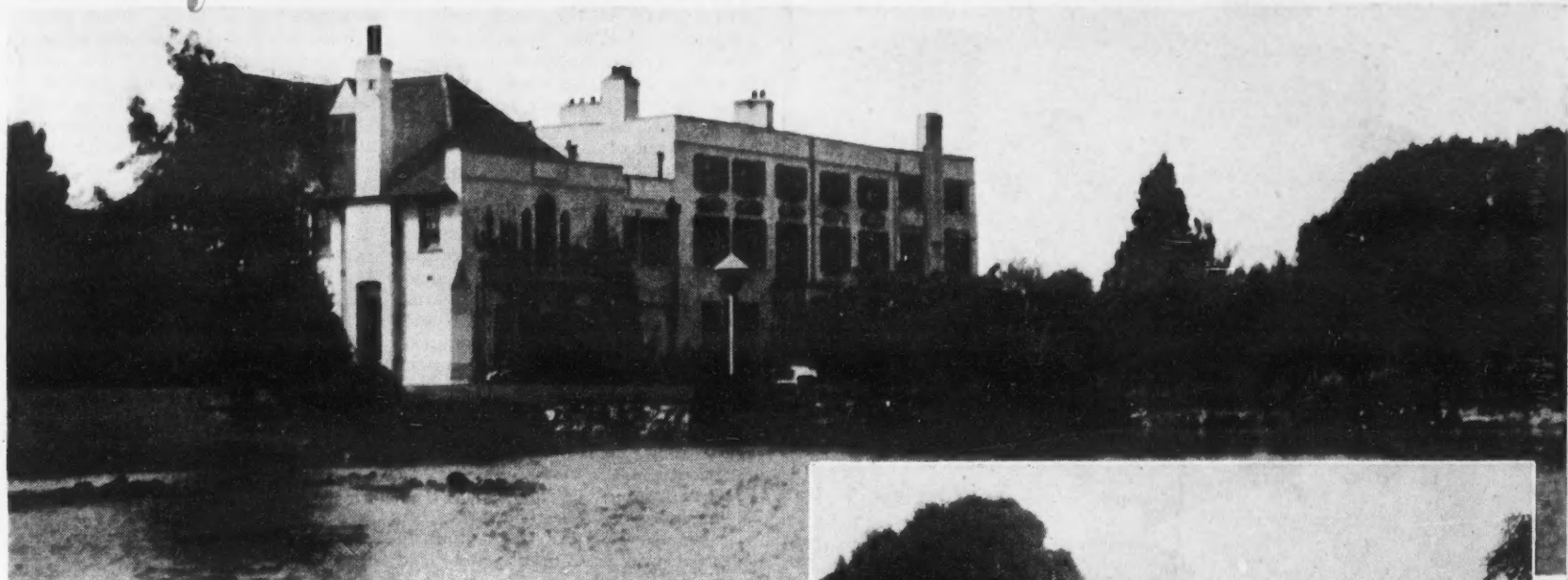
"Nothing. I thought you weren't there. Don't worry. I'm quite all right."

She threw herself down beside him and buried her head against his chest. "You shall have your home," she said, in a muffled voice. "Wherever and whenever you want it. Everything will work out if we make up our minds."

She clung to him. Perhaps she could now remember, as he was doing, those troubled leaves before he went overseas, when they could never be close enough to shut out that sense of peril and separation. "I am home now, darling," he said. ♦

Lady With a Past

by Viscountess Byng of Vimy



Lady With a Past is Chatelaine's condensation, in four parts, of the lively memoirs of Viscountess Byng of Vimy, soon to appear in book form under the title, "Up the Stream of Time" (Macmillans of Canada). The author is the widow of a distinguished Governor-General of Canada, the great soldier who had command of the Canadian Corps in France during the war of 1914-1918. Since 1940 Lady Byng has been a wartime evacuee living in Ottawa. She is now in her seventy-fifth year. Part I of *Lady With a Past* described her restricted Victorian childhood in England and in Canada where she spent a year; Part II, "The Man I Married," carried the narrative of her wedding and honeymoon, for which her soldier-husband was allowed brief leave from active service in the Boer War.

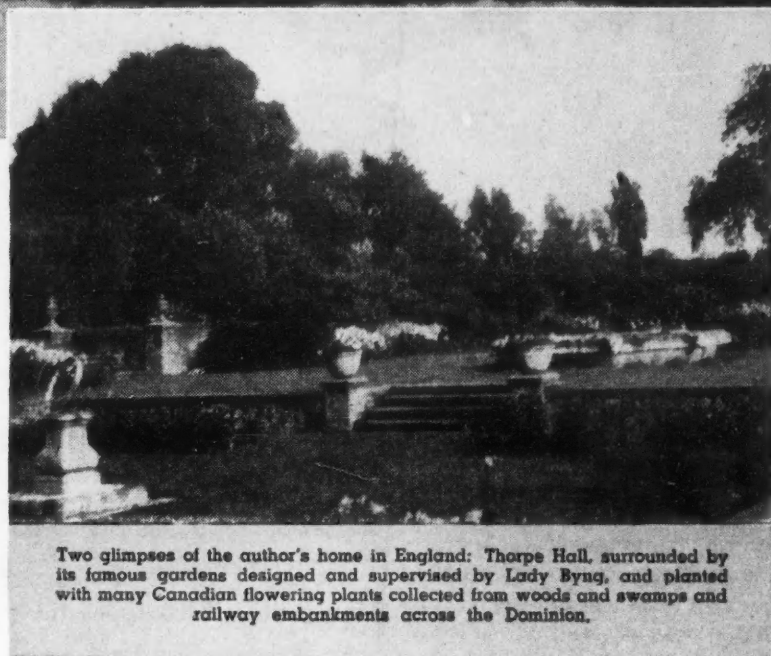
PART III. People and Places

OUR SHORT honeymoon ended, we sailed for South Africa, but before we reached Cape Town peace had been signed and the Boer War ended. Fortunately I had the opportunity to meet many of the men of Julian's Light Horse who came in droves to see their commander. They would line up along the corridors of the hotel to catch him as he emerged from his bath and, draped in a bath towel and dressing-gown, he would sometimes hold a levee in the passage. I saw then that he stood for something infinitely more than the ordinary commanding officer to them, for he had created out of an untrained mob of totally unrelated types the most efficient of fighting units. It was this knowledge that told me when, many years later, he was offered the command of the Canadian Corps, that he would be the man for the job. It often makes me smile when I think how I have had to run the gauntlet of the Light Horsemen and later of the "Byng Boys," but fortunately I was accepted in both cases, and so far as the Canadians are concerned you are never left in much doubt as to your status as a "good guy" or a "stuffed shirt." They are absolutely frank, and if they like you they are your firm and loyal friends for life. If they don't—well you had better scram, because life won't be easy for you. It's a form of frankness that, if refreshing in an artificial social world, is a trifle startling to strangers.

Of all the odd people who passed through the Light Horse during the earlier part of its existence, there was one who stood out: my husband's galloper—a young, carrotty-headed ex-Hussar subaltern, snub-nosed, impish, brave to the point of foolhardiness but certain of delivering the goods—a youth named Winston Churchill, whose fate it was 22 years later (as Secretary of State for the Colonies) to offer Julian the Governor-Generalship of Canada! He gave us a dinner before we sailed for the Dominion and said to me with a chuckle, "Well, I don't think anybody ever cursed me as heartily as Bungo did in the Light Horse days."

No doubt he deserved the cursing, for discipline never appealed to him. I remember in his darker political days, when he was a voice crying in the wilderness, Julian said, "We haven't seen the last of Winston. Wait till this country is in a jam and wants a strong man to lead—then watch out." And I wish my husband could have lived long enough to see his former galloper fighting side by side with the man against whom they both fought years ago—that most gallant and fearless of our Empire statesmen, Jan Smuts.

IN THE next 13 years we followed the drum from place to place, making, in all, 11 moves. After South Africa we went to India, where Julian took over command of the Tenth Hussars, stationed at Mhow in the Central Provinces, and there I took up my role as the Colonel's wife in looking after the regiment's women and children. There was plenty of illness in married quarters, due to ignorance, I am afraid, and my hands were full. Among the brides, babies arrived by the dozen, and I, not to be outdone, tried to follow suit. Unfortunately, thanks to miscarriages and the incompetence of local doctors in those days, our hopes were permanently frustrated. Children in the bulk scare me, because I am never sure of the right approach, and also because if I ventured any advance it was frequently met by howls. I never understood why I had such a shattering effect on the young of the human race until once, while staying with a large family accustomed to red-headed Percys or fair-haired Lennoxes, one little girl confided to her mother that, "I began by being afraid of Lady Byng, but it's all right now because I realize it's not her fault, it's her eyebrows!" So out of the mouths of babes and sucklings did revelation come to me that my thick black eyebrows were the cause of alarm. I don't



Two glimpses of the author's home in England: Thorpe Hall, surrounded by its famous gardens designed and supervised by Lady Byng, and planted with many Canadian flowering plants collected from woods and swamps and railway embankments across the Dominion.

suppose that small girl, now a young married woman, ever knew how grateful I was for that solving of a problem that had puzzled me.

INDIA WAS a disappointment—certainly Mhow, where there was no trace of "The Gorgeous East," and everything was sand colored and drab except the blinding sunshine and the shimmering heat haze which appealed to me. Cantonment life was pretty dreary because few of the other married Tenth Hussar officers had brought their wives out so I lacked congenial companions. Etiquette was rigid in Army circles, I found, and we committed a *faux pas* that winter when we gave a small dinner for eight. The cook did well, the people talked a great deal, and we were quite pleased with our first attempt to entertain our neighbors. Next morning, however, I received a note from a Major's wife who, with her husband, had been among the guests, saying she wanted to see me at once. Round I went, thinking perhaps she was ill. Not a bit of it. Her health was excellent but not her temper, for she took me sternly to task about the previous night saying her husband was three months senior to Major Blank, and therefore it was she who should have been taken in by my husband, and she added stiffly, "Of course, I saw you didn't understand about precedence, but I may tell you that many another lady would have walked out of the house." Incredible but true. In our innocence we had sent Mrs. Blank in with my husband because she was the older of the two ladies. Though I apologized with due humility to the outraged female, when I got home and told my husband, we laughed till we cried.

✦ Continued on next page

Have a "Coke" = Merry Christmas



...adding refreshment to holiday cheer

The spirit of good will rules the Christmas season. It's a time to get together with friends and family... a time when all we mean by *home* in its graciousness and friendliness is at its peak. In such an atmosphere Coca-Cola belongs, ice-cold and sparkling with life.

There's a whole story of hospitality in the three words *Have a "Coke"*,—three words that express a friendly spirit the whole year 'round. Yes, Coca-Cola and *the pause that refreshes* are everyday symbols of a way of living that takes friendliness for granted.



THE COCA-COLA COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED

and I always look with affection on the results of my wanderings because they conjure up people, episodes and places where they were found. The pink of "Lamb's Kill" always brings to me those vast stretches of muskeg with groups of tamarack or grey-boled poplars, and railway banks matted with blueberries. The big leaves of the Skunk Cabbage, whose scent I have the low taste to rather like, take me to the swamps of British Columbia. All the tiny creeping plants of the woodlands that clothe Canadian forests from east to west bring back days in the Laurentians when the slender spikes of the mauve orchises thrust through the grass and the maidenhair spreads itself luxuriantly. The tough leathery foliage and pale fragrant blossoms of the Trailing Arbutus speak to me of Deep River, 140 miles up the Ottawa where the Frasers' wooden house stands facing the water, and behind it stretch hundreds of miles of forest where deer, bear, wolves and beaver make their home and porcupines scuffle along on the dry leaves. The trilliums, which alas don't increase fast enough in my garden, recall woodland fringes and open fields, while the Dutchman's Breeches snuggling between rocks hark back to Mousseau and Meach Lake, within a short drive of Ottawa.

Making the garden at Thorpe was an enchanting job because then I could still do my share of active work. Now that is a thing of the past, and I can only potter around or sit and contemplate the result. A few seasons after the work started I inherited my uncle's money, and Julian was able to make a first-class shoot while I spread myself in the garden. So I "rode high, wide and handsome" for the first time in my life. And was it fun! To create a thing you have dreamed of all your life is perhaps the best experience that can come to anyone. We were both happier, I think, than at any other time in our married life because there were no more money worries and we were "home" at last.

BEFORE WE found Thorpe, we had been living in Cairo, where my husband had command of the troops. On arrival we found ourselves homeless, the former General's house having been sold, and during our search for a suitable place Lord Kitchener very kindly put us up. That visit was full of quiet amusement for me, as I saw the fear he inspired in his staff. I remember the first evening at dinner when "K" made some statement which I knew was wrong and I said so openly; I saw the surprise on all the faces when, instead of the earth swallowing me for such a breach of discipline, the host laughed and accepted the correction. Then there was the daily performance when we migrated onto the deep veranda for coffee after lunch, and Lord Kitchener and the male dove in its cage had an argument as to whether or not the bird was master in its own house, and should sit on the empty nest. Time after time "K" would gently but firmly pick the scolding bundle of feathers off the nest and deposit it on the floor of the cage, but in the end the bird always won, because its master couldn't spend the rest of the day imposing his will on the dove. He was a strange man; an odd mixture of greatness and petty meanness.

I had spent a winter in Cairo 20 years before, and while outwardly the scene had changed but little, with the same dirt, and the same repulsive cruelty to animals, certain things were different, for troublous times were brewing in Europe and they had their repercussions

in this gateway of the East where intrigue was always rife. I watched with curiosity the comings and goings of people to the side door of the German Legation which abutted more or less on our house. The Chief of the Cairo Police came at our invitation one day to watch, and I believe he picked up quite a lot of valuable information from what he saw through my lace curtains.

There was, too, in Cairo a great if silent upheaval in progress, in the feminine revolt against the veil, that badge of subordination. Some of the wealthy and more advanced Pashas had already married French or Greek women and they naturally refused to be veiled, but Egyptian girls educated abroad had the most difficult time of all. One of these, Djidji, whom I knew well, gay-spirited, intelligent and thoroughly Europeanized after her schooling, had been ordered by her father, a Pasha, to return to the veil and all the other restrictions of harem life. He made no objection to her coming to our house, where she met the members of my husband's staff and any other men who happened to be there, and the moment she arrived away went the veil, flung in a crumpled heap on my bed, and she was the gayest of the party. But many a time she cried her heart out to me, and I sensed the mark of tragedy on her, even in those days, though six years were to pass before the sad climax came, when her fiancé, an Austrian officer, shot her dead in a fit of jealousy. Such was the history of one girl brought up during the transition stages of emancipation.

A sense of humor, as we understand the term, is not an Arab characteristic, but our faithful Kavas, Mohammed, had it in no small degree. I remember one occasion when I was showing a prim English spinster round the town, and Mohammed, guessing perhaps that I was bored with her, kept turning round from the box seat of the carriage to join in the travelogue. When we met the familiar big procession with a palanquin in the centre, surrounded by a troupe of musicians, he pointed at it with a beaming smile: "Circumcession Procession." My companion grew scarlet. But that wasn't enough for him, and before I noticed, he had taken us into the red-light district and once again from the box seat came the information: "This, bad womans street. See them on balconies." And there they sat, in all their blatant sin, exchanging lewd jests with Mohammed—fortunately in his own language.

Poor Mohammed, he has been dead many years, and the last time I saw him he had escorted me to the ship on which I was sailing for England in May, 1914. Somehow he had sensed, as I had, that I shouldn't return, and three times after saying good-by he dashed back to me with tears streaming down his black face, wailing, "I know Sitt not come back. Oh, I know Sitt not come back!"

AND SO war swept down on us and disintegrated our lives in that long-ago summer of 1914. Julian and I had never been separated before, and it hit us hard, though fortunately we each had our jobs to keep us busy. Mine was a 32-bed hospital in my house at Thorpe, which I ran for a year until the War Office decided that small hospitals were not economically sound, and we were ordered to close, which I did regretfully. At least I had the satisfaction of knowing that this and other hospitals of the same calibre had filled one of those temporary gaps caused by the usual unpreparedness for war which has always characterized British and most

I Spelled Marriage "M-I-R-A-G-E"



Listen to this
wife's story of marriage
happiness rediscovered

I married for love . . . and at first George *did* love me. Then—I can't explain when or how it began—George became more and more indifferent. Our marriage happiness began to fade away like a mirage.

I brooded so that I actually became ill. When I went to see my doctor, I started to cry and told him everything. It was then I learned how "one neglect"—carelessness or ignorance about feminine hygiene—so often wrecks romance!



My doctor advised me to use Lysol disinfectant for feminine hygiene. "Thousands of modern wives use it," he said, explaining how Lysol makes an effective germ-killing douche that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes. "And Lysol won't harm sensitive tissues . . . just follow the directions," he added. *How right he was!* I've found Lysol so pleasant to use—so easy and economical, too. It's been working wonderfully!

Oh, yes—the happy ending! It's about US, of course! George is mine again, with lots of love. That's all . . . *that's everything!*

CHECK THESE FACTS WITH YOUR DOCTOR

Lysol is **Non-caustic**—gentle and efficient in proper dilution. Contains no free alkali. It is **not** carbolic acid. **Effective**—a powerful germicide, active in presence of organic matter (such as mucus, serum, etc.) **Spreading**—Lysol solutions spread, thus virtually search out germs in deep crevices. **Economical**—small bottle of Lysol makes almost 4 gallons of solution for the douche. **Cleanly odour**—disappears after use. Lysol deodorizes completely. **Lasting**—keeps full strength, no matter how often it is uncorked.



Lysol
Disinfectant

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GUARD YOUR FAMILY AGAINST INFECTION

Lysol is Ideal Antiseptic for Cuts, Burns, All Minor Injuries

Deadly infection often starts from the smallest cut or bruise. Be careful . . . use Lysol early, in proper dilution as directed. Lysol is recommended and used by doctors and hospitals everywhere. Lysol is concentrated; used diluted it's amazingly economical. Keep Lysol in your home—always!

"HEART DISEASE ...but I've never been sick in my life!"



Why should heart disease strike a woman of health and vitality?

Well, the doctor explained, you know how age affects your face and hands and hair. Over the years, your heart grows older, too, so that it may be less able to meet the demands of strenuous living. Unless you learn to know and live within the capacities of your heart, you may risk serious coronary heart disease even in the very prime of life.

Just what is coronary heart disease?

Coronary heart disease means that the walls of the coronary arteries—the arteries feeding the heart muscle—have hardened up a bit, become thicker, and have lost some of their elasticity. As a result, the heart muscle receives less blood and thus less food and oxygen. Naturally, if you then make excessive demands on your heart, you're inviting trouble.

Coronary heart disease is the most common form among women past forty. Even at younger ages you should watch for such possible warning symptoms as excessive fatigue, shortness of breath, chest pains, or oppression near the heart.

What can be done about it?

First, see your doctor and be guided by his advice. If the attack is severe, he may prescribe a period of rest in bed.

The doctor will surely recommend the rules for living which everyone over

forty would be wise to follow as a PRECAUTION against heart disease.

For example, the doctor will advise moderation in all things. He will stress the importance of avoiding sudden exertion—the wisdom of getting plenty of sleep and avoiding overweight. Periodic physical examinations will probably be recommended, including X-ray, laboratory, or other tests.

Must patients become invalids?

No—so long as they don't overdo. Diagnosed early, the damage to the heart may be negligible. Besides, it should not be cause for needless worry. Today, thousands of people who have heart disease, and who take care of themselves, are living virtually normal lives. Strict self-discipline, to gain freedom from all worry and strain, is of primary importance. Less strenuous forms of physical recreation should be found. In other words, it is necessary to relax.

For more information, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, entitled, "Protecting Your Heart." Address: Booklet Department, 114 D Canadian Head Office, Ottawa.

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BACK AGAIN in England I had to cope with innumerable changes of home, which is a trying job because carpets and curtains never fit, things you value get broken or lost, and the removal men bring in a spate of furniture which always comes in the wrong order of precedence, like the Major's lady at Mhow. Having inherited my father's love of gardening, I started a garden of some kind wherever my foot found a resting place, no matter how temporary, and the trail of my gardening efforts leads far and wide over places in England, India, Egypt and in Canada, where I tried at Government House to create a very small rock garden because I hoped my neighbors would realize that they could get more amusement out of something of that kind than by sweating over the mowing of a small grass plot all summer through. That garden is a poor thing, because where I needed rock slabs I had to put up with boulders, and where a northwest aspect was best I had to content myself with a fiercely hot southern one. However, it was an experiment.

Because of our many moves, the hope of a permanent home and a real garden was not realized until the summer of 1913 when, in a prospecting mood and ranging far and wide by car over Norfolk and Suffolk and Essex, I landed one July afternoon in the sleepy village of Thorpe-le-Soken which lay basking in the sun, which shines there as it does in Canada, for East Anglia possesses that same clarity of atmosphere typical of Canadian skies. Beyond the village I passed through a battered wooden gate and found myself in a small park with the remains of a fine oak avenue. Past this was what the estate agent had described in his advertisement as "a stately Georgian mansion standing in spacious gardens, with magnificent timber and a fine sheet of ornamental water." Not a word was true, except for the timber, and that was indeed magnificent. But the "spacious garden" was a jungle of untrimmed laurels, a sea of nettles and docks, while the "ornamental water," a two-acre lake, was so thickly covered with slimy green weed that you could hardly tell where grass ended and water began. (My dog walked into it and emerged outraged at such an accident.) The derelict square white house screamed for a coat of paint or plaster. However, there were possibilities in it all; a certain graciousness in the well-proportioned rooms, typical of early Georgian houses, and the land rolled gently. As to situation, it fulfilled most of my husband's requirements, for it was, as he decreed, near a good golf course, within a few miles of the open North Sea, and there was a mile and a half of marsh alive with wild fowl. As the property was going up for auction within a week, I had to think and act quickly, and when my absurdly small offer for house, 200 acres of land and three tumble-down cottages was accepted, I found myself the owner of a future home which had stood empty for five years, been neglected for 50, and been owned by the same family for 170 years.

When I had time to enquire into the past history of the place, I learned that there had been a Thorpe Hall on approximately the same site since the year 1170, though most of the present house, except for the cellars, dated back to early Georgian days; though in the dining room one wall was, we found, made of "daub and wattle," a form of construction used at least 500 years ago—a mixture of hard clay binding together bundles of willow branches. We

also found, leading from the house into what is now a big rock and water garden, a hollowed elm drain, such as those used by the Romans during their occupation of Camolodunum, as the town of Colchester was then called, and which were also used up to the time of Queen Elizabeth. This old drain still conveys the surplus water from the house-well into the garden, but now, instead of being hidden underground, its lower end lies open to view. In the London Record offices I saw a document dating somewhere in the early 14th Century, which gave a list of the contents of "The Hall" at Thorpe, and the stock belonging to it. I forget precisely how it runs, but I remember that the furnishing of "The Hall" was sparse, though the stock was plentiful, ending up with "one old cat, two kittens."

It wasn't till 1926, when we returned from Canada, that I was able to set to work on my long-cherished plans for a garden. It was a tough job, and my husband, being no gardener, was completely at a loss to understand the upheavals he saw everywhere, and when a friend asked him how things were progressing, he said dubiously, "Well, I don't quite know, except that what was isn't, and what is won't be." One day, after surveying the churned-up mud, and the tumbled loads of rocks awaiting their final disposal, he turned to me and said sadly, "It reminds me of Flanders at its worst."

I am always glad that he lived to see results, when the soil had been packed into pockets between the rocks and smoothed to gentle slopes, while the dead twigs, as they seemed to him, developed into flowering shrubs—a foaming mass of bloom in spring—and the tiny plants tucked into the pockets of the rocks become a mat of vivid colors. Then he would take his friends round the place, pointing out things to them and saying with pride, "Good, isn't it? And all homemade by my wife," much as if it were a cake.

A good many Canadian plants found their home in the rock garden because the situation was to their liking, though I can't help smiling when nongardening Canadians say to me, "And how is your Canadian garden doing?" as if a space had been roped off, marked "Canadians only." How could plants from such a vast land as this, with widely varying climatic and horticultural conditions, be expected to grow happily, side by side, in one place? At Thorpe, Canadians have to be good mixers, because they rub shoulders with neighbors from various lands. I have a piece of woodland fortunately, and there go the woodlanders like Jack-in-the-Pulpit who likes coolness and shade. Bouncing Bet, on the other hand, seeks the hot banks of the highway, for

"Bouncing Bet is a runaway,
You cannot keep her home;
No matter how you hedge her in
She always tries to roam."

At Thorpe, Canadian lilies grow beside their cousins from China and Japan, while the ground has a carpeting of those frail white, pink and terra cotta colored Oxalis which hail from South Africa. North American Houstonias are chumming with bushes of the Bottle-brush from Australia, while Canadian woodlanders have for bedfellows English lilies-of-the-valley, snowdrops and pale primroses.

It's amazing how plants can carry one back "up the stream of time," and how much dearer are those one has collected than those bought from a nurseryman,

Peacetime Plans of Corty the Kitten

THOUGH WAR PRODUCTION
STILL HOLDS SWAY
I'M PLANNING FAR AHEAD
IN READINESS FOR VICTORY
AND PEACETIME GOODS
INSTEAD...

NO GRASS IS GROWING
'NEATH MY FEET,
I'M TESTING, WORKING,
THINKING;
I'LL SWING MY PLANS
FROM WAR TO PEACE
AND DO SO WITHOUT
BLINKING...

AND WHEN FROM OUT
THE CLOUDS OF WAR
THE SUN OF PEACE ARISES,
I'LL GREET YOU ALL
WITH COUNTLESS
HAPPY HOSIERY SURPRISES!



Meanwhile...

YOU CAN CARRY ON HAPPILY WITH *Corticelli* FULL-FASHIONED HOSIERY

There's still no priority on leg-flattery! Not when you're wearing Corticelli. For evening wear, business or for practical comfort you'll find there is a selective, Corticelli-styled stocking to fit your individual need. The shades are to your liking too, new softly-muted tones that blend or contrast smartly with dress or sportswear. For despite war commitments, Corticelli has produced stockings Canadian women are proud to wear... suited to every taste... to any occasion. Look for Corticelli stockings in better shops everywhere.



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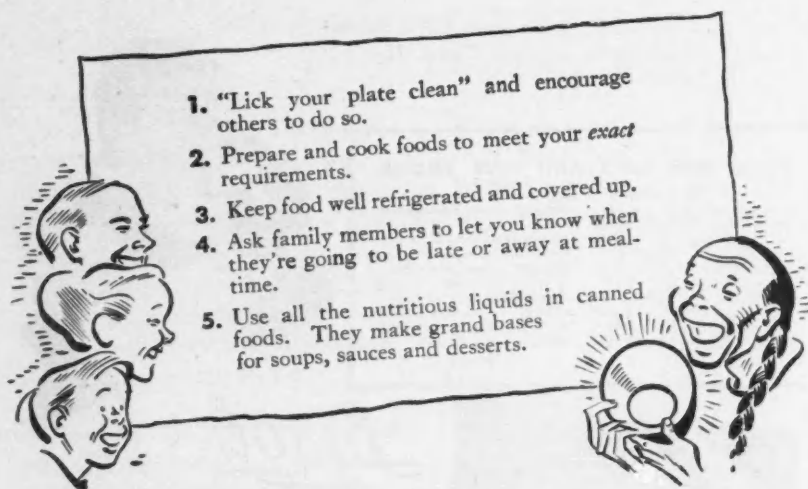
Not all Chinese customs are "quaint" or "queer". Some are very practical.

Take one of their eating customs, for instance. Although most Chinese live on a monotonous diet of boiled rice, millet (bird seed), wheat, and soy bean dishes (garnished with pickled vegetables in more fortunate homes) — it has long been their practice to eat ALL of their food. *Every last grain.*

So when their country went to war, they needed only to continue this old custom.

But in Canada thousands of tons of delicious food of all kinds are still being left on plates or allowed to spoil every day! This means that much of the time and money of those who produce and transport this food is also wasted.

Can't we be as careful to save food as our Chinese allies? Let's try! Here's how:



1. "Lick your plate clean" and encourage others to do so.
2. Prepare and cook foods to meet your *exact* requirements.
3. Keep food well refrigerated and covered up.
4. Ask family members to let you know when they're going to be late or away at meal-time.
5. Use all the nutritious liquids in canned foods. They make grand bases for soups, sauces and desserts.

CANNED FOODS WILL HELP YOU REDUCE WASTE!

Canned foods keep without spoiling till you're ready to use them. They have no wasteful portions . . . no outside leaves, no throwaways. And because they're packed when crops are at the peak of flavour-freshness, they're so delicious folks *want* to eat 'em all up!

What's more, canned foods allow you to serve well balanced meals, rich in vitamins and minerals, in any season . . . help keep your family fit for wartime tasks.

This message is contributed in support of Canada's Nutrition Programme by the American Can Company — Montreal, Hamilton, Toronto; and the American Can Company Limited, Vancouver.

other governments, except those of the Germans, who, with war as the *summum bonum* of their lives, are found ready for any eventuality.

When I received Julian's telegram from France giving me the news that he had been ordered to the Dardanelles, I felt that his death warrant had been signed, for no place was more hopeless strategically, and the men were dying like flies on those hideous beaches and in the water-logged trenches. My only consolation was the knowledge that he had with him two of his A.D.C.'s who would do their best for him: Sir Basil Brooke, now Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, and Lord Titchfield. They did their best, too, and soon after arriving they scrounged some window glass, goodness knows how, and while Julian was away inspecting the front line they fitted it into the yawning holes of his dugout, feeling much like children who have prepared a pleasant surprise "for father." Unfortunately they missed seeing him come back, and the first intimation they got of his reactions was the sound of breaking glass. Crash, bang, came the noise, as their commanding officer broke up their handiwork with the little swagger stick he always carried. He turned to them with an infuriated face and asked who the— had done this? They owned up and were told that next time they had better mind their own business and understand that as the men didn't have glazed windows he wouldn't either, etc.

It was characteristic of him, and indeed he was sometimes unreasonable in his attitude toward anything he thought was "soft" or indicated preferential treatment. In wartime he lived as nearly as possible like the rank and file, much to the misery of the staff because he wouldn't have a good mess. Once King George V told me that he and Queen Mary were almost poisoned when they lunched with him, for as the King described it, "Bungo didn't live, he pigged, in France!"

Julian's Spartan principles weren't confined only to food; during the war he imposed on himself the same restrictions in the matter of leave, and I saw him only five times during those four years. Once was immediately after the first battle of Ypres when I crossed by the "leave boat" to Boulogne, stumbled over railway tracks to the grubby hotel and waited four hours before he arrived. The following summer we met for three days at Paris-Plage, and after that I didn't recross the Channel till June, 1917, when I accompanied Princess Alice on a visit to the King and Queen of the Belgians at La Panne, the small strip of their country still remaining to them. It was a wonderful week, and I am always glad to have seen that wonderful couple at such close quarters, minus all the pomps and ceremonies of palaces. We stayed with them in their two ugly little villas on the sand dunes which 23 years later were to become famous in the great epic of Dunkirk. But in those days they were comparatively quiet, though we heard those ceaseless sounds of battle, the "currump" of falling shells and sometimes the whine of others passing overhead to land in the shallow sea. Ambulances drove up daily from the front line to the hospital at La Panne where the Queen did admirable work. I remember a badly wounded English soldier who said to me, innocently, "I like that Belgian kid; she's so gentle." So she was—gentle, compassionate, and yet with the courage of a man housed in that fragile body.

One day we went to the top of Mount Kemmel and watched the Germans

shelling Ypres away in the distance, and according to what building they hit there rose a cloud of either pinkish dust for a brick house, or white for a stone one, and overhead all the time that afternoon the birds sang and the sky was alive with planes.

Though many people came and went to the La Panne villas, Julian never came, though the King most kindly sent him an invitation to do so. I hadn't said a word to my lord and master that I was going to Belgium, because I guessed there would be a song and dance as he might think it risky, and when he heard—from the King's invitation and my covering letter—that I was there, I received a furious reply saying nothing would induce him to come to La Panne. It was exasperating for me, but so like him!

When we bade our hosts farewell, it was with the promise that when they re-entered Brussels, Princess Alice and I were to be there. That seemed far away in the future during those days, yet within 16 months we were back, though we passed through anxious days in between. I remember when my husband wrote to me in March, 1918: "The attack has come. If we hold the line we win the war." That was the whole letter, because he had many more important things to do than write to me when that awful thrust came which drove the neighboring Army back while his managed to hold. His prophecy was true enough. So, within a fortnight after the "Cease Fire," the Princess and I crossed the Channel again; at Bruges we were joined by Lord Athlone and the present King, at that time Prince Albert, who had come to represent his father at the entry into Brussels.

There was an almost uncanny silence over the land, as if the world was still stunned by all that had happened. It was a sunny autumn day, with sharp frost in the air, when we drove toward Brussels. The long straight roads, typical of the country, were full of peasants returning to their homes or what remained of them. There were streams of released British prisoners of war, haggard and penniless, flung adrift by the Germans, and glad of the help of money to get them closer to England and home. Brussels was ablaze with flags; bells were pealing forth, faces alight with joy as the great throngs waited to take up the roar or cheers which announced the approach of the procession, headed by the King on his white horse, the Queen riding beside him, followed by Prince Leopold (the present King) and all the representatives of the Allies. It was an indescribable moment of emotion, and for me there was once again the regret that my husband wasn't among the crowd of conquering soldiers but had this time, too, though bidden to be present, refused to move from his headquarters. At the reception in the Palace afterward the King said to me in his slow speech but with a twinkle in his eyes, "Too bad your unfriendly husband wouldn't come—but I know him!"

At the end of the visit, Princess Alice, Lord Athlone and I were scheduled to leave on a certain day but, when it came, no means of moving were available, so far as gasoline was concerned. It was the more exasperating because the Princess and I, by dint of plain bullying, had persuaded Lord Athlone to go back via the Menin Road, through Ypres, to Dunkirk. At first he fought it, but two persistent women were stronger than one man, so we got our way, though by the time we had scrounged some gasoline

◆ Continued on page 36

about the things you buy in wartime

The KIDS

ARE CERTAINLY

TOUGH

ON

SHOES!



1,300,000 MORE PAIRS OF CHILDREN'S SHOES LAST YEAR

In the last twelve months Canadian manufacturers made for Canadian children about 25% more shoes than in 1939—a fine job done by the organization and direction of production by this Board's Footwear Administration and the co-operation of manufacturers. And this was accomplished while they were making many more essential type shoes for war workers, who wear out their shoes faster than they do in their normal employment.



Now you see it...

THE DISAPPEARING ACT OF RUBBER-SOLE SHOES

In normal times most young Canadians got at least one pair of rubber soled, canvas-top shoes a year. But natural rubber supplies fell into enemy hands, and the manufacture of rubber footwear was drastically curtailed. We're now using reclaimed and synthetic rubber in these shoes—there have been more of them this year and there will be more next year. Leather-soled shoes have had to be used in place of this rubber-soled footwear but shoes made of leather need more care than running shoes. When they don't get it they wear out more quickly; when they get wet they must be dried slowly, away from direct heat—and they should be greased also. It's not always a case of poor quality; it's poor care.



Now you don't!

LEATHER GOES TO WAR

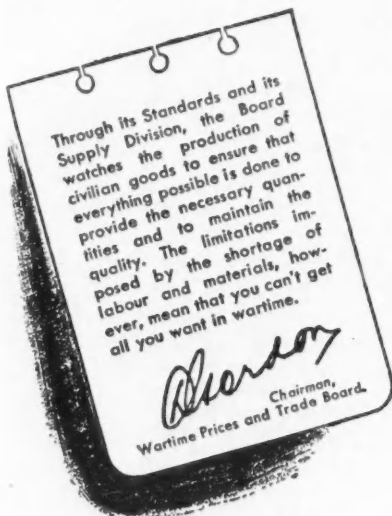
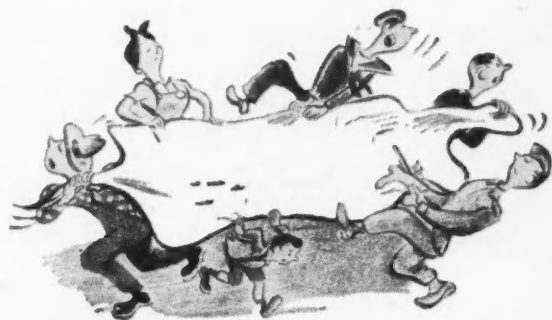
You've got to have good strong leather for children's shoes, but the soldiers are taking most of ours for their boots. For these leathers, a substantial portion of the hides came from South America and other countries. War cut down these imports and there have been difficulties in getting enough of these and our own hides tanned into leather due to shortage of workers. The production of high grade leather shoes has, however, been main-

tained at the highest level consistent with the labour and materials available. While shoe factories have been working overtime, factory capacity for civilian shoes cannot be expanded in wartime and it's not possible to change plants from the manufacture of one type of shoe to another,—for instance, from women's to children's. The processes, the machines and the lasts are different.

TURNING HIDES INTO SHOES

There are very large war uses of leather—for instance, in footwear. A soldier requires four pairs of shoes in the first year of his service and about three pairs per year thereafter. But, what is more important, he needs to have his shoes re-soled four or five times a year. His shoes are

of the highest quality leathers obtainable, leaving the other grades of leather for civilian use. Airmen need leather for jackets and mitts. War factories need leather for belting and farmers need leather for harness. Leather—the best leathers—has gone to war.



THE WARTIME PRICES AND TRADE BOARD

THIS IS ONE OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS GIVING THE FACTS ABOUT THE SUPPLY SITUATION OF VARIOUS WIDELY USED COMMODITIES



War Veterans *female*

Their favorite postwar plan is matrimony, but, failing or postponing that, our 40,000 women in service blue or khaki are prepared to contribute scores of skills to a country they have learned to love with a brand-new kind of understanding

by Lotta Dempsey

IT WAS something you turned away from, because you hadn't any right to watch. The girl at the railway station in her Air Force uniform, the proud older man standing back a bit, as fathers always do, and that light of love and devotion and fulfillment on the mother's face, as she folded the girl in her arms and whispered, "Baby!"

Daughter had come home from the wars.

TODAY it was just for leave. Tomorrow, she and forty thousand other Canadian women who have answered their country's call to arms in just as true a sense as the men of the Canadian forces will be arriving at the home-town station on a one-way ticket.

There'll be the joyous reunions, the excitement over getting into gay new clothes (the government allows \$100 to buy them) and the cementing of old friendships.

Then what?

Then the girl who has spent the war years in uniform will begin the serious job of changing her mental and psychological khaki or blues for the habiliments of civilian life in Canada.

What happens to her and her thinking is every bit as important to this country, in the grave opinion of those officials responsible for her welfare, as what emerges from the reconversion of Canada's 900,000 fighting men.

And the biggest job in making a successful change-

over is up to her employer, her husband, her fiancé, her friends, her parents. Up to you.

Brigadier James Mess, Director of Recruiting for the Canadian Army, and a man not given to overstatement, said recently, "The effect of women serving in the forces will have more influence on the future of Canada than almost any other activity of the state."

And he added, "It's my opinion that the average girl is coming out of the services twice the girl she went in . . ."

And Colonel Mary Dover, CWAC Recruiting head, tells of the many girls who say they owe a debt to the Women's Army for what it has done for them.

WHO AND what is this new leavening of women soon to be sifted through this country? What is it that's made them "twice the girls they were?" What are they going to do when they break out of formation and find themselves no longer behind the strict barriers of military discipline, which they entered of their own free will?

That's a story being written in your city or town in every part of Canada today, as the machinery of demobilization is quietly being readied for V-Day-plus-interim-to-discharge. Every branch of the services has officers who are available to every girl in uniform, here and overseas. Ready to discuss her future, her talents and abilities, her prospects, her old job (if she had one), her new job (if she needs one).

These women are specially trained to understand the problems facing their girls, the conditions to which they will return in civilian life, and especially the attitude of civilians with whom they will again work and live.

Personnel Counsellors will soon work exactly as their opposite numbers do in the men's branches, and under the careful supervision of the Personnel Selection Department of the Air Force.

It's interesting that in this, as in other phases of demobilization plans, the handling of men and women is being treated with the same interest, fidelity and, as far as possible, reimbursements. In the little pocket book, "Back to Civil Life," distributed to the forces by the Department of Pensions and National Health, it is stated at the outset: "The program applies equally to men and women in the services. There are a few regulations in regard to grants which apply specifically to the men. In the main, however, it may be taken that women have identical opportunities with men."

There is perhaps one notable exception, in the realm of "opportunities," for which the Department can hardly be held responsible.

We have verified soundings made in each of the three services. It is conceded that more than 90% of the girls in uniform rate as their first job preference: matrimony!

And they want to make it + Continued on page 60



Beauty Culture

*A department of
Personal Care and Health*

Stormy Weather

by
ADELE WHITE
Beauty Editor

WE WOULDN'T change it for all the sunshine of Southern climes rolled into one—our healthy Canadian winter, we mean; even though a softly falling snowstorm which transforms mundane city streets into scenes from fairyland can change, in a twink, to sharp, cutting winds and stinging sleet. Burr! You burrow your neck into your coat collar and run for cover. Especially around Christmastime, when you're leaping from store to store clutching a shopping list as long as your arm and constantly changing from hot to cold temperatures,

you arrive home at night exhausted and just as you're beginning to relax in the warmth and comfort of your own living room, you wonder what strange thing is happening to your face! It feels painfully taut; as though it would crack if you smiled and it looks red and chafed. Well, chum, that's the pay-off for going out in this kind of weather and unless you're planning to sit the winter out—and who but a tabby cat wants to spend her days dozing by a fireplace?—you'll have to take extra precaution—so turn over page for a play-by-play account of skin care in stormy weather.

Put Stars in Her Eyes

with GIFTS by
Helena Rubinstein

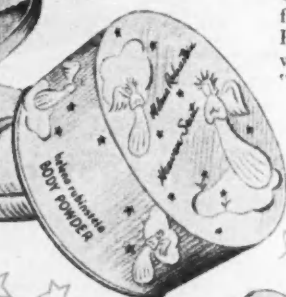
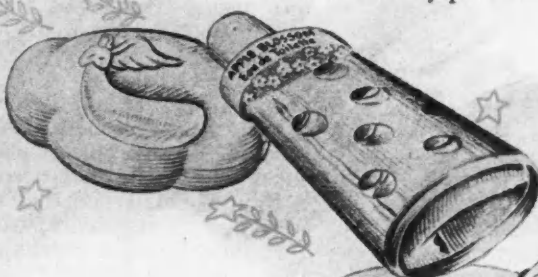
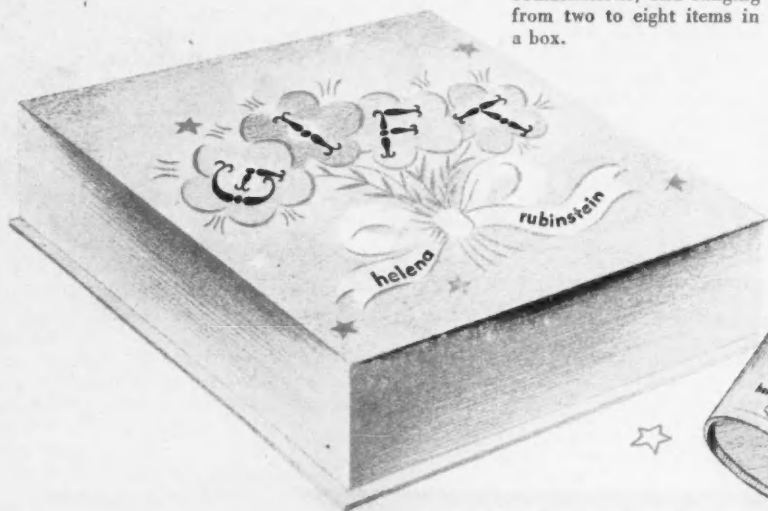
A tremulous expectancy! The heady rustling of inviting paper! A smile that's quick and gay and brimming lovely thanks! For certain charm, for sure enchanting witchery, there is no equal to a gift by Helena Rubinstein. This Christmas, head your shopping list with this reminding note: "Must make a point of viewing Helena Rubinstein's assembled Christmas offerings." For in that most exquisite and unique array, you're bound to find the gift that's both your budget's choice and her own heart's desire. Colognes and Perfumes, Creams and Lotions, Soaps and Powders—for every personality, every taste—and in every price range . . . from .50 to 8.95.

Is she shy and dreamy-eyed?
Your chance to spell-bind her with star-spangled gifts of Heaven-Sent, a light ethereal perfume created to make mortal woman feel immortal.

For a special Christmastide—A
luxury line-up of Apple Blossom, Enchanté, and Heaven-Sent special gift sets. Featuring a wide variety of combinations, and ranging from two to eight items in a box.

Is she laughter-loving, vibrant?
Choose for her a joyous fragrant gift, scented with Helena Rubinstein's universally beloved fragrance "Apple Blossom."

Does she spell sophistication?
For her—gifts accented by Enchanté, an elusive, worldly perfume that speaks of swirling gowns, bejewelled evenings.





Morning Pickup

The perfect beginning to a brand-new day is five minutes setting-up exercises as soon as you get out of bed and before you have time to argue yourself out of it; then, feeling full of pep and pretty pleased with yourself, you step under a cool shower and follow it with a brisk rub-down. While you're drying off and giving your body an airing, before slipping into your clothes, is the time to sit down in front of your dressing table for a facial pickup. If your skin feels dry, substitute a cold cream cleansing and skin tonic for soap and water at this time. Now your face is ready for make-up which, if done carefully, should last all day with a help of minor repairs.

Start off with a powder base—either cream or cake type, depending on which suits your complexion, then a touch of rouge, well-blended and high up on your cheekbones. Dust on face powder with a fine soft brush—the results are better than mopping with a puff. A slight touch of eye shadow and mascara to emphasize the beauty of your orbs and you're all set for the final stage of make-up—your mouth. It's easier to shape your lips with a lipstick brush, once you get the hang of it, than with the lipstick itself—especially when the pointed end is worn down. To do a good job of mouth make-up, you should take it in five easy stages, to ensure that your lipstick will stay put and not leave unattractive red smudges on the edges of cups, cigarettes, etc. (1) Shape your lips; (2) Dust a light film of power over them; (3) Apply a second coat of lipstick; (4) Another light powder dusting; (5) Press your lips on a piece of face tissue to remove any suggestion of shininess. If you take time to follow through with these five steps, we'll guarantee your mouth will look attractive for hours at a time.

To sum up, we'll list below the items you should have on your dressing table or on your bathroom shelf for skin care in winter weather and for make-up:

Cleansing cream, night cream, facial soap, powder base, face powder (powder brush), rouge, lipstick (lipstick brush); mascara and eye-shadow.

As Others See You

To the above list of cosmetics may we also add one more very important item—a good daylight mirror. Whether

it be on your dressing table or in the bathroom it must be hung so that you are able to make up your face in the same light you're going to be faced with when you step outside your door. Too many of us do our make-up under the softening glow of an electric lamp—then board streetcars or buses in the harsh light of day, looking positively clownish—as though we'd fallen in a flour barrel, with too much eye shadow, and a too heavy hand with rouge and face powder. There's a lot of difference between night and day make-up. If nothing else works for you, you can tote a hand mirror to your brightest window for a final scrutiny of your make-up before you step forth, of a morning, to face the world at large.



The Halfway Mark

You can't rubberneck and see your own throat, but everyone else is drawn to it as though by a magnetic eye if you let your make-up stop at the chinline. A throat can be well-scrubbed but still look darkish in comparison to your face, if you don't carry foundation base and powder right down to your dress line. +

AW, MOM! DO I GOTTA HAFTA?

DON'T MAKE ME KISS DANNIE, MOM! PLEASE! I DON'T WANNA!

WELL, MOW ME DOWN! BEEN RATIONED ON KISSES BY THE BIG GALS LATELY... AND NOW MY LI'L COUSIN STARTS PUSHIN' ME AROUND, TOO!

JEEPERS! YOU'D THINK I HAD BAD BREATH OR SOMETHING!

WELL, DANNIE, IF YOU WANT THE TRUTH... IT WOULDN'T HURT A BIT FOR YOU TO CHECK UP WITH YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH!

DANNIE SEES HIS DENTIST!

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!

LATER... THANKS TO COLGATE'S DENTAL CREAM

YOU KNOW SOMETHIN', MOM? DANNIE'S MY FAVORITE COUSIN!

WELL, I THINK IT'S MUTUAL, BETSY!

BUT DEFINITELY!

COLGATE'S DOES A REAL JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH, TOO!

COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

25c 40c

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

COLGATE'S NYLON TOOTHBRUSH

COLGATE NYLON BRISTLES CAN'T GET SOGGY

SPECIAL VALUE

29c



Blue Grass

FOR A HEART-STIRRING CHRISTMAS

For this epic Christmas, when a new light seems dawning on the world, let your gift speak to a woman of her beauty, her courage, her shining faith in the dark years and let it tell her, sweetly, that you love her truly. How better convey that message than with BLUE GRASS . . . a gift that is in every sense a tribute to a lady! Give her one gift in BLUE GRASS . . . or make it the entire series . . . an eloquent and magnificent gesture.

Blue Grass Perfume, Elizabeth Arden's finest and most popular fragrance, \$1.50 to \$66.00.

Blue Grass Flower Mist, top-to-toe bath refreshant, \$1.50; gift wrapped, \$1.75.

Blue Grass Brilliantine to touch the hair with sheen and fragrance, \$1.25.

Blue Grass Bath Oil for the height in tub-time-enjoyment, \$4.25 and \$9.35.

Blue Grass Dusting Powder, snowy soft against the skin after bathing, \$1.85.

Elizabeth Arden

at Smartest Shops in Every Town



Does your face feel taut and chafed in the cold weather? Here we give you the secret of skin care during winter months

a quick liquefying type which consists largely of paraffin waxes and mineral oils. For dry skin use a cold cream which is generally an emulsion of beeswax, petroleum, and mineral oil with perhaps animal or vegetable fats added. Cleansing creams are specially designed to remove surface dirt and if followed by a good soap and water lathering you can feel sure your face is fresh as a daisy.

Night Work

When we mention soap and water lathering we can just hear a lot of you dry-skin sisters protesting vigorously, "I can't use soap on my face, it makes it feel dry as a board!" That's only true if you use the wrong kind of soap. Ask your druggist or the clerk in the cosmetic department to recommend a specially super-fatted soap for sensitive faces. Work up a lather right down to your neck and rinse several times, then follow it with an application of night cream, some of which you'll leave on while you sleep—blot off the excess with face tissue so your phizz won't shine like a headlight.

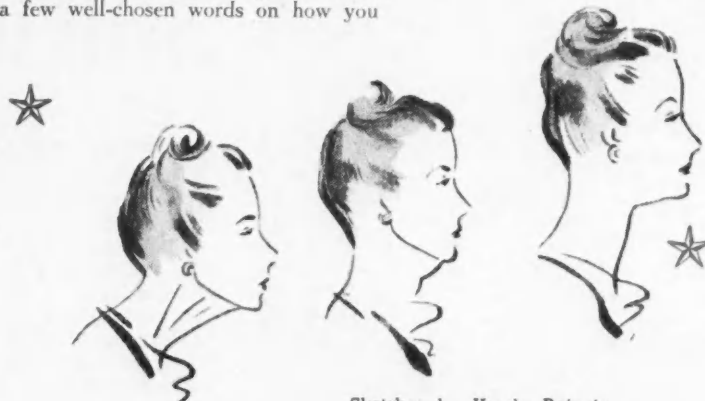


Chin-Chat

When you've finished your nightly ablutions, it's an ideal time for an under-chin workout. Because, next to wrinkles and spreading hipline, there's no more depressing sign that youth is on the way out and middle age moving in, than a set of chins. A brisk slapping motion (as shown in the sketch), with wrists held loose, will stimulate circulation and firm up sagging muscles—and it's not necessary to beat yourself black and blue; a light touch, plus the constant repetition, five minutes each night, will do the trick.

While we're chin-chatting, how about a few well-chosen words on how you

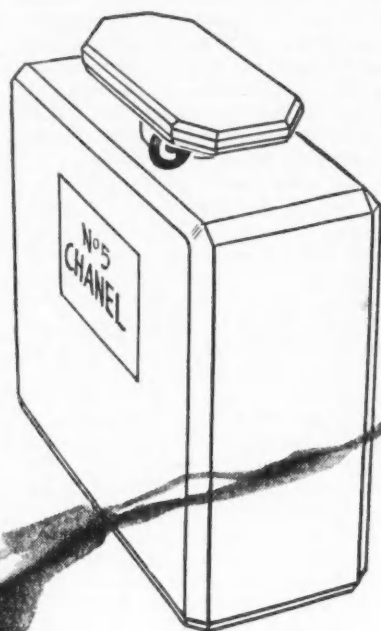
hold your head? Below we've shown two rights and a wrong. The first has her jaw jutting out, with the mistaken idea of camouflaging a double chin, and succeeds only in making her profile look like the business end of a pick-axe. The second is the habit of tucking in a chin like a turkey gobbler when reading or looking down, which will ruin even the firmest of chins. The third is just right—your head pushing upward as though you were carrying a basket of eggs balanced on top of your dome.



Sketches by Ursula Rainnie

CHANEL

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME



FOUR FAMOUS CHANEL FRAGRANCES
NO 5 • GARDENIA • CUIR DE RUSSIE • NO 22



Honor Bright

**NEW NAIL SHADE BY Cutex
FOR WOMEN AT WAR**

More women choose Cutex than any other
Nail Polish in the world.

Lady With a Past

Continued from page 28

and one of the King's lorries for our baggage, it was four on a November afternoon, dark and foggy, and the "pavés," sometimes wet, sometimes freezing, were in poor shape for traveling. We got lost in the dark, we tangled with American Army transport on a bridge, and Lord Athlone kept muttering something about women who wanted to do silly things, etc. When fog made further driving impossible, we found ourselves in Courtrai, in a hotel where the only sound piece of glass was a bowl containing several goldfish on the hall table! I never saw anything more ludicrous than those luckless fish slowly swimming around, half-frozen, in that temple of the winds.

The next morning we started early and I was glad that we had insisted on making that trip over the famous battle zone before anything had been touched, for nothing could have given one a more complete understanding of what war had been like on those Flanders fields, with the cold grey mist hanging low over a morass of sticky mud, roads wrecked by shelling, trees standing blasted and stark, skeletons of horses, broken guns, and all the debris of war stretching on every side, and over it all that sombre pall of fog, well fitted as a ceiling to such a scene of desolation. There wasn't a living soul about, except for some crows flapping along like things of ill-omen, as we reached Ypres, which we had seen last time in the distance on a sunny July day, when the Huns' shells were battering it. It was now a hideous monument to the ravages of war. There was no great Menin Gate then to mark the unnamed dead who had held that torn piece of land, and we were looking at the immediate aftermath of war stripped of glamour—stark, hideous, but appallingly grand.

Eighteen months later I returned with my husband to visit his battlefields, from Ypres to the Somme, and we stood on the summit of Mont St. Eloi, so that he could show me the strategic value of Vimy; we climbed the ridge to gaze

down on Lens and the flat country beyond. Nothing had been touched; the ridge was littered with broken rifles and all the wreckage of war, while bulrushes grew in shell holes, larks sang in the clear air, and in the distance farmers tilled their fields, believing, as we all did in those days, that the peace had been won as well as the war.

It was a wonderful trip as we sought spots familiar to him, such as his old dugout near Hell Fire Corner, which strangely enough was untouched; we visited Albert, and his headquarters under the shadow of the Virgin's statue hanging precariously overhead; Bapaume, or what remained of it, and countless villages still mere heaps of rubble. There was Bourlon Wood where, if only he had been given adequate reserves, he could have pushed through to Cambrai and smashed the German line. There were corners where he had watched his Canadians pass by, and a hundred other places with varying memories for him, and I think that trip conjured up for him some of the happier moments of the war, while on me it left an indelible impression of its horrors.

I didn't revisit France after that till the Government of Canada kindly invited me to the unveiling of the great memorial on the top of Vimy Ridge. My husband had died by then, though I know he was with us all in spirit on that spot of which he once said (I think in a speech at Calgary): "There they stood on Vimy Ridge that 9th day of April, 1917. Men from Quebec shoulder to shoulder with men from Ontario; men from the Maritimes with men from British Columbia; and there was forged a nation, tempered by the fires of sacrifice and hammered on the anvil of high adventure." And high adventure it was for the great Corps he had the honor to command, but little did he think, when he spoke those words, that within a quarter of a century the sons of those men would be bearing the torch their hands are now too old to hold, and bearing it as grandly as their fathers did at Ypres and Vimy.

(Watch for the fourth and final installment in our January issue.)

Have You a Skin Problem?

Do you ever gaze wistfully in the mirror and long for a petal-soft finely textured skin? We know how you feel because a lovely complexion is undoubtedly one of your greatest assets. This sort of complexion is no mere accident of birth. It is the result of fastidious care and sound health. Chatelaine's booklet "A Lovely Skin" will give you excellent advice on home treatment for individual problems. Here are some of the skin conditions dealt with by our Beauty Editor: (1) A dry flaky skin. (2) Oily skin which won't hold makeup. (3) A complexion marred by blackheads. (4) Those first fine wrinkles which appear around the eyes and mouth. (5) Enlarged pores. (6) Pimples and acne.



A Lovely Skin — Chatelaine Service Bulletin No. 18
Price, 10 cents

Other Chatelaine Beauty Culture Bulletins.

How to be Fresh as a Flower.
Bulletin No. 19—5 cents.

Beautiful Hands.
Bulletin No. 15—5 cents.

Dressing Your Face.
Bulletin No. 17—10 cents.

How to Care for Your Hair.
Bulletin No. 16—10 cents.

Write for your copy today to Chatelaine Service
Bulletin Department, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

What's the Matter with Us?

Continued from page 13

openly identified with their Party as the CCF and Liberal women—partly because that Party was so "shot" in the years from its betrayal of Bennett to the evangel of Port Hope. Those few women who were associated, directly or indirectly, in that projected renaissance were largely responsible for some of the most enthusiastically received planks in the Party's recast creed. They thought—and several of them were no debutantes—that equality was assured at Port Hope and confirmed at Winnipeg. But, as with the Liberal, so with the Conservative party, there are all the appearances but not the actual practice of democratic procedure in the mechanism of the riding and federal associations. With the advance of political power the procedures within the CCF are also receding from the free partnership and practices of J. S. Woodsworth's day, though still retaining more of them than either of the old parties.

NOW, WHY should all this be so? The explanation is multiple.

A constant factor militating against women in public life in Canada is the assiduous appeasement of the Quebec vote that has been a lurid thread in all the pattern of Canadian life from Guy Carleton to Mackenzie King, John Bracken, and M. J. Coldwell. Like Banquo it sits in at every party conclave; however, it is no ghost but flesh and blood. The very fibre of Quebec is against the participation of women in public life and this is not without importance in every discussion of the terms of contract of all the parties once their boards of strategy start discussing "techniques," east of the Russell-Prescott-Cornwall line in Ontario. The related considerations dominate all campaign plans until the territory changes south and east of Moncton.

Perhaps the next factor in significance is the inertia or indifference of a very considerable proportion of Canadian women. There are in the Dominion about 7½ million eligible voters, over half of whom (that is, between 3¾ and 4 millions) are women. In 1940, three out of 10 of Canadian voters stayed away from the polls, or almost 2 millions. The greater number of absentees were undoubtedly women. Today there are well over 1 million women in the paid-up membership of the major women's organizations. Not even these will all vote. Probably 50 to 60% only of our potential women electors will even register. Most of the others are probably homemakers preoccupied with domestic responsibilities, but tens of thousands will be those who "leave all that sort of thing to the men" because they believe the men prefer it so—and they would rather please one or two men than serve the nation as a whole.

Another potent factor is the lack of economic independence among Canadian women as a whole. This leaves Canadian affairs without the service of women comparable to many who have adorned British life—Susan Lawrence, Mrs. Sidney Webb, Mrs. Philip Snowden, etc. The business and professional women are in full-time occupation: they are not free to serve God and their employer at the same time. The married woman is

usually dependent upon her husband's income or more interested in "society," the arts and letters, community welfare, etc., or often too concerned with her husband's position. "You know, my husband's financial and social interests must be considered—you understand, don't you, my dear?"

Magnificent as their participation in our cultural, educational, and philanthropic undertakings has been, very few of Canada's women of independent income have been deeply interested in our public affairs. Were even one woman of substantial means to provide a moderate sum for a limited period to subsidize a Women's Foundation for Political Action, the whole face of Canadian public life could be "lifted" in less than five years. Women like the late Hon. Mary Ellen Smith in Vancouver, Hon. Irene Parlby in Alberta, Mrs. Dorise Nielson, M.P., Alderman Hilda Hesson in Winnipeg, Margaret Hyndman and Judith Robinson in Toronto, Controller Nora Frances Henderson in Hamilton, Alderman Beryl Truax and Elizabeth Monk in Montreal—and, of course, outstandingly Agnes Macphail—indicate what might be done by a few women, acting in concert and striking out on their own. But they are less than a yeoman's guard in a territory where invasion calls for a general staff and a whole assault force.

In its early days the National Council of Women provided certain opportunity for the development of unified leadership and "attacking power" among Canadian women. Now, for many years, it has not done so. It is no longer an effective operative body; it provides a periodic meeting place for discussion and resolution but lacks the research and consultant resources to give a factual basis to its findings. These consequently rest largely on opinion or conviction (kinder and probably more accurately descriptive terms than prejudice). The powerful Women's Institutes, Catholic Women's League, Canadian Nurses' Association are not in affiliation; the most active of all the women's general organizations—the IODE—with commitments of its own of more than a million dollars annually—turns aside from its own program only long enough to give lip service to the National Council of Women, lest "the Daughters" be deemed nonco-operative.

Canada thus lacks any phalanx of independent commandos or such an informal parliament of its women as the League of Women Voters in the United States. Without either of these rallying strengths Canadian women have not identified themselves vigorously with the political life of their people.

IN SUCH a set of circumstances the very strength of their own organizations has probably operated to restrain them. Men go into political life for prestige, power, profit and, sometimes, from a sense of patriotic service. Profit matters less to women, three quarters of whom ride on the income of their males. Prestige, power, the sense of service—all these our women get within these women's groups without the sordid realism of the Party's policies and practices, as the latter prevail at the level of actual operation in the riding. In the women's organization, honest, forthright women do not have to face the continuous compromise, so characteristic of political life in Canada, even in

Yardley English Complexion Powder \$1. per box (in 4 shades)

a perfume so fine

Yardley "Bond Street" Perfume \$2.20 to \$11.50

Created by Yardley to give you heart-lifting charm—first—a powder as fine as star-dust to guard invisibly the clear loveliness of your complexion—
—and second—
a perfume that's regally rare to add brilliance to beauty and memory to exquisite moments.

Yardley
OF LONDON

ENGLISH COMPLEXION POWDER AND BOND STREET PERFUME

**-AND JUST THINK!
THE CHILDREN HAD
FEWER COLDS!
SHORTER COLDS!**



**WITH SO MANY
DOCTORS GONE TO
WAR EVERY MOTHER
SHOULD PUT VICKS
PLAN TO WORK—
INCLUDING ME!**

**Reports of Clinically-Supervised Tests Among 2650 Children
Reveal Important Results. Home-Guide Now Ready for You to Use.**

Mother, it's your wartime duty to help the doctors remaining at home by doing all you can to avoid sickness—to do all you can to get your family through the winter with fewer colds and shorter colds. And Vicks Scientists have developed a Plan that should help you. In large winter tests

made under clinical supervision, reports show children who followed this Vicks Plan had fewer colds... shorter colds... 50% less sickness from colds. An important record! Of course, Vicks Plan may do less for you—or it may do even more! But at a time like this, it is certainly worth trying.

BRIEFLY HERE'S WHAT YOU DO



1. Observe a Few Simple Health Rules... Live normally. Avoid excesses. Drink plenty of water. Keep elimination regular. Get needed rest and sleep. Avoid crowds and people who have colds.



2. When a Cold Threatens... At the first warning sign—first snuffle or sneeze—use Vicks Va-tro-nol as directed. If used in time, a few drops of this specialized medication up each nostril aid nature's own defenses against colds—help prevent many colds from developing... clinic-tested VICKS VA-TRO-NOL.



3. If a Cold Should Develop... Some colds slip by all precautions. When one does, rub on Vicks VapoRub at bedtime. Its grand double-action starts to work at once and keeps on working for hours—invites restful, comforting sleep. And often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone... clinic-tested VICKS VAPORUB.

**PUT VICKS PLAN
TO WORK IN YOUR HOME TODAY**

NOTE: Full details of Vicks Plan in your package of Vicks... If the miserable symptoms of a cold are not relieved promptly—or if more serious trouble seems to threaten—call in your family doctor right away.

Beauty ★ ★ Brevities

IT'S THE dream of nearly every young mother to gaze down at a curly-headed baby sleeping in a frilly bassinet. Right now that dream can be realized, regardless of the laws of heredity, because there's a brand-new baby hair treatment, hot off the griddle as far as Canada is concerned, which can be purchased in department stores and drugstores. It's an easy-to-apply liquid which you use, according to instructions, after baby's bath, and which will produce a halo of curls even if the hair is as straight as string. It works right from the first sign of fuzz until the wiggin is two years old.



There's no doubt that the cake type of powder base is gaining in popularity—it gives such a nice mat finish that covers practically any skin blemish. We're glad to see that cosmetic firms are now putting out a special cake powder base for dry skins, as well as one suitable for oily complexions. To the majority of us, who suffer from too dry skin in winter months, this new type of cake powder base will be welcome news.



We indulged in some blatant eavesdropping the other day, and overheard this enlightening conversation between two women on a bus.

Mrs. A.: "Oh, no, I never brush my hair! I'm afraid it would spoil the wave and I'd have to keep running to the hairdresser every day. I couldn't possibly afford that."

Mrs. B.: "That's strange because I always give my hair a thorough brushing every night. Whenever I get lazy and skip it, I feel as uncomfortable as though I'd forgotten to brush my teeth. Just habit, I suppose."

Mrs. A's topknot looked like a fugitive from a hayrack. It was dull and lifeless, worn in tight unbecoming little ridges all over her head. Mrs. B., on the other hand, had healthy shining hair, with a soft natural-looking wave—"nough said!"



Cut a fine figure this winter by exercising as well as counting your calories. A proper diet will keep down your weight, but it takes lots of bending, stretching and swinging to keep you young and graceful.



**"Yes... I use
Dura-Gloss"**



Gay and bright, DURA-GLOSS adds a delicate loveliness and charm to your appearance on all occasions... Stays on, for days, too... Try DURA-GLOSS once and you'll keep it "on hand" forever.

LORR LABORATORIES (Canada) LTD.
MONTREAL, CANADA

**DURA-GLOSS
NAIL POLISH**

POLISH REMOVER DURA-COAT

Oriental Cream
GOURAUD



The Cream used by famous stage and screen stars. Your mirror will show results.

White, Fleish, Rachel, Sun Tan



**Let yourself
be won over
to Tampax**

**Think of all the women
who treasure it for its
great "help" every month**

Some women positively regret the month or two they may have hesitated about Tampax—longing for the freedom it promised but wondering a little, too. Yet millions of women—women much like you—now regard Tampax as one of the greatest helps in the field of modern hygiene. Tampax was perfected by a doctor. It is trim, dainty and comfortable—pure surgical cotton worn internally. Think of the difference—no belts or pins, no bulge, no chafing, no odour. And no embarrassing disposal problem. Tampax is sold in 3 absorbencies at all drug stores and notion counters. Don't miss another month. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ont.

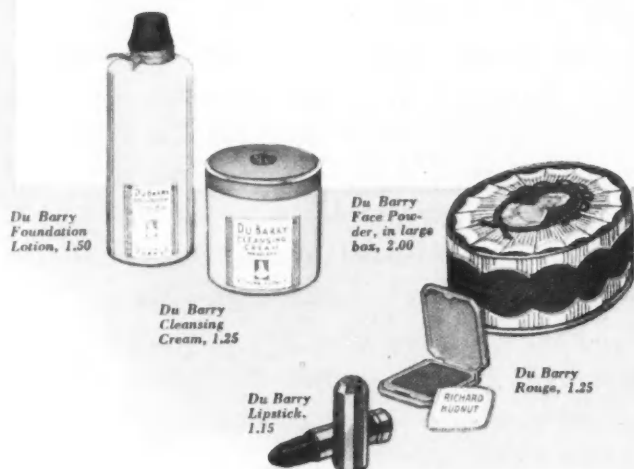
NOW *is the time!*

ON V-DAY every Canadian Woman will want to feel that she has played a part in helping to win the war. Service organizations are seeking additional workers . . . there is an acute shortage of trained nurses. Opportunities for everyone, regardless of their training, are all around us—at Blood Donor clinics . . . at nursery schools . . . in welfare centres . . . all branches of social service urgently need assistance.

THERE IS ALSO necessary civilian work to be done. Office and industrial workers are required to fill the gaps left by men on active service. Some place there is a spot where you are needed . . . find it, and have the satisfaction of knowing that you are working in earnest for Victory.

SO THAT YOU MAY have more time for all the extra demands of war-time living, Richard Hudnut has prepared a series of beauty time-savers from the DuBarry Success School.

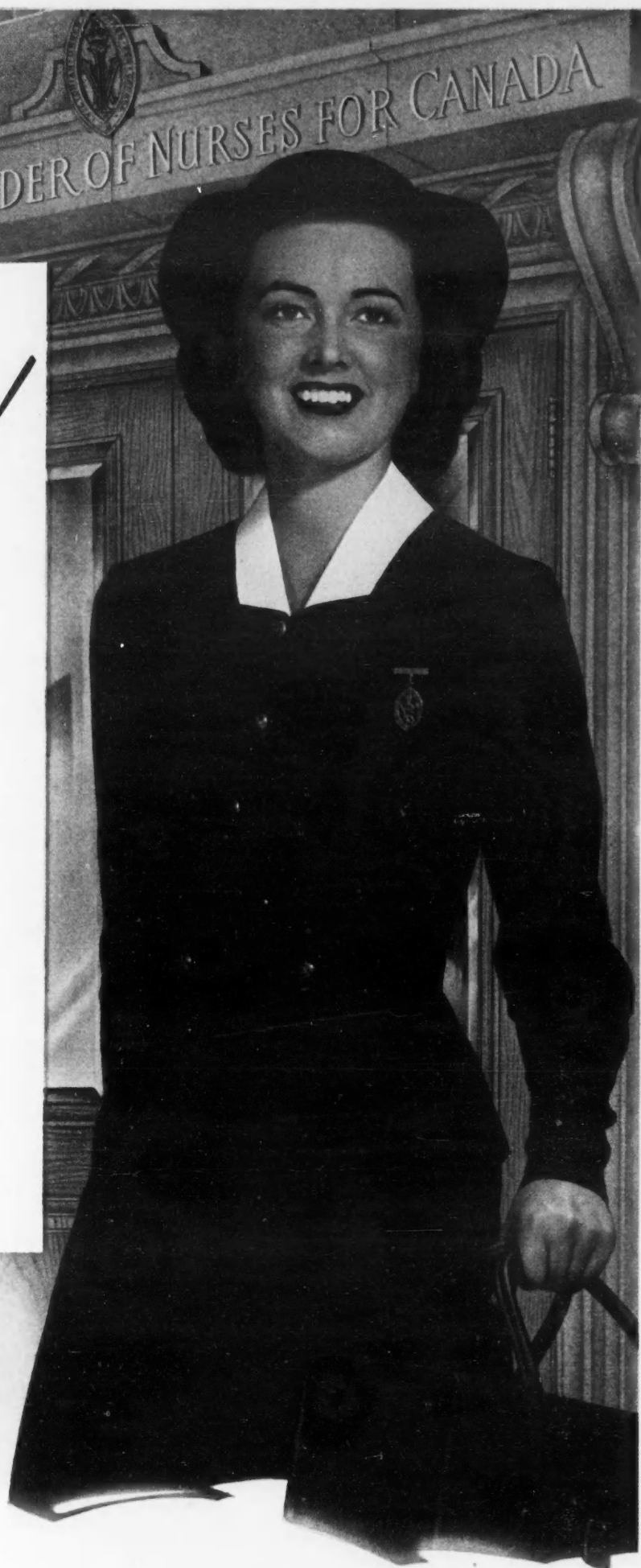
CONSULT THE BEAUTY ADVISER at your department store about DuBarry Beauty Preparations . . . she will suggest the proper beauty care for you.



DuBarry

BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

By Richard Hudnut . . . Featured at better cosmetic counters from coast to coast





10 Days was all we had, dear

I wasn't even sure you loved me, dear. Till you came home on that last furlough.

Then you held my hands—tight. And, "Let's get married," you said.

White satin, a bride's veil? There simply wasn't time. We wanted our whole 10 days for our honeymoon.

But my hands were soft and smooth as any bride's. (You did say so, my darling.) I have Jergens Lotion to thank for that. War work, such as I do, takes the natural softeners from the skin. But—Jergens Lotion helps prevent rough, chapped hands. So—I'm faithfully using Jergens Lotion.



Stars in Hollywood use Jergens Lotion, 7 to 1. Helps keep hands so adorable—almost like professional care. Two ingredients in Jergens, you know, are so special for skin-smoothing that many doctors prescribe them. You're busy? Jergens Lotion is easy; leaves no sticky feeling. Quickly soothes chapping. Be sure your hands are charming; always use Jergens Lotion.

JERGENS LOTION FOR SOFT, ADORABLE HANDS
(Made in Canada)

Cabinet Council. Too long has it been only too tragically true that, in Canada, most are for the party and few are for the state. Of course, the women's organizations offer many a "bonnie fecht" but rarely do there arise, within them, the sharp and bitter cleavages of the political arena. So they afford the excitement of guerilla clashes without the devastating slaughter of all-out political campaigns and warfare.

Nor does the element of personal jealousy enter into women's affairs as sharply as the male mind imagines. Some women are born hunters and trappers but, naturally, they rarely enjoy the confidence of other women while, *ipso facto*, they do appeal to the average man. So he wants "a woman men like to work with." And she is, too often, a woman the women mistrust and oppose. They are frank in saying so and the men ascribe this instinctive rejection to sex prejudice whereas the women's prejudice is really to the capitalization of sex. As a matter of fact, women, on the whole, will back with pride and often unusual loyalty, a woman really carrying their cause and colors and offering battle on the merits of the question and not on the favor of her sex.

Of course, some women, like some men, will never become civilized and will resort to the jungle use of tooth and claw, the back-fence technique of the kettle of boiling water or the sharp thrust of the hidden hatpin. But more and more, women are learning skilful sword-play, and engage in it, free from the rancor and resentment of those inexperienced in the joy of fair combat.

WHAT IS going to happen? Throughout the war women have worked like slaves in every sphere of national activity, there are now women who can challenge men in the same field, and from coast to coast. The women of Canada today sense their power and, as never before, there is a coursing in their veins in the anticipation of its use. It's not the old "women's rights" appeal; it's not a claim for power and place; it's a deadly serious conviction that Canada is in for the gravest adjustment in her national life and, in these years of crises, her women want an equality of opportunity to serve.

But the stark undeniable fact is that in the entire Canadian political picture their votes are today the great "unpredictable imponderables." Potentially they hold the palm of decision, but are probably fated to remain only potentially and not

effectively powerful. And if the women of Canada, through their various political affiliations, fail to capitalize on their franchise in these days of rapid change, they will lapse into another generation of the pleasant impotence that has characterized their public life for the last two decades.

There is deep and silent prayer among most of the males in all the political parties that so will fate dispose.

Men, on the whole, if they are honest, in their heart of hearts do not want women in the places where policies are made, plans plotted and posts of power assigned. They will delay inevitability as long as they can. They do not want the directness and the realism of women with their inability to compromise, as the male calls it. Women, by law of nature, cannot compromise, and direct dealing is instinctive to the average woman. She must foresee all that her needs will be, plan for them completely and be prepared to meet them, if so it be, entirely on her own. She faces facts as frankly as the preparation of a meal, the bearing of a child. Her ways of thought, her natural reactions do not lend themselves to easy temporizing. Right and wrong to her are apt to be black and white; there can be no nice greys or mauves because, as one brilliant and forthright Canadian woman says, "Every woman knows that there is no such thing as partial pregnancy."

Men tend to use women as ruthlessly in the mass as many would exploit her individually. They want her devotion, her energy, her unquestioned skill for envisaging and executing details in their political organizations. However, they want to purchase it, like her virtue, for a pretty trinket, a passing courtesy, a temporary alliance during the election campaign, but without the entanglement and obligation of a continuing partnership. And with a third of the women quite disinterested, a third largely indifferent, more of the other third turn away and find their satisfaction in undertakings of religious or community character with which they can completely identify themselves. The "machine's" resistance and the Canadian women's reluctance, and to some degree the disillusion and contempt, combine to deprive this country of the energetic and devoted service in her public life of more than two millions of her best qualified and most disinterested citizens. They are the lost legions on our stumbling march in what should be a triumphant progress to national greatness. †

KEEP THAT HALO SHINING

Alive-looking glossy hair is a symbol of health and beauty. A dead giveaway when you're feeling below par is the condition of your topknot—it becomes drab, stringy and lustreless. It needs special home treatment. In our booklet, "How to Care for Your Hair," Chatelaine's Beauty Editor deals with all types of hair and scalp problems — you'll find yours among them, we know, and you'll find practical suggestions for home care.

HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR HAIR

Service Bulletin No. 16. Price, 10 cents.

Order from: Chatelaine Service Bulletin Department,
481 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Surprise Package

Continued from page 16

anything to be guilty about.

"A young lady," purred the floor manager, "just telephoned. Something came up..."

"I'll talk to her."

"Sorry, she didn't wait. She wants you to meet her in Memorial Park at four-thirty instead."

Memorial Park? That was no place to meet Gwyneth! Old ladies with knitted thingamajigs over their hair-curlers leading fat dowager dogs. Old men with vacant stares sitting on the benches round the wintry-looking fountain. Urchins playing tag around the statues. Pigeons cooing and curtsying. Andy had too many memories of Memorial Park. Gwyneth didn't fit.

He asked, "You're sure she said Memorial Park?"

The floor manager was sure, so Andy moved away. There was nothing else to do. But... Memorial Park! The setting was wrong. He steamed with justifiable anger.

He straight-armed the heavy front door, and a girl behind him cried, "Oh, thank you!" As if he had opened it especially for her. Some women were like that, skipping through life without ever opening a door for themselves. He jerked his head around to see her.

She turned sideways to get her packages past him, though she was small enough... but that was Pat all over. She breathed quickly as if she'd run to catch up. Her eyes, meeting his squarely, shamelessly bold were as blue as he recalled, as blue as the idiotic fringe of feathers round her hat.

"Hello," said Pat.

ANDY TOOK a tuck in his self-control. If he smiled, she'd smile. In fact her scarlet lips were twitching upward. But Andy wasn't having any. She was divorcing him, wasn't she? He looked at her coldly, and down at the bundles, many of which could have been combined for ease and neatness, and on down beneath at the toeless pumps that braved a December day. Completely nonessential, he simmered. She added fuel to his rage. Had she seen him waiting, stood up, humiliated?

He saluted, letting the door swing back viciously.

"Oh," she cried. Then, "Catch it! Oh!"

Andy was ready to swear in court that the door didn't so much as tick the corner of one of the bundles, but a paper sack came flying through the air. He didn't look at her as he picked it up.

"Are they ruined?" she asked, as if the fate of the armed forces depended on them.

Reluctantly, since it was obvious she had no hands for the task, Andy uncrinkled the sack and looked in. Sticky brown rolls studded with pecans. A spicy-warm-bread, brown-sugar fragrance assailed him. He closed the sack, twisting it tight. "All right," he grunted, and wondered where he could hang it on her.

She teetered, trying to shift the load to free a hand. "You take the hatbox," she instructed, "and I'll take the rolls."

No, because then the glass ash tray will slip. It's under my arm. I'd give you the box with the dressing-gown but I've got my wrist through the string and it might break. Besides it's only my old hat so it wouldn't matter if it fell, would it?"

Out of this, Andy gathered that she was wearing the new hat home and would trust him with the other. But there was still the problem of the ashtray and she dropped a scarlet glove. As he stooped to retrieve that an oblong sharp-cornered box fell, knocking his cap over his eyes.

"Sorry," she said. Then she laughed. "Oh, please, Andy, laugh too. It is funny. You know it is," she insisted. "Here I am, doing my Christmas shopping early and carrying parcels and... and... and..."

There was that about her... you had to laugh when she did, or strangle. Andy tried to hold down to a chuckle, but she laughed again. And every time she laughed, something else fell, or a string broke with worse results.

Customers going through the doors jostled and bumped them. In the end Andy had all the packages under control in his own arms and Pat was rummaging in her oversize bag.

"I know I have one," she said. "A hanky, I mean." Then illogically, she added, "Aren't you ashamed to make me laugh like that?" She accepted his handkerchief and wiped the tears that spangled her thick lashes. Andy couldn't help but see that she wasn't wearing any ring on her left hand.

"I don't know why," she said, "but if the buns had been crystal goblets, it would have been the same. I just can't seem to hold onto things." She gasped, blinked and went on quickly, "I—I guess I was so afraid you'd let go the door before I got through

and—and then you looked so cross. You did, you know. I mean... you do."

Andy tried not to look cross. He had only intended a poker face. He had to say something casual. "What do you do when I'm not here to hold the door for you?" And that was exactly the wrong thing to say.

HER BLUE eyes widened before her lashes shuttered down. "I back," she informed him. The jiggle in her voice sounded like laughter. "It's easier when your arms are full."

He intended to end this idiotic conversation there, but before he could pass the packages to her she started up the street. He almost dumped the load and left her to her fate. It wasn't, he told himself, a matter of personal opinions pro or con; it was a choice between behaving like an officer and a gentleman and carrying parcels. The rule book forbade carrying parcels. Being an officer and a gentleman seemed to allow more latitude. And he'd only got his third pip two weeks ago.

Pat glanced back, her chin at an imperious tilt that was like a command. He followed. She said, accepting his surrender, "It's not far. This is awfully nice of you."

"Yes, it is," he agreed.

She skipped to keep up with him. "Don't get cross again. You have such a dear smile." + Continued on page 46

Not believe in Santa Claus! You might as well not believe in fairies... Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are those which neither children nor men can see. No Santa Claus! Thank God, he lives and he lives forever!

—Frank Church's editorial, "Is there a Santa Claus?" New York Sun, 1897.

All around the Town



SELBY Styl-EEZ SHOES



Wherever you go... whenever you go... busy-footing around on business... stepping into a whirl of social activities... you'll step out with happy-footed comfort when you wear Selby Styl-EEZ shoes.

Only Styl-EEZ shoes have the justly famous "Flare-Fit" innersole that gives soothing support to active feet.

And the styles... they're always just that "little bit smarter" which is subtly flattering, slimly graceful, entirely lovely.

Your favorite shoe store is showing Selby Styl-EEZ Shoes now.

Sold at
Better Stores
from
Coast to Coast

MURRAY-SELBY SHOES LIMITED, London, Canada
The Selby Shoe Co., Portsmouth, Ohio — 3816 Ave. of 38th St., New York, U.S.A.



Christmas over there!

The stars are shining over there. People are going to churches—to little churches, some scarred by shell and bomb, some still trembling to the roar of distant guns. There are lights, and candles, and the sounds of old, familiar hymns drift through the open doors.

And there, in little groups of twos and threes, you'll see the brown and khaki of the Canadian Women's Army Corps.

It's nice to think that your daughters, sisters, sweethearts overseas will join in the celebration of Christmas—that the time-honored customs will be remembered just as far as circumstances allow.

For service has not changed these brave women. Like you, they look ahead to that final lasting peace of which Christmas has always been our promise.

CANADIAN WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS



THIS year beauty gifts are going to be one of the most popular and available ways of saying "Merry Christmas!" Here Chatelaine has photographed in their natural colors an exciting array of the newest and prettiest among the famous toiletries

(1) A bath set de luxe of Helena Rubinstein's Heaven-Sent Eau de Toilette, body powder and soap, nesting in a white satin lined box, is an exquisite gift—the scent's divine!

(2) Complete Peggy Sage manicure set in a brown and black leather case, just the right thing for travellers. Also, Peggy Sage Colour Guard; a gaily decorated stand containing nail polish, lubricant and remover—neat, practical and popular.

(3) Sirocco, newest fragrance by Lucien Lelong; subtle and sophisticated, and any woman will adore the serpentine designed crystal flacon.

(4) Bond Street perfume by Yardley; a scent as mellow and luxurious as the street of that name—a gift for specially discerning femmes.

(5) Lotus Cologne by Yardley; refreshing as a sea breeze.

(6) Yardley's Lavender; sweet and demure, especially popular with teenagers.

(7) Your friend who's "always on the go" will love this intriguing, tailor-packaged Du Barry Toilet Soap and Toilet Powder.

(8) What every woman knows is the value of an efficient brush to hair beauty. Prophylactic brushes come in delicate pastel shades, are light to hold but sturdy to use, shaped to fit the head, and can be kept clean as a whistle.

(9) Cutex Caddy in a smart corded silk bag, which can be carried separately, as a purse; the manicure lifts out on a tray.

(10) A generous-sized bottle of Jergen's Hand Lotion in a gay red and holly package to last the little woman through winter months when her busy hands, always in hot water, need special care.

(11) For girls who live at top speed, and take their beauty routine on the double, Lady Esther has an answer to the current trend of simplification in her Four-Purpose Face Cream, which cleanses and softens. This Christmas box contains Four Purpose cream, face powder, lipstick and rouge.

(12) Cashmere Bouquet Dusting Powder and Cologne in a pretty-pretty package, reminiscent of the era when knighthood was in flower.

(13) For fashion approved make-up, this set of Tangee—face powder, rouge and lipstick—fills the bill and is done up in a smartly designed gift box.

(14) Honeysuckle Cologne and Talcum Powder which bring memories of flower-scented nights; this and (15) the delicate fragrance of Pink Clover Cologne and Bath Powder, comprise two charming gift suggestions by Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

(16) A Three Flowers Gift Set by Richard Hudnut contains vanishing cream, face powder, talcum, lipstick, rouge, toilet water and perfume and is ideal for a member of the bobby-sock brigade.

(17) For the well-appointed dressing table, a Keystone mirror, brush and comb set can be had in pastel shades to harmonize with the colors of her bedroom.

(18) Du Barry's Treasure Chest of Beauty. A charming ensemble of Cleansing Cream, Skin Freshener,

Foundation Lotion and Face Powder which will make her feel like a new man—and well on the way to acquiring same!

(19) Elizabeth Arden's most popular fragrance, Blue Grass Flower Mist, is something to brag about. You can choose either a gift box of Blue Grass and Dusting Powder; or (20) a novelty rocking horse, in circus-gay colors with a bottle of Blue Grass as rider; or (21) a gift-wrapped four-ounce bottle of Blue Grass decorated with a spray of blue grass itself.

(22) Gardenia Eau de Cologne and Cuir de Russie perfume by Chanel—a treasured name in perfume.

(23) When you're choosing gifts for your menfolk, remember that they like to dress up too. Seaforth For Men has a complete line of masculine toilet goods. The smart beige and brown shaving mugs can serve as old-fashioned steins later.

(24) Colgate's Gift Box For Men is another sure-fire winner to tuck in an overseas box or to present to a husband at home on Christmas morning. It contains Rapid Shave Cream, Tooth Powder, After-Shave Lotion and Talc.

(25) Johnson & Johnson Baby Powder and Baby Oil will keep your favorite infant's skin smooth as silk, and help give mother a happy Christmas too!

(26) This well-equipped first-aid Autokit put up by Johnson & Johnson makes a grand present for the head of the house to carry in the pocket of the family car; or a practical example of "Be Prepared" for Junior's Boy Scout camping trips.

(27) Trushay, the "beforehand" lotion, which protects lovely feminine hands before and after the daily chores has just recently been introduced into Canada, and its popularity is on the up-and-up.

(28) A complete set of Noxzema Cold Cream, medicated greaseless Skin Cream and super-fatted, pleasantly scented soap.

(29) "A Gift For A Gentleman" (or just some nice guy) is Woodbury's famous Facial Soap, After-Shave Powder, After-Shave Lotion and Shaving Stick, in a good-looking Christmas package.

(30) Baby's Own Soap, Oil and Bath Powder is synonymous with the rose-petal fragrance of a freshly bathed baby. Comes packed neatly in a baby blue gift box.

(31) If some of your friends self-service their own hair, Ogilvie's Home Hair Treatment will be a marvellous boom. There's latherless shampoo; special hair preparation for cleanliness between shampoos; and Swing hair fragrance for a finishing touch of glamour.

(32) You couldn't do better than tuck a couple of bottles of Campana Cream Balm in her Christmas stocking so she can spot them at strategic points around the house and never forget her hand-rubbing technique!

(33) A wooden bowl of shaving soap is Yardley's classic gift for the man in your life—with a scent as definitely masculine as a briar pipe.

(For prices or further information address Chatelaine's Beauty Editor.)



bine things and have less to carry. Now this little sack can go in here."

"No, Andy. No! Please . . . ohhhhh!" She mourned as he opened the box.

His hands felt big and rough and dark against the creamy lace chiffon. It was a cobweb of a negligee with a nightgown under it—fit for a bride. Andy blinked. He tossed the little parcel in the middle of it fiercely, trying to swallow a lump. The lid was one of those diabolical things. It came unfolded at the corners. It wouldn't fit. Lace frothed out at one end and when he tucked it in, it foamed out at the other.

And white satin mules, he thought. These things didn't add up to Christmas presents — for someone else! After all . . .! She was free—or would be soon. He asked, "Who's the lucky man?" His voice came out harsh instead of casual.

She wasn't embarrassed, only sorry. Sorry for Andy perhaps! He clenched his fists. "Do you mind?" she asked gently.

"Mind? Me? None of my business. It's swell, I guess. That is . . . if he's a square guy. Wouldn't want you to make a mistake, Pat. Guess I feel sort of . . ."

"Manger-doggish?" she suggested. She reclaimed the box. "It's what we always agreed on, isn't it?"

Andy turned and studied the riding boots in the window intently.

"Isn't it?" repeated Pat.

He said, "Why, sure."

"Long before we were married we decided. Remember, Andy. That afternoon when we stopped in the park and sat by the fountain."

He couldn't help remembering. "Of course, we were pretty adolescent then," he said. It had been three weeks till commencement. They stopped at the bakery and bought half a dozen pecan . . .

"We promised we'd be modern," Pat went on. "Marriage wouldn't be prison for us. Jealousies weren't going to muck up our lives, and if either of us found somebody else—someone that grew more important . . .!" She broke off and then whispered, "How could it possibly last with that handicap?"

"You were the one that called time," said Andy. "Not me."

"Oh?" She smiled sadly. "And we promised always to be honest with each other, didn't we? Why did you pretend you were just tired of my keeping the household money in the extra sugar bowl? I know Gwyneth was a model of efficiency; you didn't have to tell me, did you? Over and over and over and . . ."

"Pat," said Andy. He was frightened by her quiet and the leadenness of her tone. He had an odd feeling, too, of having rehearsed this whole scene some-time somewhere.

"So don't pretend," she said, "that you care at all whether I remarry or not." She clutched the bundles and trotted off, flinging a not quite successful grin over her shoulder. She walked fast, head high. The ridiculous little hat with its blue feathers rocked farther over.

Andy put out his hand to grab her, to hang on. His memory went on, the way a music box plays till a lid is put back that someone took off. That last quarrel before their separation, which began when Pat said, "Of course, you admire her hats. You don't have to pay for them!" Or was it something he had said earlier that started it?

Anyway, he answered, "I merely said she could teach you plenty about managing a home. If she filed my correspondence in a phone book . . ."

FOR MONTHS they'd been bickering like that, and lately oftener and worse and worse, until the long unpaid milliner's bill was sent to his office with a curt reminder.

Confronted, Pat said she *had* filed it; in the phone book, she guessed, and she'd just forgotten. Maybe it was under H for "hat," maybe under the milliner's name. Receipts and statements fluttered down as she shook the book. Perhaps it was under B for "blue hat." "It doesn't matter, Andy."

And Andy exploded. "I give up. This is the last straw."

"Is it?" Standing so straight and pale made her seem taller, older. "Perhaps you're right. I know I can't go on like this. Such little things, Andy, to . . . such little things! You don't love me any more, Andy." It was just a statement.

Such little things—an implied reproach! He was a lawyer and little things mattered. They were the difference between winning and losing. He tarried at the phrase, not hearing or not wanting to hear what she said after it, so he didn't protest.

She knelt and began stuffing the papers back into the phone book hit and miss, her soft hair fallen forward. She went on. "Bumps are little things, too . . . measles, I mean, and chickenpox . . . but they show you're sick. And our . . . our love . . .! Let's not haggle till it's d-dead."

"Very well," he said. "Very well, if that's what you want."

A whole year away he could hear himself saying that stiffly, and see himself, from some oddly remote point of view, stalking about packing his Gladstone. And all the time Pat sat on the floor with the telephone directory in her lap. It was her choice, he kept telling himself.

He lay awake that night . . . and other nights . . . in a room at the Athletic Club and told himself over and over: "This is what she wants. This is what she wants." Till it was like a skewer through his heart. And he insisted on Bob taking the case. It didn't matter what people thought. Nothing mattered.

Suddenly there was nothing more to hold him there. Bob could more than care for the lean wartime practice, and Bob had a family to think of. Andy . . . Heck, Andy was "unencumbered," he was young and healthy, the army could use him and he would use this time to forget and readjust.

He didn't tell Pat. He'd avoided her like poison oak. He walked by the house after dark the night before he left the city. The radio was going . . . dance music that hurt him. He wondered if she was already finding a funny side to their separation. Why not? Weren't things the way she wanted them?

And now, a year later . . . she was happy, wasn't she? She could laugh and be gay with him, not stiff and tense, not bottled up and defensive.

She'd be out of sight in a moment, around the corner. He followed in her wake, but he didn't try to catch up. She changed course, cut into DeGuids' parking lot straight as a bullet for the coupé . . . as if she'd known where it was all along.

The coupé was dirty. Recent rains had smeared the windshield. Calling the fender's damage "pleating" was understatement, and Andy could tell at a glance that those same tires had taken them on many week ends. He wondered if she ever had the oil changed and put water in the battery.

He waited at the exit, shutting his eyes while she backed and jockeyed out

• Continued on page 49



Caldwell BATH TOWELS
BIG and BEAUTIFUL FOR THE BATH



Caldwell HAND TOWELS
DAINTY & LOVELY
FOR THE GUEST



Caldwell WASH CLOTHS
AND TO MATCH
OF COURSE



Caldwell Towels

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"All through the house" ... CANADA DRY is as much a part of the Christmas season as the gay holly wreaths themselves. This is the time of heart-warming hospitality ... and everyone enjoys the sparkling refreshment of this famous ginger ale. There's a world of goodness in every golden bubble. It's invigorating!



World Famous

CANADA DRY

"The Champagne of Ginger Ales"

"Thank you."

She leaned forward to get a better view of his face. "I thought we could be friends as long as ... you're here, but that was a mistake, wasn't it?"

If she was trying to find out how long he'd be in town, she failed. And if she were trying to make him feel like a heel, she failed. The signal flashed red as they reached the corner. "Where," he demanded, "are we going?"

She turned all around and said, "That's odd. I could have sworn I left it between DeGuids and here. We've passed it while I was talking."

They went back down the hill. Abruptly she stopped so that he was past her before he realized it. "It's gone," she cried. "It's stolen." She met his eyes. "You don't believe me."

"I don't believe it's stolen," said Andy carefully, "Always presuming we're looking for the car."

"Give me my things," she said haughtily. "Give them to me and go away."

What would he look like—six feet to her five-feet-three—burying her under packages and going off? Now was the time, he thought bitterly, for someone they knew to see them. That would be perfect. He wasn't sure which would be worse: to run into his commanding officer or his ex-mother-in-law. It was all Gwyneth's fault. He managed with thin patience, "We are looking for the car, aren't we?"

"A cream-colored coupé, in case you've forgotten," she said. "With the front right fender sort of pleated."

Andy ignored the wilted look of her. She'd been so pert back there in the doorway, shining up at him. He let his eyes run along the block of parked cars and across the street ... up and down. "Maybe in the next block." He headed for the post office.

"I won't have you lugging my packages around," she said at his elbow, sparks in her eyes, stop signals in her cheeks. "Give them to me."

As if he wanted to carry them! As if he'd insisted on taking them from her. "When we find the car," he said grimly.

They reached the post office but not the coupé.

"Think hard," he said. "Are you sure you drove this morning? Check back carefully over everything you did."

She straightened, lifting her face, shutting her eyes scowl-tight as if she were praying, her hands clasped in earnestness. Andy was shaken.

Pat's eyes popped open, surprising him. She smiled. "Why, of course. Union Street. I went in the back door of DeGuids so it was natural to expect to find the car right by the door when I came out, only I came out a different door. Don't you see?"

"Dimly," said Andy.

They retraced their steps and turned north just as an elderly officer with red tabs stepped from a restaurant door. Andy detoured to stare into a shop window. Pat stared with and then at him.

"A coupé," she reminded. "Not a horse."

Andy wasn't seeing the saddle and riding boots and tooled bridles behind the plate glass. He was watching the reflection of the street with the Colonel sauntering by, mumbling a toothpick.

"Who was he?" she asked. "Someone you know or someone you don't want to know?"

"Listen!" He got red explaining the

rule about parcels. He understood the where and whyfords, but women have no logic. He saw how it sounded to her from her canting eyebrows and the mocking little curl of her lips. He felt defensive and edgy.

"Then give me my bundles," she said. "I've been trying to get them from you for half an hour. If that isn't just like a man!"

ANDY'S OLD rage flared up like banked fire. He held the packages tighter and snarled as she tugged and jerked.

A string broke. With a whisper of tissue paper something was unrolling, slipping. Andy lifted his knee to intercept it as Pat swooped. His knee connected with her chin.

He whooped, overbalanced, flung wide his arms to save himself. It was one of those split-second things with boxes and paper bags raining on all sides. Andy kept his feet by a miracle.

As he congratulated himself on that, Pat spoke. "At least the dignity of the Army is preserved." She sat, feeling her chin gingerly, like a rag doll propped against the show window. In her left hand she held the cause of it—a white satin slipper.

"A mule," Andy corrected himself out of husband-experience. An exquisite impossible delectable high-heeled creation of white quilted satin! It didn't look like a key to everything familiar ... and lost.

"Pat!" he said. He picked her up and dusted her off, looking back at her face every other second. "Are you all right?"

She squeezed her eyes shut and moved her head slowly. "I guess my neck isn't broken." And she grinned.

She would always grin—he knew suddenly. No matter what came she'd see a funny side. She always had, even when he couldn't see

a funny side at all. But he was slow and literal and conscientious. His limitations were no secret.

Now it was Pat that looked behind him at the collected audience. She smiled and said shakily, "Next feature in five minutes. Wednesdays we give away silverware."

He leaned her up against the plate glass and began to gather the packages—the other mule, the tissue, the wrapping paper, the sack of battered buns, the ash tray (mercifully unbroken) and hat-box and something that felt like spools of thread and something that chinked like canned goods, and the box with the dressing-gown.

The last-mentioned was tied across the corners and the string slipped. It slipped one way and before he could do a thing it slipped the other.

"I'll carry them," said Pat. "I insist. Thank you very much. You've been a good sport, but there's no use making a martyr of you. Good-by." She made a messy job of rolling the mules in their paper. Not looking at him, she began to arrange packages along and under her arms.

"If I ate the buns," he said, "you'd have less to carry."

She snatched the sack. "No! They're for ... someone special."

"Oh."

She said firmly, "Thanks again. Good-by."

"And the coupé?"

"On Union. I'm all right now."

She would have sidled by him, but he took hold of the big box. "You can com-

There is no duty we underrate so much as the duty of being happy.
—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON
"An Apology for Idlers."

of line. When he stepped forward she stopped politely and smiled as if she were trying to recall who he was.

"Going home, Pat?"

"Yes."

"Mind if I come along?"

"Y-yes. Sorry."

"Oh!" said Andy. He took his hand off the door and didn't say, "Slide over; I'll drive." For a moment, seeing her crossing directly to the car, he'd been suspicious of the whole thing—dropped bundles, lost car, even Gwyneth's tardiness. He thought, "The little monkey! She engineered this. She loves me after all." But now he saw that was impossible. Pat wasn't subtle and devious. There was somebody new. She even bought pecan buns for him. Andy gritted his teeth.

He said, "First you drape me with bundles and pour it on like a college home-coming, and now it's a brush-off. You don't make sense."

"Did I ever?" asked Pat.

"No."

"So I haven't changed, you see," she said.

"You..." began Andy, but couldn't finish. Suddenly he realized he didn't want her different. He loved her as she was, incompetent and dear, needing him. He frowned. Well, needing... someone!

AND HE thought of all the things that drove him crazy and that he loved most about her: the time she sat on the back porch all night with the new puppy to keep it from howling, the way she wrapped rags around the hose leaks as if they were stubbed toes, her locking her keys inside the car and herself outside the house. Somehow he even loved getting angry at her. Who would keep her from cutting toward herself with a knife, and putting pennies under blown fuses, all the things she shouldn't do? Who?

For a year he'd fooled himself, even into pretending there was something between him and Gwyneth as a salve for his pride. He'd been hurt, deeply. And now, what did he do?

"Oh, my!" she cried. "It's almost four-thirty. I must hurry."

"Welllllll," he said. "Best of luck."

She smiled, such a smile—as if her mind and heart were miles away. "I'm afraid I don't trust to luck any more, Andy." And she added their own particular farewell, "Don't be long."

That was the picture he'd keep to carry with him, he thought after she drove off. Her smile, her short childish hair turned up petal-wise around that brave, rakish hat. And it was four-thirty!

He yanked his mind back to Gwyneth, but with an odd relief from responsibility toward her. He'd go to the park. He'd tell her they'd been mistaken. He'd...

There was a scarlet glove at his feet. Pat's—no doubt of it. She always lost one glove, always the right one. Her glove drawer was full of mateless lefts.

But Gwyneth was waiting. Gwyneth...! Lord. He went in DeGuids and bought an orchid at the flower stall, a white orchid with a ruffled edge. And he asked, "Where's the nearest taxi stand?"

He had to wait eons before it came. He told the driver to take him home. Just a gesture, he muttered to himself. The ex-bridegroom provides the flowers. Page Emily Post.

The streets looked grey and chilly. No greens or flower colors to soften the sharp lines of roofs and railings and concrete walks. Things didn't look as spruce as they used to, the porch needed painting and the lower step sagged. "It takes a man," thought Andy. And his collar was tight.

She'd run the coupé off the edge of the drive and left the door swinging wide open as usual when she was in a hurry. He hesitated. Maybe... she had company. He squared his shoulders and stamped up the walk.

Her keys were dangling from the front door keyhole though the door was shut. A wave of nostalgic annoyance swept him. The little bum! Why anybody could walk in! He'd show her.

He walked in, but softly, guiltily. He stood in the hall, twiddling the orchid box. Then he heard her sobbing, awful tearing sobs that dragged through him too. He took long strides.

She heard him. She lifted a smeary face from the davenport and stared. And she was in the white negligee and the mules. No, one mule had fallen off on the floor. She left it there when she gave a hysterical little cry and scrambled up and ran toward him.

"What kept you? Andy! I—I thought you'd gone to Memorial Park after..."

"Pat," he whispered, holding her. "Pat... Duncan!"

"And I'm getting so efficient, really I am," she whispered. "Oh, Andy, I've tried so hard. If there's anything you want to know about the office, ask me. I've been helping down there since Gwyneth went to that personnel job eight months ago. I even type briefs. I've changed, Andy. Honest!"

"I... hope not," he said. "A guy has a right to feel... the things he's fighting for will be there when he gets back... unchanged."

A long time later she tied a red and white checked pinafore over the white negligee and pinned the orchid in her curls, and went out to the kitchen to make coffee and heat the pecan buns. Andy wasn't completely easy till he peeked into the extra sugar bowl. In it was a messy wad of bills and a handful of silver. If that was all there was left she'd run short before the end of the month.

He took a ten-spot and crushed it into a ball so it wouldn't look too different. He let out a big sigh as he put the lid back on the bowl. Things mustn't change ever. ♣

★ ★ ★

This Christmas

Continued from page 5

even their lives, in order to preserve the things that Christmas stands for. Christmas has always been a time of new beginnings, new hopes: within the last few months a rebirth of freedom has begun, and hope has sprung up afresh in all the enslaved and persecuted countries of the world. Above all,

Christmas has been a time of faith. Today we feel a deeper faith than ever before: faith in the wisdom of our military leaders; faith in the clear-headed common sense of the younger generation, made keen by experience; faith that our children's children will be able to grow up without the shadow of war hanging over them; and faith that, at some not too distant time, we shall be able to bring to reality the age-old wish, "On earth peace, good will toward men." ♣

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THE DIFFERENCE!



Feel
THE DIFFERENCE!



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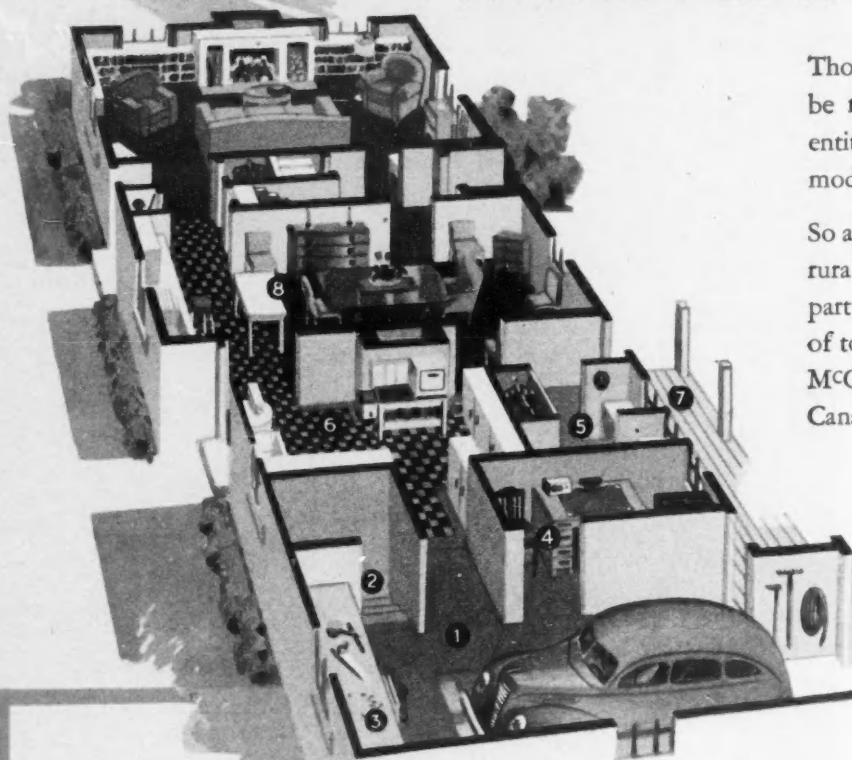


Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

A Rural Home
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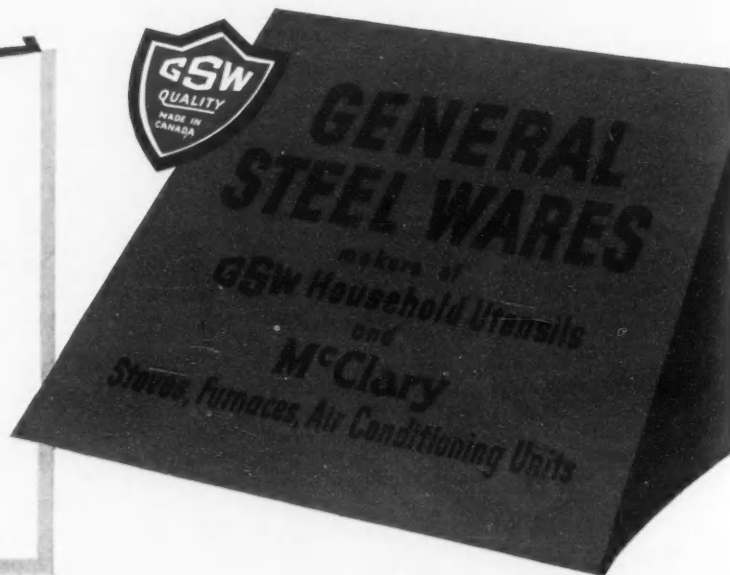
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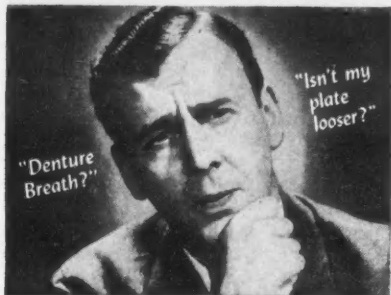
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slowly and silently as if it were a grim duty. Pauli could not eat. She sipped her coffee and looked round the cosy old-fashioned room. It was like a stage setting. Because Grandpa had furnished it with things belonging to the first days of his marriage when Pauli's mother had refurnished part of the old house. It took you back into the past. The old mahogany chairs and table with big claw feet that made silly dust traps, the tall gilt-framed mirror, the black silhouettes and wax flowers under glass, the sky-blue vase with the honesty and dried grasses. Grasses Grandma had picked one day in the fields where the glass-houses now glittered, so old that if you moved the vase to dust the mantel, the seeds fell in dust.

Holding her cup forgotten in the air, Pauli stared at the grasses. One day when Rita had come in to buy a corsage she had dragged her new husband in to see the "period" room. "It's a scream!" she had cried, in a high excited voice, "you'll never see anything like it again in your life."

Leaning to look at a silhouette, Rita had brushed the old grasses. She had sneezed and sneezed and her eyes had streamed. "My hay fever!" She had given her debonair young airman a push, shouting, "Go on, you fool! Hurry! It's the dust from this moldy old furniture."

Grandpa had ignored it with his usual patient dignity, but Pauli was hot now with remembered anger. It was back with something terrible added, a wild primitive jealousy because Rita was getting Christmas flowers from Simon.

Pauli let temptation take over her thinking. If I shook some of that dust into the petals of the roses her nose would run again, her eyes would stream again, her clever shell-pale make-up would be ruined. Rita would be furious to get hay fever at Christmas. She would show at least a little of her real self—spoilt, selfish, unsporting, vicious. And if she's too clever for that, went on temptation, she'll suffer. She loves so much to be the fragile beauty in distress. She can't be in love with anyone. She can't be in love with Simon. She's too much in love with herself. It's fair. I'll do it.

"What ails you?" demanded Grandpa. "You look fierce like you had a pain. Eat something. All those orders to get out, child, and no help. You can't go sick today."

Pauli finished her coffee and took a sandwich with her to hide in the shop. It would choke her to swallow a mouthful on this nausea of jealousy and hate. Simon's writing on the cards increased the wild black feeling. His infrequent airgraphs had been printed for clarity, but this was the writing that had power to glorify her day when he wrote to her from camp before going overseas. Telling her things that he didn't confide in anyone else. How it felt to be trained for cold, silent murder in the dark with cold silent weapons and with ruthless bare hands. Telling her how he figured it was right, it was his duty as he would ruthlessly clean out a rat's nest if he found one in his house. Without hating the rats and without liking the killing. Telling her he felt there was a kind of safety system in a man's soul so he could divide into two people, the one they were making into a killer because it was a time for the world to be cleaned up, and the one that stood aside untouched. The one that would shed the other when he came back.

After his first commando raid on the enemy coast his letters had changed. They grew infrequent. She could have stood that and understood it, but when



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Flowers for Christmas

Continued from page 15

crisp voice, "Time flies. I'm up to my ears in Christmas orders. Now what can I do for you?"

He sat there pondering—looking at her. She picked up the roll of ribbon, coiled it up and pinned it with slim rose-tipped fingers as white and delicate as the flowers. Simon watched her hands. Her heart began to thump so hard that she could feel it. She was more in love than ever—terribly, painfully in love. She moved to the boxes she had packed and stacked them ready for the van driver. If he went on staring at her he would guess something.

Simon moved from the table and stood up, taking a list from his pocket. Now, her heart hung suspended. It would kill her if he had come in to give an order. He looked from the list to the flowers behind the glass. "That bunch of violets in the silver lace looks good to me. My mother used to have one every Christmas. Will you take the address, please?"

Pauli reached for her order pad. Her fingers were shaking, but she lived on. Simon dictated: "Miss Yvonne Delys, Room 34, Memorial Cottage Hospital. You can deliver today, can't you? All of them? After Christmas wouldn't do."

Pauli's voice was very low, but it was steadier than her fingers. "Certainly. Everything is going today if it takes us till midnight."

He went on, looking through the glass of the refrigerator.

"Those brown pink bell orchids. I'll have those. They're beautiful."

"Those are rare, Simon. Difficult to grow up here even in a glasshouse. They're expensive."

"That's okay, kid. They're for my mother."

Okay, kid! How that rolled back the years as if the war had never been! She didn't take the address. She could remember Simon's mother. He pointed with a thick brown finger, "I want those also—the three big white ones. I'll take those with me."

Hope had gone but she had to know who would wear those.

"Don't bother, Simon. It's no trouble at all to send them."

"It's an early date, Pauli. I've a reason for taking them. Fix them with a knot of silver."

She took them out of the refrigerator. "Is that all, Simon?"

"Not quite. I want you to send her some roses. They must be white—yes, you have some. Mrs. Rita Clifford, the Lennards Hotel Apartments—she isn't living in the house they had."

"Yes, I know. Everybody knows it."

What has she got that I haven't got? Pauli choked on the closing of her throat and coughed to get her breath back. Simon said, "What are you laughing at?"

"I wasn't laughing. Is that all?"

But he was angry and suspicious. "You, too! Because she's brave enough to keep her chin up. Women make me sick. There are all kinds of ways of taking tragedy."

Pauli took hers with bitter dignity. "You're too easily made sick. I thought you soldiers were toughened up—not made supersensitive. I wouldn't laugh

at Rita. We were at school together, but I hardly know her now and I know nothing whatever about her."

"She's a good kid," said Simon. "Now you know something."

"So I've heard—" Pauli stopped with a little gasp. She was about to say, "from the half-dozen dizzy males who keep her buried in flowers like a state funeral." But he would think that was jealousy—and maybe it was. "Anything more, Simon?"

He looked at his list again. "My Aunt Millie. She's a plant fancier."

"I know. Her house is an indoor garden. Grandpa says she can teach him things."

Simon relaxed. He looked where Pauli pointed with her ink pencil. "That's a beauty with the double pink blossoms," she said. "But it's twelve dollars. The little white is only seven."

"Send the pink." He patted his breast pocket and smiled his old familiar smile. "Still got lots of money."

There'll be more of the same, she thought, if you're kind to your old Aunt Millie. Pauli hated herself for that unjust thought. Simon was dumb, blind, cruel and inconsiderate, but he was not calculating. Her guilt made her friendlier. She couldn't blame him for not loving her.

"Any more?" she asked, writing down Mrs. Hunter Steede for Aunt Millie. Simon was now touching the spiny shapes of potted cacti with exploratory finger tips. "Strange customers, these. I suppose there are people who like them?"

"I like them. Look at this gem." Pauli picked up the most hostile and unpromising. "See how prickly this looks, how undomesticated. Well, it isn't. See these tiny buds. It'll burst into a mass of starry bloom just when it's least expected."

Simon struck his hands together and laughed. "How like old Pricklepins! I'd send her one for old times—but I wouldn't know where to find her."

"I know it," said Pauli, joining in his laughter. Pricklepins was the nickname for the cranky old sewing woman who used to work by the day in their homes when the Lennards youth were children. Hardly a young girl there had not experienced tedious fittings under her gnarled poking hands, nor heard her opinion of the fidgety young. Mumbled through lips closed on a row of pins.

"She sent me cookies to Italy, but she didn't put a return address on them."

Grandpa rattled a teacup in a saucer in the back room to let Pauli know he was tired of waiting. She gave Simon a handful of greeting cards and little envelopes while she went to explain the delay. When she returned, the cards and the envelopes were all written and spread out for the ink to dry. Simon had gone, taking the green box containing the white orchids with him.

PAULI BOLTED the shop door, hung up the card, "Closed from one to two," and joined Gramp at the table. He was not interested in young Steede. At Christmas he was never interested in anything of this world because it was on Christmas Eve he had lost his only daughter and son-in-law in a car smash; and Pauli, her mother and father.

He ate a rye and cheese sandwich



Fashion
A Department of
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and Needlecraft

Your Pattern for Glamour

*Chatelaine suggests an
exciting make-yourself
dinner dress for the
holidays — and after*

by **LOTTA DEMPSEY**

FEEL like a festive dress for the festive season? We wanted something exquisite for you; enchantingly glamorous, yet simple and, of course, short-skirted. It's in the new season tradition of quiet elegance — and simple to make. It's a new pattern . . . Simplicity 1177, and here we've done it in a luscious black slipper satin (you could use satin-back crepe effectively too). Don't you love the molded neckline and petal sleeves? The twin waistline bows are very new.

It's available in Junior and Misses' sizes (11 to 18). Size 14 requires 2½ yards of 39-inch material. Pattern price, 25 cents. Order from your local dealer, or Chatelaine Pattern Department, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Mam Alive!

Your man will appreciate a set of Seaforth Toiletries for Men this Christmas and New Year. Most active men everywhere, on overseas service or on duty at home—at work and at play—enjoy the tangy, masculine, Highland fern-and-heather fragrance of Seaforth. They like the cool, handsome Seaforth stoneware containers that keep it fresh, too. Give him Seaforth this Christmas! At most good stores everywhere.

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Seaforth

FOR MEN



CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS

LYMAN AGENCIES LIMITED, MONTREAL

they did come they were not even letters from a friend, they were mere courtesy notes. Thanking her for letters, for papers and cigarettes and razor blades and soap. All the little comforts for which he also wrote thank-yous to other girls who sent them from his home town.

He had never said he loved Pauli, nor asked her to wait. But there had been that look in his eyes a girl never mistakes. There had been walks and movies hand held in hand. On any date there had been between them an indescribable luminous companionship as if they had been meant for each other since time began. What had changed him? Rita? Not then, surely. But now certainly. Pauli felt weak with her helplessness and her hate.

She took a sheet of the green wax paper to pack Rita's white roses. She stood at the table looking at their dewy fragrant innocence. She said: I'm sorry, my children, but she's made me suffer terribly. I can only make her suffer a little. I'm not a saint. You shall help me to do it.

She went to the back room to rub her palm full of dust from the grasses. Grandpa was sitting at his desk writing in his double entry book. He looked up at her, blinking through his reading glasses.

"Something you want me for?"

Pauli went resolutely to the mantel. "No, thank you, dear. Only to borrow this, I'm short of vases."

She took the blue vase with the grasses out to her work table, drew her hand over some, filling her palm with the dry powder. Grandpa came out just as she had finished spilling it through the petals of the white roses. He came and put his hand on her soft dusky hair.

"I must find a way to make a happy Christmas for you. So young and so good—my little Pauli—you deserve something."

Pauli pressed his hand to her cheek. He went away again and Pauli turned back to her work on Simon's orders. She was still hating, but now she was hating herself. Poor Rita, so young and so rudderless. How do I know what goes on in her if Gramp doesn't know about me and I'm here every day and he loves me? Is it her fault if Simon can't see me? Is it her fault that all these men send her flowers that can't talk to her, can't comfort her. So many boys coming back and hers never coming back. And me going to make hell for her lonely Christmas.

Pauli put Simon's roses into the emptying window and stood in thought before the refrigerator. There were no more white ones. Six pink, eight yellow and a dozen glorious dark red ones. The red were her favorites, the ones she was keeping to take home. Her guilt was like a poison she had swallowed, now rising to choke her. The red ones are the best, those she must have. And those dark red carnations. Pauli selected feverishly a lavish bouquet of the best blooms, a singing symphony of reds.

When they were lying in the box ready for Simon's card to be added, she felt better. No one in this town had ever received a gift of house flowers so opulent or so beautiful. They lay in the glowing of their color as if you could warm your hands at them. They would warm Rita's heart to Simon, if she had a heart. Now Pauli, she told herself, jealous again. Take your punishment.

She moved the wax papers to pick up the cards Simon had written and in doing so scattered the little envelopes lying above each one onto the floor. She picked them up. Now she was without a guide to which card was for which.

She looked the cards over. Obviously this was for Rita. "Happy Christmas to our favorite pin-up girl from all the boys in the regiment who love her."

THE SHOP darkened as heavy snow-clouds gathered over Lennards. It reminded Pauli that time was passing. She switched on the light and began to work more swiftly. Her order pad bore nothing but names. How stupid not to write which flowers. What had she been thinking of? Simon, of course. Simon—and why so intelligent and subtle a male should be attracted for a moment by the blatant play for sympathy put on by Rita.

Forget it, Pauli, she said, picking up the violet posy. This is easy. He said that every Christmas he gave violets to his mother. "With happy memories to my first sweetheart." She smiled. Exactly what she would expect him to say of his lonely beautiful mother. Moved, she stooped under the counter and produced an old pre-war square silver box to pack it in.

She picked up another card. Why, Simon, you write poetry! "Life has need of the lovely, so live, my dear, for every year you grow lovelier." It was rather a shock, too, though in a way a pleasant one. He was not concentrating all his attention on Rita. This was easy too, obviously for the girl in the hospital. But which flowers? Yvonne Delys—exotic name—exotic flowers. Of course! Simon had ordered the rare pink bell orchids. Pauli made a beautiful job of packing them to enchant the invalid so that Rita should not be the most favored. I am reformed, she thought, but I am not a saint yet.

Now there was the cactus for old Miss Thomas and the little blossoming China rose for rich Aunt Millie. Pauli picked up one of the two remaining cards. "Happy Christmas and much gratitude for many things of long ago I remembered in the night watches. You thought your breath was wasted, didn't you, on that bad boy? But I fed my courage on some of the things you told me."

Reading that, she loved Simon with a dark deep pain and forgave him everything. What a wonderful thing to say to that forgotten old woman. She did say marvellous things to us, now I come to think of it. She used to quote Shakespeare, "To thine own self—" and Tennyson, what was that? "Because right is right, to follow right were wisdom in the scorn of consequence." She said she blamed our parents more than us because they didn't know those things to quote to us.

Pauli's eyes filled. Old Pricklepins knew Daddy was drunk leaving a party the night he crashed the car, but she never said a word about it, nor ever another about my mother. Just "poor careless young things!" Simon didn't stop to think or he wouldn't have told me to send her the cactus. I'll send her the little rose tree. The cactus is rare and marvellous. It will have a meaning to his Aunt Millie. She will watch for the blossoming and she'll be pleased with Simon for sending her such an uncommon and interesting thing. Pauli slipped the card in the envelope addressed to Miss Thomas, put it with the pink tree and began to pack it.

The doorbell pinged and the van driver came in for another load. Pauli packed the cactus while he took the packages out to the van and included the last card with it. She did not stop to read it. There was no time and, anyhow, it was not necessary.

✦ Continued on page 72

in Mind

by Carolyn Damon



The Jaunty Informal Type



Courtesy New York Dress Institute

Black wool jersey slacks with a jersey sweater sequinned on green, red and gold stripes make a very sophisticated evening-at-home combination. Note that fascinating cuff waistband arrangement on the trousers!

He'll Like You In—wonderfully cut and fitted slacks and sweaters. He's the lad who loves to drop in for Saturday afternoon tea by the fire, with his pipe, and a scarf at his neck instead of a collar. But he doesn't want you sloppy. The slacks should be well pressed, the sweaters fresh and fragrantly clean. He loves platform soles, peasant belts, striped sweaters, head scarves and bands on your hair. For an evening of dining at home, he'd go for a smart slack and sweater outfit like this. He thinks women should be pals as well as females, and in peacetime he is the lad with the convertible roadster. (Right now, he takes you for wind-tossed walks and doesn't expect you to have unstable hats, skirts that blow, or a constitution or pair of shoes that won't take it.)

He likes parties, but is more apt to want to get a bunch together at somebody's house.



The Executive Type

He'll Like You In—something really well done up for the occasion. Usually he's a little older, and he'll dress carefully and smartly for the party, the concert, the dinner, or whatever it is. He likes the feeling that you have taken trouble to look special for him. He sees plenty of girls in informal little skirts and sweaters or suits in the office, or he has enough of you in cute little house-dresses and slacks at home (if you happen to be married to him).

It's ten to one he will take you to his club, or on a foursome or moresome with some of his professional or business acquaintances. You can take out your feeling for velveteens (as in this New York original we've pictured), for satins, smart crepes, good-looking velvets.



The "Directoire Dandy," Larry Aldrich calls his new collarless suit of black velveteen with its dashing outline edged in soutache braid. Worn over white satin weskit qilet. White flowers and gloves are final touch.



What do YOU really know about brand names?

Q. What is meant by "brand" or "brand name"?

A. "Brand," or "brand name," indicates ownership. Branding cattle is the best known illustration whereby the owner's individual "brand" becomes his permanent identifying mark.

Q. Do "brand" and "trade mark" mean the same thing?

A. No, a "trade mark" is the name, illustration or symbol created for the purpose of identifying a specific article.

Q. Why should I buy "brand name" merchandise?

A. Because the "brand name" is the manufacturer's guarantee (to you) that the highest possible quality, workmanship, and value is maintained in each price range.

Q. How can I be sure quality, etc., will be maintained?

A. "Brand name" manufacturers, like KAYSER, who spend hundreds of thousands of dollars in advertising, could not survive unless their merchandise, in every respect, lived up to advertising claims.

Q. Is the advertising money added to the price of "brand" merchandise?

A. No. Advertising creates a demand. The greater the demand, the larger the production. The larger the production, the lower the cost per unit. Lower costs mean lower prices and better values to you.

KAYSER

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Buy Kayser Fabric Gloves,
Hosiery and Underwear

BUT BUY WAR BONDS FIRST



*Heart
Catchers!*

FOR XMAS

KAYSER "FROST CREPE" SLIPS

Q. Why does the "Frost Crepe" slip fit so well and feel so comfortable?

A. Because it features side panels true bias and is finely finished for comfort and fit.

Q. Does the "Frost Crepe" slip wear well?

A. It does. Furthermore it carries the added assurance of Courtaulds "Quality-Control" seal of approval on the tag . . . which means that the viscose and acetate rayon fabric used in the "Frost Crepe" slip, has been pre-tested and approved for long-termed serviceability.

Q. Does the "Frost Crepe" slip require special washing?

A. No, but note on the tag that mild or neutral soap flakes in luke warm water are advised, rubbing or wringing is not necessary. (Do not soak). Roll in a towel to remove excess moisture and dry away from the heat. Iron with a moderately warm iron.

Q. What are the advantages of the "Quality-Control" seal of approval?



A. This seal of approval on the tag means that the Kayser "Frost Crepe" rayon slip has been pre-tested under Courtaulds "Quality-Control" plan for fabric-strength, colour fastness, seam slippage, hand washability, shrinkage, and correct sizes—all important factors in the life-cycle of any slip—look for the tag.

Sold in leading Stores across the country.

COURTAULDS (CANADA) LIMITED

Producers of Rayon Yarns

With a Man

The He-man Type



Photo courtesy Courtaulds

In the new trend of low torso draping, a tested rayon crepe dress in slenderizing black. There's an interesting neckline with a shoulder drape synchronizing with the one on the skirt and giving it balance.



He'll Like You In—a very feminine but smartly made dress. Like the black rayon crepe on the left, and the sweet but smart little black hat matching.

He wants other men to admire you, but not volubly. He likes you "womanly" with a certain accent on curves, but nothing conspicuous, mind!

He likes soft draped lines, black when your face is vivid, and little jewellery. Smart new styles, yes. But save any extremes you'd like to spring on a waiting world for some other man.

He likes the kind of dress on you that his mother will say was good-looking. (He's apt to take you home for supper when you thought you were going to a restaurant, some night, unexpectedly.) He, himself, when he's out of uniform, will dress in that conservative manner most Canadian men affect.



The new short coat in tunic lines with pencil-slim skirt and black crepe top make this Nettie Rosenstein original exciting news. It's tailored in baba au rhum wool.



The Dashing Type

He'll Like You In — the smartest slickest clothes you can find. But not flashy. You can go to extremes if they're really smart extremes. He likes people to look at you as though you were a Powers model. He'd love, for instance, this new long-short coat, the very slim skirt, the shortie cuff gloves and the feathered bonbon of a hat. He likes the look of things that bespeak expensive labels. (It's your secret whether they are or not.) He likes you to walk proudly, shoulders back, and to wear your clothes with the air of having chosen them carefully, fitted them well, and then being able to forget the whole business.

Naturally he's a one for exquisitely shaped, high-heeled shoes in the evening. (But with tweeds or sweaters and skirts he'd expect you to know enough to have slick tailored low-slung shoes as well.)

Fashion Shorts

★ from New York ★

By Kay Murphy

COLOR . . . COLOR . . . COLOR! The more color the better, this winter. Take the purple tones—lilac, fuchsia, eggplant and just plain purple. It is the important color here in New York. You see it in dresses, hats, sweaters, blouses, suits and coats. Gone is the day when "purple" was considered an older woman's color. Even the youngsters going to grade school wear the purple tones in dresses, coats and sweaters.

Some Gals Overdo It! They have a purple, or fuchsia coat—so they get a hat to match (or they *hope* it will match!)—then they get a bag and gloves in a purple shade, and generally the result is *awful*! When you go in for a high shade like purple—or green—or red in a basic costume—get your accessories in a muted color. Grey—brown—black are smart companionate colors to most high shades and make the high shade more effective with the softer contrast.

White Hats for Winter. Down here there is a terrific yen for *white* hats—extending through from felts to furs. Gives you a very dressed-up look, if rather startling on a cold winter's day.

The Bra Dress. The youngsters are making a play for this sort of date dress. The bodice has a lace or sequined "brassiere" set into the fabric. Saw a cute trick in black velvet, with the lace brassiere over pale pink lining.

Speaking of Brassieres—the underground kind—reminds me to tell you that *black* bras are big news in New York. In taffeta, rayon and some nylon, black is edging up on the popular white and pink brassieres. In fact, all sorts of black underwear is increasing in popularity.

Parachute Panties! Out in the Pacific a soldier who was once an underwear designer came across a pale blue puresilk Jap parachute that was sent in for salvage. He salvaged it, all right! He made some dainty blue "unmentionables" for his wife, for a Christmas gift. When his buddies saw how lovely they were, they set him up in business! They grab off as many Jap parachutes as they can, and in his spare time the soldier makes gifts for the soldiers to send back home. If you have a friend in the Pacific, don't be too bewildered if you get a pair of parachute panties!

A Beautiful Blouse. Generally we think of a blouse just as something to wear with a skirt—and wouldn't think of paying over \$5 for one. But blouses can be beautiful and expensive! Some of the Fifth Avenue shops now are featuring blouses as high as \$50—yes, I mean for a blouse! Many are trimmed with delicate handmade laces: others go in for costume effects, such as beading and sequin trimming. Saw a darling black and white rayon satin, very plain yet lovely with a satin skirt. It cost a mere \$30! So, if you are planning to add a blouse or two to your outfit, make it beautiful!

"Please send us 70 yards of chintz" was the order I received from an American nurse in England the other day. "We are fixing up our barracks and will have to wait too long to get the required coupons—then it is doubtful if we could get the material." The letter goes on to tell how the nurses built tables, chairs, etc., out of packing cases, hammered ash trays out of tin cans, painted the walls and floors, and now they need "chintz with pink and blue design on grey ground." Yep—I got it for them! This nurse, when she was home, couldn't sew a button on for herself. In fact, she was rather a helpless sort of female—the old clinging vine stuff. What a change! Mildred will come back home knowing how to do carpentry, upholstering and goodness knows what handy jobs!



Photograph courtesy the New York Dress Institute

Black with brown—Smart new high style combination of black with brown is carried out in a two-tone effect, with even the buttons changing color. Beige-colored sequins are effective on the flaring waist tabs. Notice the new season softness.

Coat into Fireside Robe. At a sewing centre recently, I saw just this being done! A winter coat that was shabby at the collar and cuffs was rejuvenated into a smart warm "brunch" or fireside robe. It was relined with bright chintz, the collar and cuffs were covered with chintz and two deep chintz pockets were added. Very warm and very chic!

SABOTEUR of handsome teeth and firm gums— GINGIVITIS



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Take action *at once* if your gums bleed a little when you brush your teeth or are sensitive to touch.

These may be the first warning signs of Gingivitis—a common gum inflammation—which if ignored—often leads to Pyorrhea with its soft, receding gums and loosening teeth, which only your dentist can help.

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Forhan's—the formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—is the **FIRST** and **ORIGINAL** toothpaste for both massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection—and for cleaning teeth to their natural sparkling lustre.

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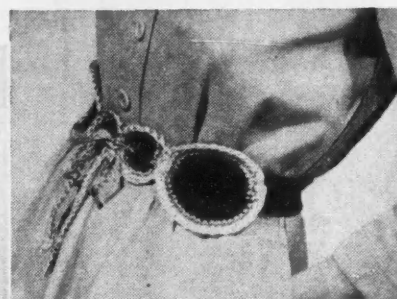
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These are all exclusive Chatelaine crochet patterns, priced at ten cents each. Order from the Fashion Department, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

Make Your New Bag

CROCHET YOURSELF one of these gay new-season combinations. No. S55, above, features an enormous pouch and matching braid-stitched hat. No. S56, left, is a new twisted two-color belt and smart bag. No. S57 gives you the new graduated cartwheel belt and No. S58 is a very tricky sailor and bag set, both cleverly stitched in sequins. Do them in the bright colors featured this winter.



The glove smooth-styled by Acme

A & tab links your lovely Acme gloves. "Here is everything in a glove that's good," it says. Delights of supple Canadian Deerskin, Peccary Pigskin and domestic or imported Capeskin... styled for smartness... designed to fit superbly.

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Issued by The
HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION Ltd.
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Drape Your Head—For evening drama! Many career girls go straight from the office to the date. By adding an unusual hair ornament, you can do much to "dress up" your simple black, or other colored, daytime dress. Saw a black rayon jersey square, fringed with multi-colored sequins, used as a very effective evening headdress. When the girl who was wearing it took it off her head, and wore it as a cocktail apron, it became doubly useful. Myself, I take two parrots along to the office when I'm "going on" afterward! I put one in my hair, the other on the shoulder of my black dress, and you'd really think I came from the boudoir and not from the typewriter! (The parrots are dead, of course. It's their feathers I'm talking about!)

The Long Glove doing well for itself! Here again an accessory can change the whole appearance of a tailored outfit. Above-elbow gloves in cerise, green, fuchsia make the "little dress" look like a creation!

Dangerous Red! Amusing things crop up about the girls working in war plants. Like the one where the management forbade a woman worker wearing red slacks—said it caused too much sensation among the men! "But you let us wear green slacks," protested the worker, "and green is every bit as bright as red." So the War Labor Board was called in to hand down its decision! (Pity the poor men!) After serious discussions, and looking the situation over in both red and green, they decided that red could not distract men's attention more than green.

The Teen-agers are taking two long bright scarves, draping them over their shoulders back and front, then "belting" them in with a wide leather or novelty belt. Keeps them warm both indoors and out. A change from the everlasting sweater.

Paris Openings Again! Reports are that the fashions are beautifully simple, and subdued in color. Green, however, was shown for the first time since the preoccupation days. The Paris designers dodged green, because that was the color of the uniforms worn by the Nazi "guests."

More Hat—the little hat has given way to more hat, with feathers or novelty trimming giving glamour.

Bright Wool Sweaters—instead of the usual navy, brown or black. Two sweaters are better than one—so choose a slip-on with matching or harmonizing cardigan.

Pattern Descriptions

1171—Misses' and women's hat and bag in hat sizes small, medium, large. Medium: ½ yard of 35 inch or 39 inch lengthwise striped, nap or plain material; ¾ yard of 54 inch; 17 inch x 35 inch of felt. Lining: ¾ yard of 35 inch or 39 inch material. Price, 25 cents.

1138—Infants' blanket in one size. 2½ of 35 inch or 39 inch; 1¼ of 54 inch. Satin binding: 4½ yards of 3 inch. Ribbon for bow and tie ends: 2½ yards of 1½ inches. Applique: ¼ yard of 35 inch material. Applique design included. Price, 25 cents.

1162—Misses' and women's apron in sizes small, medium, large. Medium: 1¼ of 35 inch, 39 inch or 41 inch; 1 of 44 inch. Applique design included. Price, 25 cents.

1161—Girls' apron in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12, 14. Size 10: 1½ of 35 inch; 1 of 39 inch or 41 inch; ¾ of 44 inch. Applique design included. Price, 25 cents.

1170—Women's blouse in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50. Size 40: 2¼ of 35 inch; 2½ of 39 inch; 2 of 41 inch. Price, 25 cents.

1167—Misses' and women's robe in sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Size 16: 4¾ of 35 inch material with or without nap; 4 of 41 inch; ¾ of 54 inch. Braid: 5½ yards of ¾ inch. Price, 25 cents.



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MY
DOCTOR
TOLD
ME--



My doctor told me something about vitamins that opened my eyes. He told me thousands of folks who eat plenty of food still suffer from vitamin deficiencies. He said that many people are leading happier, more active lives because of supplementary vitamins. To help guard against lowered resistance to colds, nervous upsets, digestive disorders, and a general run-down condition often due to vitamin deficiencies, my doctor told me it was just good common sense to insure my family meals against vitamin-shortage with added vitamins.

--- THEN MY
DRUGGIST SOLD
ME ---

My druggist sold me One-A-Day (brand) Multiple Vitamins! These One-A-Day Vitamins are everybody's brand!... economical!... convenient! They are laboratory-tested and potency-guaranteed! In fact, you can't buy vitamins more scientifically compounded no matter how much more you have to pay.

So... since talking to my doctor and visiting my friendly druggist... my family and I are taking the road to Vitamin health protection. We're taking One-A-Day (brand) Multiple Vitamins regularly!... every day all year 'round!

3 Kinds ONE-A-DAY Vitamins

One-A-Day brand Multiple Vitamin Capsules in blue packages . . . \$1.25 and \$2.50
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Pattern Descriptions on page 59

1161. Mother's Little Helper loves her very own coverup apron, just like a grownup's. It's an exact match for 1162, but designed for the six-to-fourteen-year-olds. Appliqué or embroidery guide included.

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"Boy!" writes a hard-pressed sergeant-major, "after coping with a company of girls in uniform these three years I ought to be of some use in the Ladies' Aid, the Home and School Club, the Women's Institutes and the other community organizations in my neighborhood. We N.C.O.'s should qualify as the old pace-setters and peace-makers in any organization, and no fooling!"

YES, THE girls in uniform have learned the secret and the advantages of co-operative activity in community living—the recognized home plate from which any successful world series of tomorrow must have its "Play Ball."

One of the favorite topics of discussion where any group of these girls from all over Canada gather is the merit of a special part of the Dominion as a place to live. In the beginning, everyone plugged for their home town. Today, you'd be surprised at the number of easterners who have "discovered" that wonderful Shangri-La west of the Rockies, and the prairie folk who have decided there's something brave and exhilarating about the sweep of the Atlantic along the Maritime shores.

You're going to find quite a shift in population, among both men and women of the services, once the home-town greetings are over. And sectional partisanship begins to fold its tents like the Arabs, and as silently vanishes. You can't harangue someone about how lousy one part of Canada is, or how super another, or how superior one racial group is to another, when they keep saying, "But I know. I've been there too."

Yes, most of the girls in the Armed Forces know where they're going, in both their minds and their persons, when they "come out." You can stop worrying about any permanent effects of the wearing of peas-in-a-pod uniforms. Every servicewoman I've talked to has that hundred-dollar clothes allowance planned to the last cent . . . and it usually includes one pair of the most luscious high heels and one wide, bright belt over feminine drapes and flares.

THERE IS something you can be very concerned about, however. And that is her worries about the reception she is going to get from you, back home. I think this is a subject on which more hours, far into the night, are spent in thought and whispered discussion than any other.

Will she have as good a chance for marriage?

Will her employer feel that the years she has spent in training should give her an opportunity to try for bigger things? Like the men, she must be given preference in the civil service, and her old job back if she wishes it. But will there be that feeling expressed by one worried employer whose former office helper was now a captain: "We'll soon show him," he said vehemently, "that he may be an officer in the Army, but he's still just a shipping clerk around here."

Will her parents and her friends understand that she has developed, progressed, learned to stand on her own feet and live her own life? Will they realize that her badge of service is a very real mark of honor? You wouldn't believe how much the "attitude of friends and parents" has at times affected recruiting. Funnily enough, the man of the family will often advise against her joining up, but when she does he'll say,

Continued on page 72

BOTH 28—but see the difference!



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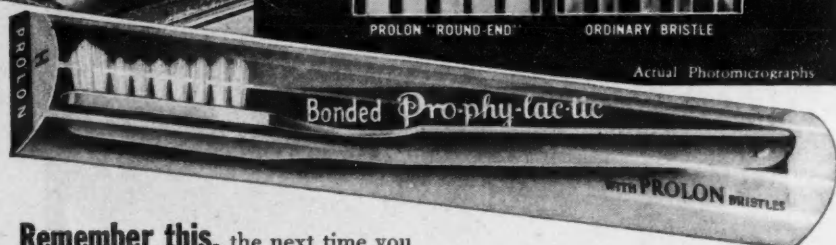
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MADE IN CANADA

War Veterans, Female

Continued from page 30

an all-out full-time business, with plenty of dividends of the pram and diaper variety. Competition for postwar jobs in the business and professional man's world would not come from them, if they had their choice.

BUT UNFORTUNATELY it is probable that many of them will be forced to trade rose-cottage dreams for commercial realities, for the simple reason that there won't be enough men to go around as husband material.

And your women in uniform aren't leaners. They haven't come through the barracks-scrubbing, morning-marching, trade-learning days of their training to sit back and take charity, even from their parents.

There is a feeling among certain civic-minded groups who have been close to the activities of girls in the forces that every Canadian girl, as well as boy, should spend one year in the service of the state, in some capacity, between school and work or marriage. If this ever comes to pass, the uniformed girls can present gold-edged certificates and honor badges all along the line.

There are other things, along with future vocational guidance, for the girl in uniform . . . hard-headed, official links in a rehabilitation chain that are impersonal and binding. For instance, the rehabilitation grant (which varies according to rates of pay) for those who have completed 183 days of service and received an honorable discharge. And War Services Gratuities, which will mean additional funds. There are the opportunities to complete educational studies (including university) and trade courses, or to buy a small holding.

EACH GIRL leaving the services, honorably, will have—besides her gratuities, grant and clothes' allowance—a complete medical and dental examination, and be sent back into the world hale, hearty and a physical asset to the community. Which is a long step, in hundreds of cases, from the way she came in. She will continue to receive any necessary medical service for a year, dental care for six months after demobilization.

The average girl will have gained five to 15 pounds. Her complexion will be clear from good food and exercise, her bearing straight, her co-ordination good, and her mind in a tidy state of affairs.

She will have learned to look after herself and others in emergencies (she's had First Aid, and she can keep her clothes mended and in good repair, and herself well groomed. These are regular, day-to-day items that are part of the routine of service requirements.

The other things she has learned—the new territories into which her mind has parachuted—these are the indefinable, unwritten points in her military curriculum. They are, even more than the obvious matters, the assets which will make her an important force in Canadian life of the future.

We didn't get handouts on the subject from officers and brass hats . . . news releases compiled for purposes of recruiting (for there is still a great need for women in the CWAC, and will be for some time). We didn't have to.

We've heard from many girls of questionnaires answered by the ranks. Answered with extreme frankness because they were handled with the anonymity and privacy of an electoral ballot. We've attended catch-as-catch-

can question and answer periods and discussion groups, sat in on extramural classes in everything from musical appreciation to beekeeping. And we've sipped cokes in their canteens from Halifax to Vancouver . . . including Kitchener and Ste. Anne training centres.

HERE ARE some of the discoveries Chatelaine has made.

The girl in uniform is concerned about her postwar job. Until . . . or if . . . the right man comes along, she is fitted, in the majority of cases, for a better job than the one she left. Great numbers of those who left high school or university are going back. With 47% of service personnel in this war, having high or technical school training as compared with 13% in the last (maybe the women lifted the average!), you can see what a large number will go on to college. They must qualify for entrance within 15 months after discharge, and get assistance grants in keeping with their months of service. There is a special provision, however, for the bright girls who show real promise, so that there's no chance of them having to leave college for lack of funds.

A great many others will take vocational or technical training or continue on the lines suggested by their training in the services. Monthly living allowances will be made for this work. You'd be surprised at the number of girls who have become keenly interested in various types of laboratory work and technical skills, especially in such fields as photography, radio engineering, motor mechanics, and so on. Many girls have qualified for office work—learned typing and shorthand, switchboard operation; such preparation will fit them for better posts. Girls who were in domestic service (a minority group, by the way) have learned better and more efficient cooking, sewing and other phases of domestic science, many of them have been taught to cook and cater to large numbers of people.

In this connection one of the most interesting courses ever offered in the women's army is now in progress in No. 1 CWAC (A) TC, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Que. Three weeks training is given in housekeeping—the care of furniture and floors, all types of cleaning, floral arrangements, dinner table planning, home management, and so on. It should prove to be one of the best preparations for marriage and homemaking ever devised in this country. It will be equally valuable to girls who may seek their postwar employment in other people's houses.

A large number of girls and women in the forces are interested in the idea of farming, poultry-raising or beekeeping establishments after the war. Information and courses on these subjects are available, and the grants and gratuities will be a starter.

Close to 2,000 officers have been trained to lead and direct and to take on highly responsible and important jobs. They should be invaluable in the fields of social service, personnel work and other such expanding professions after the war. And just as many noncommissioned officers have come up through the ranks, proving themselves capable of training for such posts as welfare work, nursery school activities, factory foremen, etc.

"The biggest thing I've learned in the army," writes one girl in reply to a questionnaire, "is how to get along with other people. If I can live peacefully and even happily with dozens of girls day and night in a barracks, I guess I can make the grade with other workers in an office, or other housewives on a block."

Lesson in Love

Continued from page 7

brought Al out of his chair and down beside her in one leap. Grabbing her arm and speaking in a breathless kind of way, he said, "Come on, kid. We're going coking."

"It . . . sounds . . . promising," she laughed. And she was trying to maintain a sophistication which he began to suspect was makeup.

"Required reading," he told her. "Part of your course in English Lit."

"Required reading?"
"You can read a lot into the things a guy lets drop over the mouth of a coke bottle," he told her.

SITTING ACROSS the table from her in a frowsy little booth, he interpreted her doubtful look and said, "You'll drink it out of the bottle . . . and like it."

She was all right. She lifted the bottle to her lips and must have got at least a teaspoonful of the liquid in her mouth. Then, putting it down, "Mr. Twin-

ing . . ." she said.
"Error number one," he cut in. "The ceremony of coking demands first names. You'll call me Al, and I'll call you Jil."

"I have never . . ." she began.
"You're going to," he assured her. "You're going to learn a lot of things — chiefly about men. Because, if you will forgive me for being brutal, the only thing wrong with your novel is the men in it. They stink."

She looked at him with her back feathers up. "But I do know about men," she protested. "I know a great deal about men."

"You apparently don't know that they smoke and drink and cuss and act natural even when they're pursuing a gal."

She said primly, "Nice men don't."

"Then I'm not nice?"

She blushed scarlet. "You're extremely nice," she said. "And if I thought you did . . . the things you mentioned . . . I would not be sitting here in this funny place with you."

Al stared at her. If it was the last thing he did, he was going to loosen up this kid so she could do that novel right. It could be a wow. And it was clearly his job to help her swing it. But he didn't want to frighten her straight off. Luckily someone had just coaxed a hot band out of the juke box.

"Let's dance," he said, taking her hand and dragging her out onto the floor.

Her eyes went doubtfully around the dismal place. Other couples were dancing. Nice wholesome kids in sweaters and slacks and swinging skirts. Jilancy gave him a bright smile, and then she was dancing.

He all but tripped over his amazement. "Honey," he begged, "where did you learn to dance?"

"It was considered part of my education in Europe."

"Then I'm all for it," he said. And suddenly he was sure that if he could just get her notions of men humanized, could incubate her dormant emotions in a way so sharply in contrast with the therapeutic emotionalism of her mother that she would not realize it was the same breed of cat, her novel would be a flaming credit to him, to the college, and to the whole wide country.

Square in the middle of his swirling thoughts she dropped, "Mr. Twin-

ing . . ."

"Al."
For a second he thought she couldn't take that hurdle. Then, shaping the name as if it were in a foreign language she was doubtful of pronouncing, she said, "Al . . ."

"Yes, Jil?"

"May I ask you a personal question?"
"Why not?"

"Will you explain to me why it is that when you are lecturing you use such distinguished English, and when you're coking . . ."

"Listen, Jil. There's a time for everything. There's a time to be formal and correct and maybe stodgy. But

when you're coking, you're supposed to put your mind on having fun and not worry about which syntax you have it in."

To his everlasting surprise she said, "I am having fun."

They had more fun. Afternoon fun. Al always got the girl home well ahead of dark. He wanted to keep their relationship on such an obvious sweater-and-skirt basis that Mrs. Marsh would not be tempted to complicate Jilancy's development by a suggestion of romance.

Al took her to football games, trying to arouse in her some sort of spontaneous emotional response. She would sit there, entranced but aloof, while all

around her boys and girls turned themselves into shouting dervishes, screaming till their throats went raw and their eyes glazed feverishly.

"Good lord!" Al muttered to himself, watching her gloved hands gently applauding a spectacular run, "emotion is completely governed in the gal."

Then a thing happened which, surprisingly, he had not foreseen. Surging out with the crowd after a game, he bumped into Mrs. Frisbie, wife of the Professor of Mathematics. Mrs. Frisbie had a daughter Jilancy's age and, when Al presented the girl, Mrs. F. said impulsively, "Bring her along to the house, why don't you? Arleen has a gang coming in for hot chocolate. There'll be dancing . . ."

THERE WAS dancing. Al grinned, watching the first boy to be the hero and ask Jilancy to dance. One swing around the Frisbie living room changed a look of embarrassed reluctance into a blaze of glory. "Boy! Can you dance!" Al heard the young man mutter as he slid happily past.

When Mrs. Frisbie came to sit beside him and pump him tactfully about the

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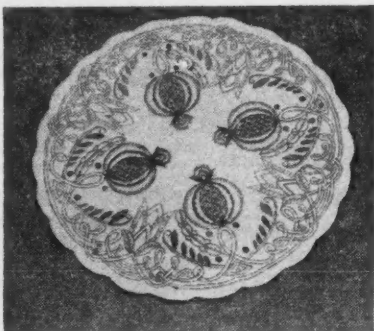
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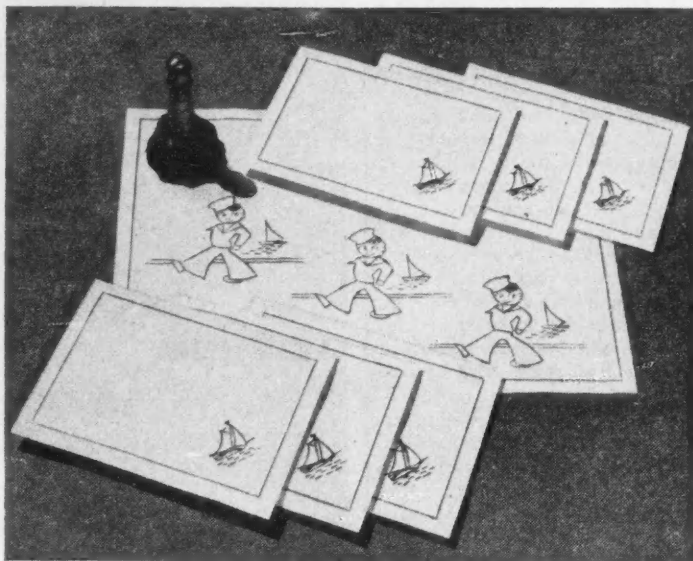
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datory instincts that no girl could quite contrive to hate her.

When Al discovered he was missing the fun they'd had together, he was quick to assure himself that all that interested him was educating the girl so that she could put live men into her novel in place of tailor's dummies. That manuscript had real promise. It must not be lost to contemporary literature. And she could certainly learn more about men from men, than from one man. Especially when that one man was seven years her senior, and an uninspiring teacher of English Literature to boot.

Well, the girl was learning. And Al, unconsciously, was learning a trick or two himself. Learning to throttle his conscience in practically turning Jilancy's class in English Literature into a class in short story writing to prove her development. When it came to her papers, it was frequently necessary to speak to her personally.

"Listen, Jil," he said to her, "you know what you're reaching for, but you don't seem to be able to feel it. The man in this story uses the right words, but they come out of his mouth as false as chin whiskers."

Distress looked out at him from grey eyes suddenly heavy with humility. Al began to sweat.

He tried again. "Look, kid, they tell me that a man will never speak a foreign language well until he learns to think in that language. If, for instance, you're trying to speak French, and if you have to think everything in English first and then translate it into French . . . it lacks authority."

"Yes," she said. "You're right. I can say the words, but I can't . . . feel them."

"Do you know why not?"

"No, Mr. Twining. Will you tell me?"

"When I'm talking to you like this, with nobody around, couldn't you possibly break down and say Al?"

"Yes . . ." blushing, "Al."

And then it happened. As abruptly and as blindingly as that, he knew. When Jilancy said "Al," nothing happened to her. But something happened to Al. His heart began to knock, and his hands and feet went first icy, then fiery. And he wished with all his soul he'd never started to fool with Jil's development. Because he knew, now, that no woman can write emotion into a story until she feels it; nor ever describe a man making love until she's been in love.

"Well," he said, getting out his handkerchief and mopping his face, "maybe you'll get the hang of it. Just don't try too hard."

"But I must try . . . Al. You've been so kind. And I want so much to please you."

To please him! Holy catfish!

IT WAS three days later that she came to him with a question which made him want to beat his brains out.

"Mr. Twining . . . Al," she began, standing straight and looking him in the eye while a blush burned deep into her cheeks.

"Yes, Jil?"

"I want to ask your advice."

Al's heart dropped like a stone in a well. Had she fallen for some young squirt?

"The boys and girls are always talking about . . . necking. They joke about it. And sometimes . . . they don't joke."

"I guess you can take care of yourself," Al said, fighting a roaring in his ears.

"But I want to understand. You see . . . this is a thing which I do not care

to discuss with my mother. It might disturb her. And I have no governess now to ask . . ."

So that was what she thought of him. A sort of male governess!

"Customs here," she went on, choosing her words exactly, "are confusing. You see I was always taught that no girl of good family would permit herself to be kissed by a man to whom she was not engaged."

To his complete bewilderment, Al found himself declaring, "And a very excellent idea."

"Yes," she agreed. "But one is made to feel . . . conspicuous in not conforming with local custom."

"Do you want to neck?" he shouted at her.

"No. But neither do I wish to be made to feel conspicuous."

Al glared at her. Her eyes, looking back at him, were limpid as some mountain lake at dawn. They were so guileless, so innocent, so unawakened they turned him hot with guilt. By what right had he presumed to interfere with her emotional development. But he could not stop with abstractions. He had to go on and face the thought of some callow young nitwit mauling this delectable creature. That settled it.

"Jil," he said firmly, "as your . . . instructor, I forbid you to demean yourself in this . . . purely local matter of necking."

"You don't think I should . . . just try it?"

"I do not."

"Very well, Mr. Twining. But you yourself pointed out that I would have to learn to think in . . . local terms. To feel in local terms, before I could write . . ."

"You can observe, can't you?"

"Observation," she told him, "is not very . . . convincing." And then she turned and walked away.

And what the devil did she mean? If she'd learned that much, if she'd reached the stage where she felt the need of conviction, she must already have selected the instrument by which she might be convinced.

Al reared his head and raged. What boy was it? Which one of the unshaven puppies roaming the campus had dared tamper with her unformed affections?

He was in such a seething, self-accusing torment that it was late in the evening before it dawned on him that this was a special night. He had been tramping for hours. At last, exhausted, he started home and, as he crossed the campus, was startled out of his anguish by the complete lack of human life. Where were all the kids?

Then he remembered. This was a traditional night. It was Feb. 29. And on leap-year night, the college went berserk. Those who were not tearing some private home apart would be out at the Tavern, throwing each other around, and generally working themselves up into a frenzy of primitive excitement. In the roaring midst of this orgy he pictured Jilancy. Jilancy, who did not wish to be made to feel conspicuous.

He took a door off the garage getting out his car. Went screaming out the highway with his heart a salt taste in his dry mouth. When he swung his car into the Tavern parking lot and leaped out, he found that he could scarcely stand. His knees were shaking dice with fear.

The Tavern was blue with smoke and shouting. Bellowing young apes were out-jittering professionals. Al pushed his way in through the crowd.

♣ Continued on page 87



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girl, Al was surprised to discover resentment seething in him. He told himself it was because he resented any sort of probing into the life of this sensitive girl. Honesty forced him to admit that partly he resented being shoved back into the faculty. Allied with an older generation. After all, he was only seven years older than Jilancy.

Those seven years, and the fact that he had started this thing, obliged him to devote a full hour to Mrs. Marsh when he took Jilancy home that evening. For this occasion he lugged out what the girl had called his "distinguished English." He also used a bit of craft and a pinch of flattery. Briefly he assured the invalid that he could appreciate that a woman accustomed to the balanced social values of pre-war continental life might have difficulty in reconciling those values with those obtaining in a small town in this country. What he was getting at was that Jilancy was going to be asked to go out at night—with a boy. To movies. To dances. To fun.

"You mean," said Mrs. Marsh, leaning toward him in flattering confidence, "you mean . . . to go out at night . . . with a young man of her own age?"

That was exactly what he meant. And he was all ready for the lady when she ruffled her satin brow and murmured that she supposed . . . "One of the maids . . ."

"I'm afraid," Al told her with a patience which surprised him, "that the presence of a maid, accompanying Jilancy to informal college activities, might be wrongly construed."

"Oh?" said Mrs. Marsh. "In what way?"

"You've been away from home for a long time, Mrs. Marsh. And since you have been living here, you have had slight occasion to evaluate the present generation." He was sweating. But he plunged stubbornly on to his point. "Underneath their . . . rough exterior . . . boys and girls here are . . . sensitive. Since no one else would bring along a chaperone, these boys and girls might feel that Jilancy's doing so reflected on . . . their honor."

He nearly burst a blood vessel suppressing a laugh when it occurred to him that if the kids in his English class could hear what he was saying, they'd lynch him.

And then, fantastically, he was sharing his grin with Mrs. Marsh. She could not understand what he was thinking, any more than he could understand what lay behind her friendly eyes. But he was conscious, in every reluctant nerve end, that he was liking her. Taking advantage of the feeling, he used all his eloquence to persuade her that, as he translated freely to himself, what he proposed for Jilancy was not girl-meets-boy, but girl acquaints herself with odd and faintly primitive social customs.

On this shamelessly false note he tactfully withdrew from the Marsh home and, perforce, from Jilancy's social life. He saw the girl every day in class. And he noted with a faint misgiving that she had substituted for the Boyer-and-Frank-Sinatra look a twinkle which, in another girl, he would have labelled "conspiratorial."

JILANCY BEGAN to blossom. To swagger, almost. And who could blame her, with the rush she was getting? And who could blame the boys for rushing her? She was the best dancer in the school. She had a fascinating and provocative manner of aloof delight. She was so completely devoid of pre-

**WALK ON
Happy
feet**



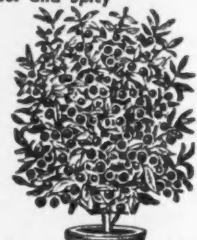
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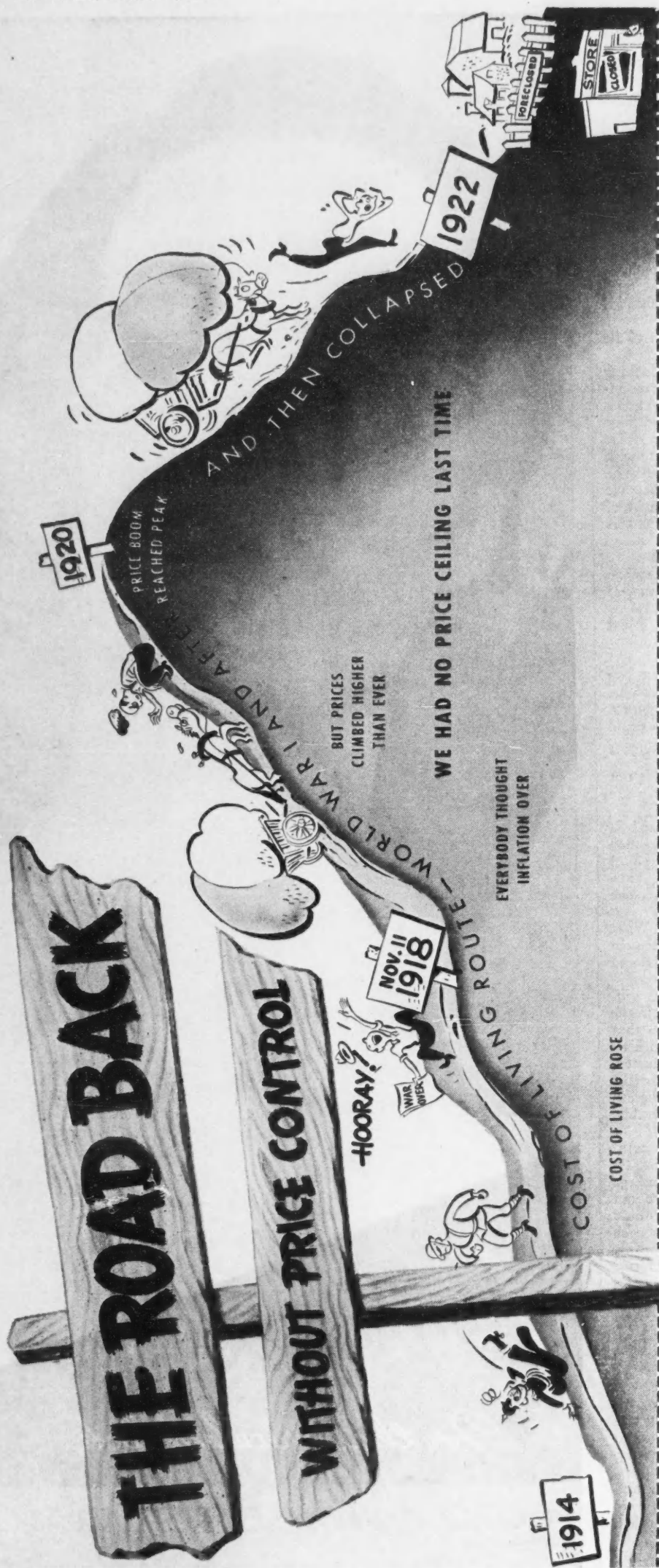
CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

YOUR HOME

*A Department for House Planning,
... Decorating and Furnishing ...*

FREDA JAMES, EDITOR





The worst inflation came AFTER the war the last time . . . to be followed by disastrous deflation, unemployment and confusion. For Canada to manage successfully the change back to peace, maintain employment, and meet the world's competition . . . we must continue to have stable economic conditions. To protect the individual from rising costs of living and later unemployment we must continue to prevent inflation.

To prevent a repetition of the conditions following the last war PRICE CONTROL MUST BE MAINTAINED AS LONG AS INFLATION THREATENS US.

This can only be done if production is efficient and economical, costs are kept down and consumers refuse to pay more than ceiling prices.



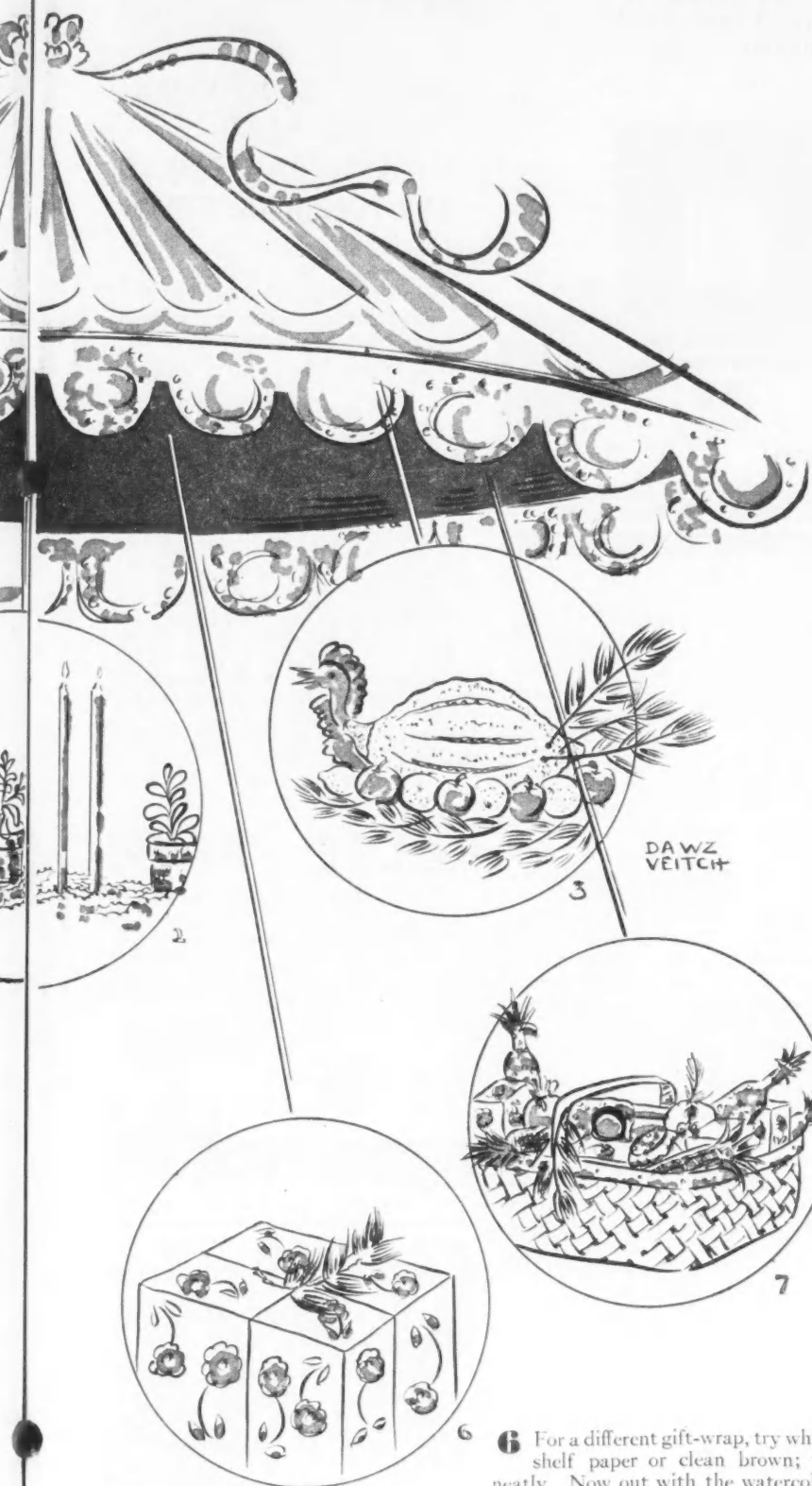
One person can start it!

When one person demands more for goods or services he compels others to do the same and Price Control goes out the window.

THIS IS ONE OF A SERIES ISSUED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA TO EMPHASIZE THE IMPORTANCE OF PREVENTING A FURTHER RISE IN THE COST OF LIVING NOW, AND DEFLATION LATER

Go-Round

by
FREDA JAMES



DAWZ
VEITCH

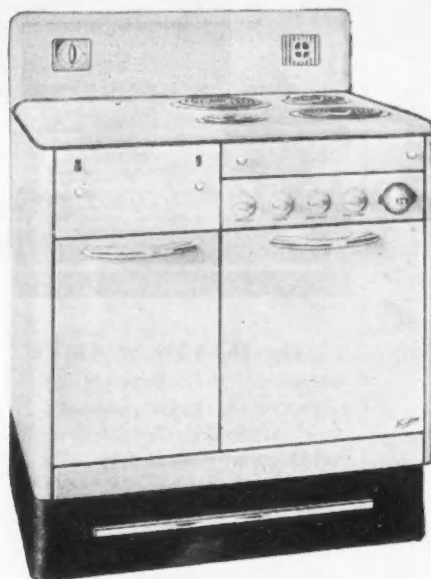
polished apples, winter pears, candy canes, cranberries, snippets of pine or hemlock.

5 Angel cut-outs gain a new fillip, if you have a whimsical turn of hand with the scissors and some stout white paper to work with. Make a cone first, cut a face, give a pattern to the robe by cutting a design. Paint or add paper-cut arms; for a regal headdress use a sprig of holly. Fasten angels to the tree, or group on Christmas table.

6 For a different gift-wrap, try white shelf paper or clean brown; tie neatly. Now out with the watercolor box and paint your own preferred symbols in each "square." Top with a spray of pine and baby cones.

7 Going the rounds of friends shut in or in hospital? Make deliveries from capacious shopping basket, festively fixed. Paint it white or lime green or heavenly blue. Shred wads of last year's tissue wrappings (we hope you saved them!) and make a nest for gaily wrapped gifts. Fringe paper around the edge. Tuck greenery here and there among the parcels. When you've finished your gift distribution, store your basket safely for next year's use.

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WHO HAVE
MANY THINGS TO DO
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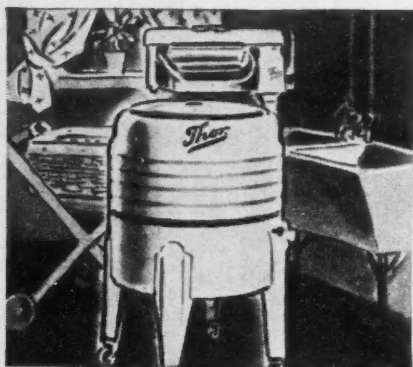


"Hiya, girls!" Tom Allenby's always eager to get home, where he can relax and enjoy the attractive home his wife keeps so colorful and inviting. "Say, you look smarter than the day I married you!" Tom keeps telling bright-eyed Estelle. "I thrive on housework — and happiness!" Estelle laughs.

Crisp, cute aprons make cooking a pleasure! Estelle and Betty are never afraid to get splashed up. Everything they wear washes beautifully. So do the giddy curtains.



Who doesn't love a party? Everybody has such fun at the Allenby's. Estelle never worries about spilled milk. Tablecloths launder like magic! She knows!



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The Christmas



1 Matched jars of homemade jellies or jams will make an attractive gift, nestled in a box "slip-covered" with some of the leftover wallpaper which every attic seems to contain! Label each jar prettily. Use honest-to-goodness strawstack straw for bedding, decorate with a bow and a bunch of pine needles and cones.

2 Nothing nicer for table or mantel than plants and candles. Give your potted plants the once-over, wash leaves, choose even sizes, paint pots white (a row of silver stars around top can be gay), alternate them with tall tapers. These can be set in low holders or, failing them, supported in melted paraffin wax camouflaged with greenery.

3 Turkey centrepiece conjured up from a bumpy green winter squash! Shellac squash, add paper cut-out head and comb, in brilliant color if you wish. Give him tail feathers of droopy hemlock. Arrange greenery or fruits around the base. (The children will love working on this idea.)

4 Have you an oval picture frame stored away? Paint it to match your table decor (or go gala with shocking-pink and white bias stripes, perhaps), then in centre pile up

NATIONAL HOUSING ACT 1938	
20 Year Plan: 240 months at \$6.54 per \$1,000 borrowed	\$1,569.60
NATIONAL HOUSING ACT 1944	
20 Year Plan: 240 months at \$6.28 per \$1,000 borrowed	1,507.20
5/15 Year Plan: 60 months at \$7.60 per \$1,000 borrowed	\$ 456.00
180 months at \$5.80 per \$1,000 borrowed	1,008.00
15 Year Plan: 180 months at \$ 7.60 per \$1,000 borrowed	1,464.00
10 Year Plan: 120 months at \$10.32 per \$1,000 borrowed	1,368.00
An illustration will clarify the workings of the National Housing Act 1944. Take, for example, a property having a leading value of \$6,000.	1,238.40
Lending Value	\$6,000
Down Payment Required:	
5% of first \$2,000	\$100
15% of second \$2,000	300
30% of third \$2,000	600
	1,000
Loan Required	5,000
The monthly installment, paid just like rent for a period of 20 years, would be \$5,000 at \$6.28 per \$1,000 borrowed	\$31.40

a National Housing Act loan is approved. If you do, it's at your own risk!

IF THE cost of your new house exceeds \$1,500, you'll have to get the consent of the Controller of Construction before commencing operations. Application blanks can be obtained from the local Construction Control office, or from the head office, care of the Department of Munitions and Supply, Ottawa. They must be completed and returned in triplicate.

Except in unusual instances, no licenses will be issued for one-story detached houses having a floor area greater than 1,300 square feet, or for 1½ and 2-story detached houses having a floor area greater than 1,000 square feet. Areas are to be calculated by multiplying the exterior dimensions of the building. While attached single-story garages or open porches need not be included, it is necessary to include garages having usable space over them.

With applications for licenses for 1-story dwellings exceeding 900 square feet in area and 1½ and 2-story dwellings exceeding 700 square feet in area,

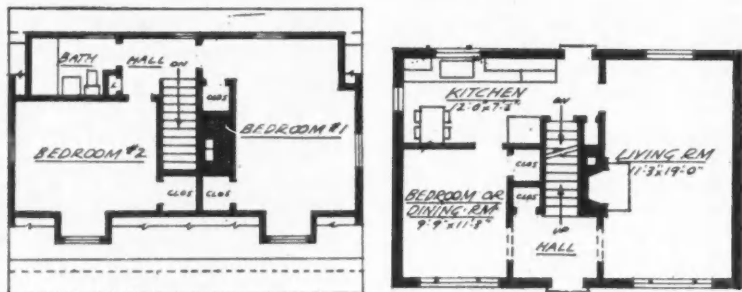
sketch plans must be submitted. Though installation of only one 3-piece bathroom is permitted in each house, rough plumbing—including a second stack—may be installed. The cost of the building must bear a reasonable relationship to its size, as licenses for luxurious dwellings will not be issued.

Compliance with these conditions is no guarantee that permission to start construction will be forthcoming. Factors peculiar to the locality must be considered and it might be that difficulties arising from shortage of labor and materials would require postponement of building plans.

Certain essential equipment is still scarce and it is doubtful if sufficient hot-air furnaces will be available for new houses utilizing this type of heating. To obtain a hot-air furnace a permit must be obtained from the Wartime Prices and Trade Board, in addition to the construction license. Delivery of similar items needed for proper completion of the house should be definitely assured before commencing to build. If for any reason construction is deferred, the license must be returned for cancellation.

COTTAGE TYPE: Five Rooms

J. F. C. SMITH, Architect



THE TRIM version of the French-Canadian tradition sketched opposite and shown in floor plans above, has been designed for a far-sighted young couple who are convinced that construction costs are likely to remain at present levels for some time to come, and so have decided to proceed with their building project next spring. The house will be built on the outskirts of Toronto, will cost approximately \$4,500, excluding land and architect's fee.

For the exterior walls, asbestos shingles have been utilized, while for the roof asphalt shingles are employed. Floors throughout are birch; insulation is fibreboard plaster base, and a hot water heating system has been specified.

The design that satisfies this young couple's needs is a five-room cottage type—a story and a half in height. Space is very strictly budgeted, halls upstairs and down kept to a minimum, permitting more cubic footage to the various rooms. Two bedrooms, a bath and good clothes cupboards are provided on the second floor.

The living room is large enough to accommodate a small dining group if so desired. The dining room can become a third bedroom at some future date, though the owners plan to use it as a study for the present. Note provision of a closet off dining room. The kitchen, in addition to being well supplied with cupboards and working surfaces, is of sufficient size to take a breakfast table and chairs.

A full basement is provided, the space divided between laundry, furnace room, a storage room for fruit, and a hobby or recreation room. The foundation is of concrete blocks, waterproofed on the outside.

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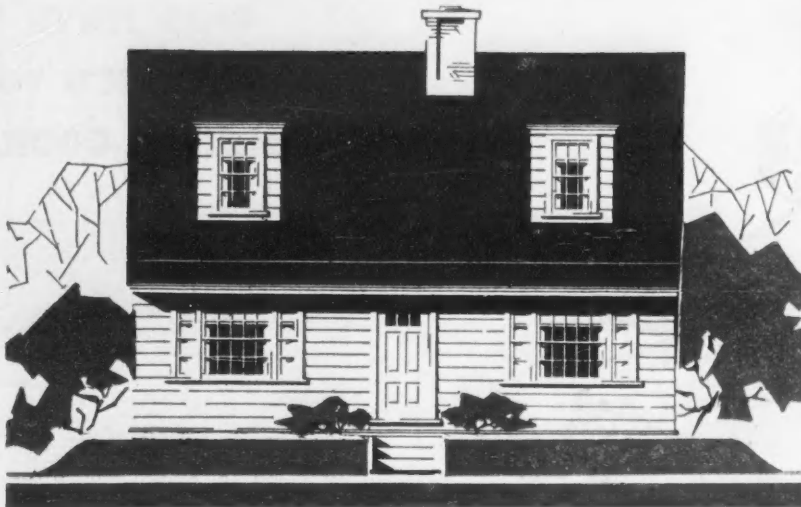
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CANADA

Building Next Year?

Time to start planning now — and studying the financing benefits available to small home builders through Canada's new housing legislation



By **DAVID SCARTH**

MANY FAMILIES are hoping to get ahead with their long-deferred home building project next year. The winter pause affords an excellent opportunity to round out complete plans. Architect's drawings can be proceeded with, a contractor selected so that materials and equipment can be ordered in good time. While controls have recently been removed from some items, deliveries may continue to be slow.

To finance the construction, you'll probably want to take advantage of the facilities offered by Canada's new housing legislation. Passed at the last session of Parliament, the National Housing Act 1944 extends and broadens the scope of the National Housing Act 1938. Attacking the housing problem on a variety of fronts, provision is not only made for construction of houses for owner-occupancy, sale or rent, but for low-rental housing, slum clearance, home improvement, home extension, housing research, community planning, and rural housing. Part 1, which deals with home building for owner-occupancy or sale, will be the first to come into effect.

Financing under the previous Act required a down payment amounting to at least 10% of the lending value of the property where the lending value did not exceed \$2,500, and a minimum of 20% where the lending value exceeded this figure. In 1942 the 10% requirement was extended to properties having a lending value of \$3,200 or less, and \$3,200 was established as the maximum loan available. The new Act requires a down payment of 5% on the first \$2,000 of lending value, 15% on the second \$2,000 of lending value, and 30% on all lending value over \$4,000. The maximum loan available has not yet been set.

COMPARISON: NATIONAL HOUSING ACTS OF 1938 AND 1944 DOWN PAYMENT REQUIRED

Lending Value of Property:	\$2,500	\$3,000	\$3,500	\$4,000	\$5,000	\$6,000
National Housing Act 1938	250	600	700	800	1,000	1,200
National Housing Act 1938, as modified 1942	250	300	455	800
National Housing Act 1944	175	250	325	400	700	1,000

*Lending value is defined as either the total cost or appraised value of land and building, whichever is the smaller.

The down payment may be in the form of land or cash, or both. The lower the lending value the smaller the down

payment required. Mortgage transactions continue to be handled through approved lending institutions such as insurance firms and trust companies. As before, there must be strict adherence to National Housing Act standards of construction.

In pre-war days the usual Housing Act mortgage was amortized over a period of 20 years at 5% interest. Monthly payments of interest and principal amounted to \$6.54 for every \$1,000 borrowed. Under the 1944 Act, monthly payments on a 20-year mortgage bearing 4½% interest come to \$6.28 per \$1,000 of loan. As well, the new Act offers a choice of amortization schemes, including the popular 5/15 year plan which permits higher repayments during the early years when maintenance costs are low, then reduced payments for the remainder of the period.

While lending value is defined as either the total cost or the appraised value of land and building, whichever is the smaller, it should be noted that under present conditions there may be considerable difference between the cost, as estimated by your architect or contractor, and the appraised value established by the lending institution or the National Housing Administration. If, in your case, the lending value is judged to be less than the estimated cost, you must make up the balance in addition to your down payment. Though this requires additional saving in the beginning, a smaller loan will result in lower monthly payments.

To the monthly payment must be added 1/12 of the normal annual taxes on a \$6,000 property in your community. As a rough guide, it is generally taken for granted that 2% of the total value of the property will cover the yearly cost of taxes and fire insurance. Provision must also be made, of course,

for expenses such as repairs and maintenance, fuel and water. Don't start construction before your application for

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"It would have been for Yvonne, the
kid for whom it was meant. She's our
sergeant's kid. Thirteen years old. He
was killed in Normandy. We made her
our mascot and wrote letters to cheer
her up. Now she's dying in a hospital.
What did you send her? If you can
remember."

Yvonne Delys. The girl with the
exotic name. "I sent her the pink
orchids, Simon—I suppose those were
for your mother—and the note like a
poem, 'Life has need of the lovely, so
live, my dear, for every year you grow
lovelier.'" She hoped he did not notice
the stilled sob in her voice.

Simon was silent, his stern lips
pressed together, looking into the flames.
"You have a good memory for some
things," he said after an aching pause in
which time seemed suspended.

Pauli dared to be honest. "I thought
it was so beautiful. I did not know you
could write such a thing."

"I didn't. That was for Rita. Her
husband asked me to send it with
flowers every year till she took the
advice and married again. To him she
was the perfect woman. He adored her."

"Oh!" said Pauli again, thinking a
hundred things at once and not able to
say one of them.

"There is one bright spot so far in an
otherwise gloomy outlook. Miss Thomas
called up in a delirium of happiness
because I remembered her with grati-
tude. She says it makes this her
happiest Christmas."

"Didn't you mean that note for her,
Simon?"

"I did not. That was for my mother.
She had to struggle with my youthful
devilishness because my father left her.
I owe her everything."

Pauli remembered the warmth of her
feeling to him when she read that note
and thought he was being generous to a
lone old woman. She hardened against
him.

"What did you write for old Miss
Thomas?"

"What does it matter?" he said
carelessly. "Something about the
prickly plant reminding me of her, so I
guessed she'd like to have it."

It was almost a satisfaction to tell
Simon that both cactus and greeting
had gone to his Aunt Millie. Now he
knew exactly what had become of every-
thing. He stood up and he looked down
at her with a strangely searching
expression.

"If you think I care about Aunt
Millie's money, you're wrong. She's
tough and I'll die before she will. But I
do care about hurting her feelings. She's
a battle-axe outside, but underneath
she's as kind as anybody."

"Miss Thomas has feelings too,
Simon, and she's in a vulnerable
position."

"That wasn't such a good idea," he
admitted. "I guess that's all there is to
be said. I'm worried about my mother
and I'd better go now."

Pauli went with him to the front door.
The snow was quite thick in the road
and she saw his car wheels had the
chains on. She watched him drive off.
He smiled and raised his hand in a
dogskin glove. It was only politeness,
but it reminded her of what life could
be when two are in love with each other.
Of what Christmas could mean to people
who had fun and parties and love at
Christmas. Grandpa was putting fresh
logs on the fire when she went back to
the sitting room. He tilted her chin up,
"Why so sad, child? Did he take a little
mistake so seriously?"

"It wasn't a little mistake, Gramp. I
thoroughly mixed up everything. I was

HOW ABOUT A LITTLE
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AT HOME!



Of course nobody really ob-
jects to the niggling little
troubles we've had to put up
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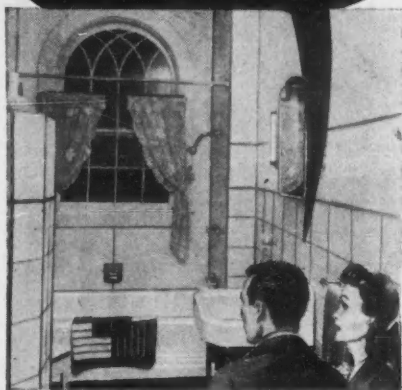


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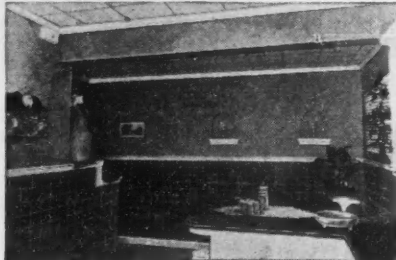


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War Veterans, Female

Continued from page 61

"I knew you would! Good for you!"

Upon all this will depend whether or not the women of the armed forces become a constructive, vital force in the future of Canada, or an embittered, disillusioned minority.

Officers who have watched girls fresh out of school, often from homes where the better advantages were not afforded, are concerned as the girls unfold and expand in the influence of new intellectual and artistic fields. The two or more thousand Canadian uniformed girls in Britain have had the London Symphony along with their buzz bombs, the great art galleries as well as the blackouts. Everywhere in Canada and Newfoundland they have been taking classes in art, music and literature appreciation, French, German, Spanish, interior decorating, current events and other such subjects, along with beekeeping, poultry farming, etc.

"Did you notice how efficiently that little corporal answered the phone when you called, and how businesslike she was in looking after you?" boasted one officer to me recently. I did. "Well," she went on, "when she came here she had never talked on a telephone and was frightened of one. And I could tell you hundreds of cases . . ." then she paused. "I hope when they go home their parents will understand, and not

get the feeling that because they have learned so much, 'army life has spoiled them.' That's one of my biggest worries . . . and one of theirs."

Perhaps this is just another step forward in the growing realization that girls, as well as boys, must grow up and become people, and not remain appendages to their parents' households, as one girl suggested hopefully.

YES, THESE CWAC's and WREN's and WD's may be coming home still your "baby." But they're adults. Don't mistake it. They're the finest group of trained female adults this country has ever had the privilege of receiving into its rank and file.

Forty thousand may not seem like a lot of women in a population of 13 millions, half of them females.

But maybe you remember that little group of long ago who were called suffragettes? There weren't many of them—not one in 500 of the female population. But everything the Canadian woman has and is today, in privilege and citizenship, owes something to their influence on thought and progressive action.

The Canadian women in service are not feminists. They are very feminine. They are also exceedingly aware of being citizens of a country with a future.

Keep your eye on them and you'll know a lot more about what Canada is going to be, tomorrow. ♦

Flowers for Christmas

Continued from page 52

After that the afternoon and the evening were a nightmare of telephone calls and last-minute customers remembering with flowers the friends they had up till then forgotten. It was midnight when Grandpa drove the empty van to the old brick house among the glasshouses of Garland's nursery gardens.

"Sleep late," he said, bringing her hot milk. "I've never seen you look so exhausted."

Pauli said, "Yes, I will," but she knew she wouldn't. I won't sleep at all, she thought, and if I do the bells will wake me because it's Christmas. But she slept deep and long because the worried old man had dissolved in her milk two of his own sleeping tablets.

When she woke he was standing at the end of her bed looking at her, and the room was dark with the huge snowflakes that were driving against her window. For a moment she felt a childish thrill—snow on Christmas Day. Then she remembered there was nothing to be joyous about and not since her childhood had the two remaining Garlands been happy at Christmas.

"So it's morning," she sighed, struggling up from unnaturally heavy sleep.

"It's afternoon," said Grandpa, who never mentioned Christmas, "and I wouldn't wake you, but young Steede is downstairs. It's the third time he's called. Seems you've tangled up something with his flowers and he's inconsolable. At least he says he's got to see you to get things straightened out a bit."

Rita! Pauli felt an electric quiver of fright. But I didn't do it, she remembered, and how can she mind those divine red flowers—gladioli, carnations, roses? "All right, Gramp. I'll dress in two shakes. Go tell him I'm coming."

HE WAS waiting for her by the apple log fire in her own charming sitting room,

just as she had so often pictured him, but when he turned round the picture faded. He looked stern and perplexed.

"What possessed you, Pauli, to send Yvonne's violets to my mother?"

"Why, Simon"—she was equally perplexed—"wasn't that right?"

"It was not. Didn't I tell you she used to get them every Christmas? Well, my father sent them to remind her that a bunch of violets was all he could afford to buy when they were first married. Further, you put Aunt Millie's note in with them—'To my first sweetheart.'"

"Simon, I'm sorry. It was the rush—no help—we never had such a Christmas—is it terrible?"

"Yes, it's terrible." His voice was sadder than his face. "Everybody knows my parents are separated, but they don't know why. Mother was spoiled. She wanted to take a big allowance from her father. She sent my dad away in a terrible temper. She still loves him. He never came back."

"Oh!" said Pauli faintly.

"She's in tears, locked in her room. My first Christmas Day at home in four years. You can imagine how I feel."

Pauli's legs felt weak and she sat down. Simon sat down at the other side of the fire. Not easily, but on the edge of the chair, leaning forward, tense, hands on knees, looking into her face.

"One mistake I could understand, but all of them! Rita is furious. And hurt. What has she ever done to you that you would want to insult her?"

"Insult her? Don't tell me she took the best roses we ever had in the shop as an insult!"

"It was the message: 'Our pin-up girl with love from the boys.' She thought I was getting at her somehow for her popularity, the gossip about her in this narrow-minded town. But you were. Now confess it!"

"I wasn't Simon, honest, I wasn't. I thought that was for her. I thought it was an honor."



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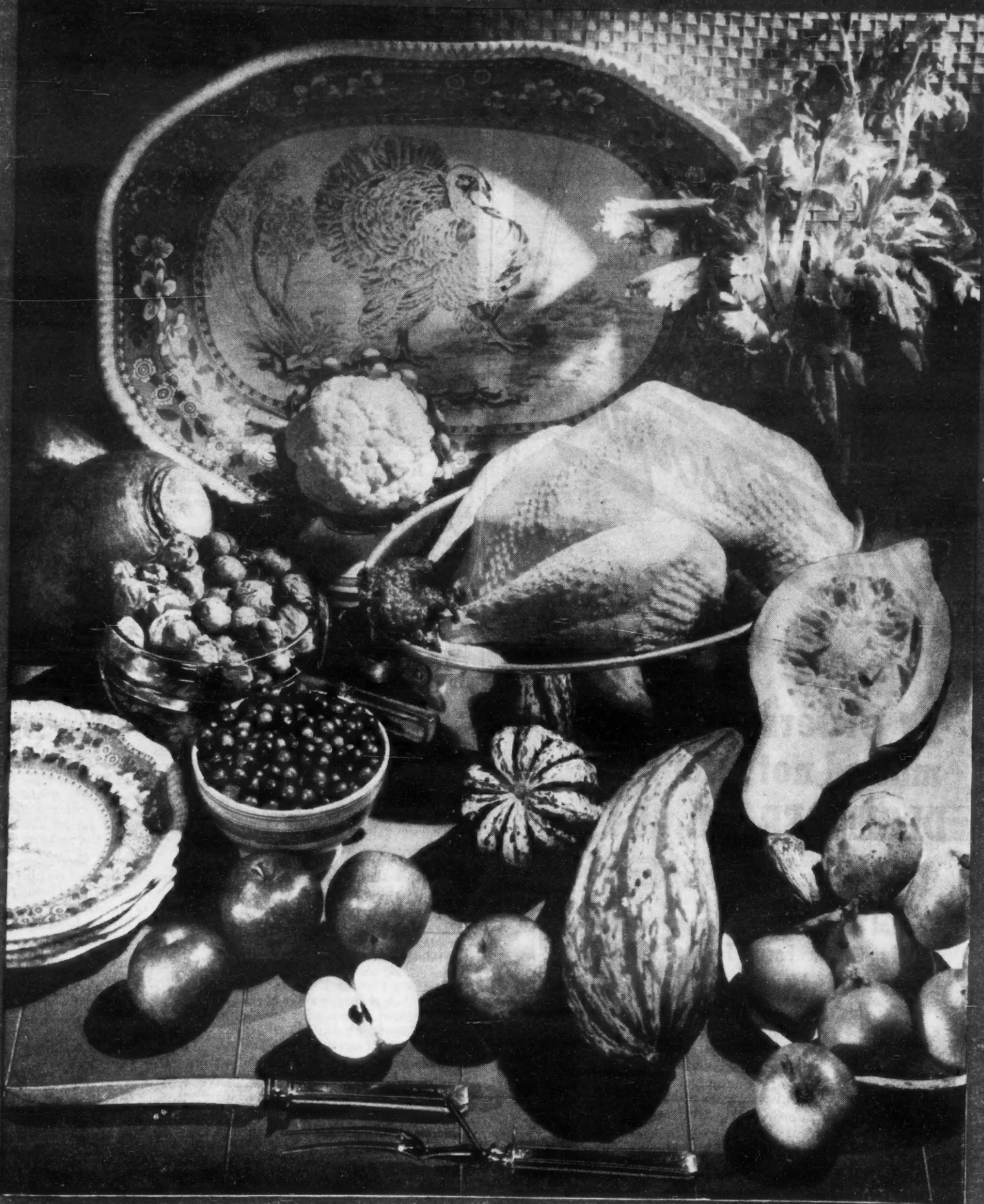
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so tired. And I'm not sad. I'm still tired—I could have slept till New Year if you'd left me."

Grandpa repeated the hot milk and sleeping tablet therapy. He also repeated his personal call the following morning. With the announcement that again young Steede was waiting downstairs for her.

PAULI SHOOK herself awake. "Nothing more could have gone very wrong," she said.

Grandpa smiled, a real smile that reached his eyes the way that happy people smile at Christmas. He and young Steede had had a long session discussing the strange changes brought about by Pauli as a *floral deus ex machina*.

"Something has gone very right. Simon had amazing news from the hospital. It seems the little girl who got the orchids was so enthralled by her first orchids and their accompanying note that she took a turn for the better and the doctor says she will hold her own. Because she's made up her mind to live to see what a girl's fun is all about, and that's the darned powerfulllest medicine."

Pauli came absolutely wide awake. "Oh, thank you, God!" she said, feeling light as if a heavy load had rolled away from her.

"Put on the blue dress," said Grandpa, "the one I like with the frilly white collar."

Pauli heard their voices and the clink of glasses downstairs while she dressed. Outside the sun was shining on the snow and her room quivered with pure white light—a day altogether different from yesterday. She ran downstairs instead of walking.

"Oh, Simon, I'm so glad to hear about Yvonne."

Grandpa drained his glass of port and went away. Simon raised his and said, "To little Scatterbrain, accidental fairy godmother."

Now he was changed again and it was like old times to feel at ease with him. She said, "Simon, I wouldn't dare apologize to your mother, but I'd be glad to explain to your Aunt Millie."

"That would spoil your work," he said. "Aunt Millie has congratulated me on my honesty. The message made her laugh and she was delighted with the cactus. She added she did not know I was intelligent enough to find one."

"So you came to forgive me," she said, thinking a piece of bread is better than nothing.

"I came to ask you if there was anything I could do to make your Christmas as happy as you made mine. You see, Pauli, the best isn't told. Mother realized yesterday what a fool she was to stand on pride. She telegraphed my father to come home. He's on his way. I'm happy to have my dad back, but it's nothing to the happiness I feel in the happiness of my mother."

"That's enough to make me happy, too, Simon."

"No," he insisted, "something for yourself."

"Something for myself?" She said it as if she were thinking aloud. "I will have to think about it, Simon."

She went to the window to look out over the snow and there was his car standing with the chains on the wheels, the old car he had taken her out in four ages ago. If she could be honest she could tell him that he alone had the power to give her happiness by giving back himself. Because I know he once loved me, she thought. But the war

✦ Continued on page 87



SO THE RECIPE CALLS FOR SOUR MILK?

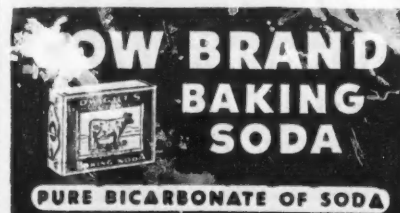
Make it in a minute

Never pass up delicious recipes for hot biscuits, gingerbread, chocolate cake because you haven't any sour milk or buttermilk. Make some.

Do this . . .

Place 1 tablespoon of vinegar or lemon juice in a standard measuring cup. Fill to the 1 cup mark with sweet milk. Proportionate amounts for less. The resulting liquid is equal to natural sour milk or buttermilk when it is best for baking.

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The Morning After



by Gertrude Crawford

China, courtesy Copeland & Duncan Ltd.
Dresses, doll and egg server
courtesy Robt. Simpson Co. Ltd.

Bang! Down to Earth!

Oh, but the morning after can be one awful letdown! It's a tough combination . . . too much turkey and all of its aromatic accompaniments . . . too many sweets . . . too little sleep . . . and the house which yesterday was all a-quiver with Christmas vibrations, looking rather slaphappy with its gala day adornments a bit askew!

Ready for Action

Being a good organizer with everything running like clockwork, you're feeling quite happy about it all—even with a party under way.

That was certainly a good thought of yours, inviting your friends to bring their guests to meet your guests at 11 sharp for Brunch (BR for breakfast, UNCH for lunch!) Such a friendly and casual way of handling one part of your Christmas entertaining in an over-crowded week when everybody's dated up days ahead. In this way you get together with friends whom otherwise you might not see during the holiday week, and it's sure-cure for that sensation of Christmas anticlimax.

A Lift and a Lilt

First comes the table. Give it a lift and a lilt with holly or poinsettia and evergreen, and carry out the color-do with harmonizing linen and china.

Remembering that brunch must take the place of two meals, prepare plenty of substantial food. By this time everybody's starving, and most of them won't be eating again until dinner tonight. So if it's pancakes, make dozens of them . . . if it's toast, you'll need stacks of it. . . and the coffee demand will be tremendous, so make scads of it.

Brunch follows the pattern for breakfast, but picks sound and wholesome ideas from lunch. Its starting point is fruit: halved grapefruit (centres filled with sugared cranberries) . . . orange sections and tiny bunches of grapes . . . cranberry and orange juice . . . plum and apple juice, or plain apple . . . tomato juice for those who prefer it.

On a side table or tea wagon have an assorted, ready-to-eat cereal line-up. Or

Appetizing introduction to the after-Christmas Brunch—grapefruit baskets bedecked with holly. For the main course, hot sausage cobbler or eggs in shell, or both!

lots of people love a bowl of hot porridge with brown sugar.

Your main dish will be chosen according to the number of guests. Waffles or French toast with sausages and maple syrup are tops for a handful of people. But if you're feeding a crowd, broilers, frying pans or double boilers make for easier handling of a quantity of food. *Broiler dishes:* liver and bacon . . . bacon and tomato slices . . . bacon and mushrooms . . . sausages. *Frying pan:* scrambled eggs with sausages . . . omelet variations (chipped bacon, mushroom, cranberry or minced ham filling). *Double boiler dishes:* creamed food for brunch has a high popularity rating (easy to keep hot for smooth serving) . . . sliced, hard-boiled eggs, creamed with a whisper of onion and a light dusting of paprika for color . . . creamed mushrooms sprigged with parsley . . . creamed chipped beef . . . creamed codfish . . . creamed turkey, if you're interested in using up the remains of the lordly fowl.

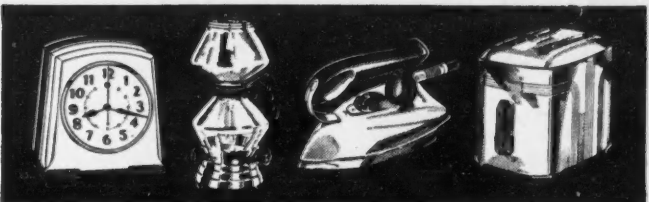
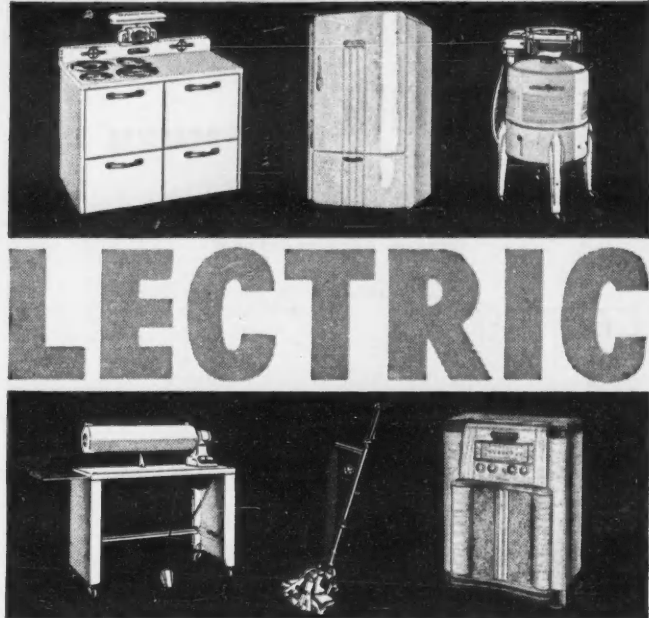
If you're lucky enough to have some treasures tucked away in your fruit cellar, now's the time to bring them out . . . the jam you made from sweet wild northern strawberries . . . blueberry conserve . . . green grape and mint jelly . . . your special cherry, gooseberry or quince jelly.

Looking for ideas? Here's help for you. Round out the menus with coffee, cocoa or your favorite breakfast drinkable.

- Cranberry Grapefruit Cup
(See recipe on page 83)
- Kidney Grill
(Kidney, Bacon—Mushrooms, if you're feeling luxurious)
- Toast Marmalade or Jam
- Sliced Oranges
(Serve in a ring-around on individual plates)
- Buckwheat Pancakes (make stacks) with Bacon or Sausage
Maple Syrup

◆ Continued on page 79

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Victory Recipe

CRANBERRY CUPCAKES

- 1 cupful cranberries cleaned and washed
- 1/2 cupful of sugar
- 4 teaspoons of baking powder
- 3/4 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg slightly beaten
- 3 tablespoons melted butter
- 2 cupfuls of flour
- 1 cupful milk

Chop the prepared cranberries and sprinkle with half of the sugar. Sift the remaining sugar, flour, baking powder and salt together. Combine the egg, milk and melted butter and add to the dry ingredients, stirring only until the dry ingredients are nicely coated. Fold in the cranberries. Put into greased muffin tins and bake in a hot oven—425° F.—for about 25 minutes. Yield—12 medium-sized muffins. Serve hot with fresh or stewed fruit or use with a sauce as a dessert.



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(2) Your total order may not contain more than TEN subscriptions of any one magazine.

(3) Special Gift Offers expire December 5, 1944, orders postmarked after this date will be returned.



The Night Before



by Evelyn Kelly

Everybody's Catching It

A delightfully contagious thing's going around right now—the good old Christmas spirit! Some people catch it early in December . . . many light it off till the last minute . . . but by Christmas Eve everybody's got it! Because this night it's everywhere . . . across neighborly fences . . . from the pulpits . . . over the radio . . . filling our homes with gaiety and good cheer.

All Through the House

This is the night for family gatherings, when the whole kit and caboodle celebrate—Grandma and Grandpa, all smiles; sons and daughters in the services, home on 48's; the young fry back from college, night-shift workers off duty until after the holiday, visiting relatives, young folks in the armed forces whose homes are many miles away, aunts and uncles and cousins galore, and children all over the place. So in the midst of our busy lives this Christmas, 1944, we prepare for tomorrow in the good old way.

Dressing Up the House

Festooning the house is serious business for everyone! There are Christmas wreaths to be hung at the windows . . . sparkling tinsel to be looped here and there . . . big scarlet apples, rubbed and shiny as a Christmas ball, to be piled high in their glistening silver bowls . . . great red and green candles to be set in safe and strategic positions . . . mistletoe to hang high for serving its time-honored purpose.

Filling the Stockings

Last little ceremony before tucking the early-to-beds away is hanging up the stockings for Santa Claus. String your own up along with the children's . . . grownups and growing-ups, everybody's stocking up . . . all across the mantel.

Canadians

After the fuss is cleared away you'll all be settling down to just visiting and enjoying yourselves. Laughter and happy voices fill the house . . . so long since you've all been together . . . so much to talk about!

An absorbed group around the fireplace concentrates on roasting

It's an old Canadian custom, toasting marshmallows and popping corn at the open fire. Munching apples, sipping cider and singing carols — it's Christmas Eve!

chestnuts, toasting marshmallows or popping corn.

Somebody's at the piano—snowflakes are swirling against the windows and it's time to sing carols.

Friends are dropping in—a good old Canadian Yuletide custom—and there's that usual banter and noise when good friends get together for the express purpose of wishing each other a happy Christmas. Merrymaking is in full swing, and fancies young and old will be turning to thoughts of food and drink. You can keep it simple, or go all out for the usual Christmas foods . . . a "pass-around" snack or a buffet supper . . . an "all-in-one" hand-out or a central depot where you make your own sandwiches and help yourself to the accompaniments. Pick and choose from these menus, or get an idea here and there from them and make up your own.

Savory Shortcakes

(use creamed chipped beef between and on top of hot split baking powder biscuits or hot corn bread squares)

Apple Cottage Cheese Coleslaw
Gherkins

Christmas Cake or Cookies
Cheese Relish Potato Chips
Toast Shells with Creamed Mushroom Filling
Crisp Biscuits
Celery Curls Carrot Fingers
Doughnuts and Coffee

Individual Meat Pies
Chili Sauce
Crisp Relishes or Green Salad
Fruit Bran Loaf Walnuts

Onion or Radish Soup
Crisp Biscuits or Melba Toast
Mince Pielets
Coffee or other beverage

Toasted or Make-your-own Sandwiches
Jelly Roll Relishes Apple Cider

Cream of Radish Soup

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
1½ Cupfuls of thinly sliced radishes
½ Teaspoonful of salt

◆ Continued on page 86

NOW IN THE NEW
Easy-pour
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E.D. SMITH'S
pure tomato
KETCHUP



Chilled Apple Juice
Cereal with Cream
Cranberry Omelet
(French style or Foamy Omelet wrapped around fresh stewed cranberries)
Bran Muffins

Spiced Cranberry Juice
(cranberries cooked in water to cover, drained, sweetened and spiced to taste)
Sausage Cobbler with or without Milk Gravy

Toast Currant Jelly

Baked Apple with Cream
Cereal

Scrambled Eggs with Chipped Beef
(heat the diced meat in a little dripping—add to the egg scramble)

Popovers Jam

Sausage Cobbler

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Pounds of sausage
- 2 Cupfuls of flour
- 3½ Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 5½ Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- ¾ Cupful of milk
- 2 to 3 Medium apples

Partially cook the sausages in a frying pan. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening with two knives, then add the milk, mixing just enough to moisten the dry ingredients. Roll ⅜ inch thick and spread in a shallow baking dish about 9 inches square. Peel the apples and cut in thin wedge-shaped pieces. Place the sausages in an even row on top of the dough and press the apple slices between the sausages. Or roll the dough to fit a deep 9-inch pie plate and radiate the sausage and apples from the centre—sunburst effect. Brush the apples with sausage fat and bake in a hot oven—400 deg. Fahr.—for 30 to 35 minutes or until the crust is brown and the apples tender. Six servings.

Kidney Grill

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 10 Pork or 20 lambs' kidneys
- ½ Cupful of French dressing
- 20 Strips of bacon
- 10 Large mushroom caps
- Cooking oil

Wash and split the kidneys in half lengthwise, remove the tubes and fat. Cover with cold salted water and let stand 30 minutes. Drain and dry thoroughly, then dip in French dressing. Brush mushroom caps with oil and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Lay the prepared kidneys, the prepared mushrooms (cap side up) and the bacon strips on a well-greased broiler and broil for 5 minutes. Then turn the kidneys and bacon to brown both sides, and continue broiling another 5 minutes. Arrange on a serving platter with the kidneys in the centre ringed by the mushrooms and topped with the crisp bacon strips.

Popovers

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Cupfuls of sifted flour
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1¾ Cupfuls of milk
- 3 Eggs, beaten
- ¾ Tablespoonful of melted shortening

Grease muffin tins and place them in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—to heat. Sift the flour and salt together, add milk gradually; then add the beaten egg and melted shortening and beat with a Dover beater for two minutes. Pour the batter into the hot greased muffin tins and bake in a very hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—for 20 minutes. Reduce heat to 350 deg. Fahr. and continue baking 15 to 20 minutes or until the popovers are firm and crisp on the outside. Twelve large popovers. ♦

We Need all 3

(Both Mom and Me)

For Growth, Strength and Energy!



Look How Quaker Oats Leads All Natural Cereals In 3 Great Basic Vitality Elements!



TO HELP STAMINA! Do you know real, natural oatmeal is best cereal in the basic normal-growth and stamina element, Protein? Hot or cold, wheat, corn or rice, real oatmeal beats them all!



TO HELP GROWING! Besides being best in Protein, real oatmeal leads all natural cereals in Vitamin B₁. Children need this vitamin for growth, and everyone must have "anti-fatigue" Vitamin B₁ for true vitality!



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There's nothing like natural oatmeal. Mothers, fathers—for your energy and for youngsters' growth... serve natural, delicious whole-grain Quaker Oats daily. Quick Quaker Oats cooks fast as coffee.

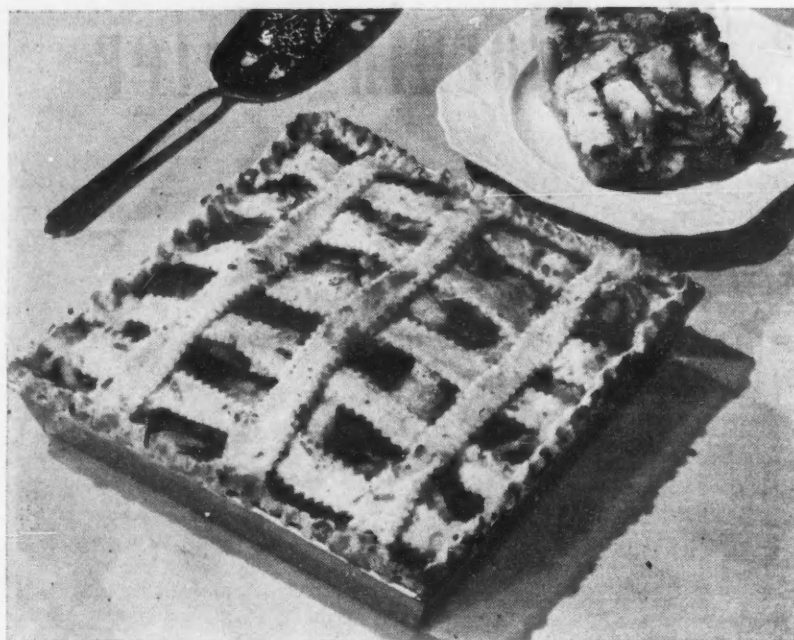
Delicious! Whole Grain
QUAKER OATS

The Quaker Oats Company of Canada Limited



Meals of the Month

DECEMBER



Vegetable pie with bran pastry lattice top. You could use the same attractive topping on a fruit or meat pie.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
FRI 1	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Clam Chowder Head Lettuce French Dressing Applesauce Ginger Cookies Tea Cocoa	Steamed Cod with Parsley Sauce Potatoes Scalloped Tomatoes Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
SAT 2	Stewed Prunes Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Tomato Juice French Toast and Bacon Syrup Waldorf Salad Tea Cocoa	Browned Hamburger with Gravy on Toast Points Mashed Potatoes Spinach Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce Tea
SUN 3	(Sunday) Chilled Apple Juice Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Chicken Noodle Soup Biscuits Beet and Potato Salad Egg Garnish Fruit Cup Tea Iced Cake Cocoa	Beefsteak and Kidney Pie Mashed Squash Green Beans Vanilla Ice Cream Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
MON 4	Grapefruit Cereal with Raisins Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce Bran Muffins Prunes (from Saturday) Tea Cocoa	Hot Veal Loaf Baked Potatoes Onion Casserole Turnip Apple Crisp Coffee Tea
TUE 5	Tomato Juice Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Cocoa	Cold Veal Loaf Potato Chips Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Hot Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Oxtail Soup Scalloped Potatoes with Cheese Brussels Sprouts Beets Cranberry Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea
WED 6	Grapefruit Juice Bread and Milk Corn Muffins Coffee Jelly Tea	Grilled Sardines on Toast with Lemon Apple and Celery Salad Hot Brown Rolls Tea Cocoa	Rolls Stuffed Lamb Shoulder Browned Potatoes Carrots Baked Rice Custard Coffee Tea
THU 7	Orange Halves Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Honey Tea	Frankfurters with Mustard Baked Sweet Potatoes Canned Plums Wafers Tea Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Cold Lamb Shoulder Hashed Brown Potatoes Cabbage Chocolate Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
FRI 8	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea	Baked Stuffed Onions Tomato Sauce Individual Rennet Custards Tea Cocoa	Breaded Oven-cooked Fillets of Haddock Parsley Potatoes Grated Raw Vegetable Salad Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
SAT 9	Stewed Figs Creamed Leftover Fish on Toast Coffee Tea	Bean Soup Tossed Green Salad Molded Fruits in Jelly Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Bacon and Kidneys Fried Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Hot Baked Apples Cream Coffee Tea
SUN 10	(Sunday) Cranberry Juice Buckwheat Pancakes Tiny Sausages Coffee Syrup Tea	Ramekins of Eggs and Peas Celery and Carrot Fingers Stewed Figs from Saturday Oatmeal Cookies Queen's Cup	Roast of Beef Yorkshire Pudding Browned Potatoes Mashed Turnip Deep Apple Pie Coffee Cheese Tea
MON 11	Half Grapefruit Cereal Brown Toast Coffee Conserves Tea	Fish Loaf Parsley Sauce Raw Vegetable Salad Jam Tarts Tea Cocoa	Tomato Soup Cold Roast Beef Lyonnaise Potatoes Fruited Bread Pudding Apple Cranberry Punch
TUE 12	Raw Apple Cereal Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Casserole of Rice and Leftover Beef Catsup Head Lettuce Sliced Oranges Tea Cocoa	Oven-cooked Pork Chops Baked Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Raw Cranberry Shortcake Coffee Tea
WED 13	Cereal with Fruit Scopes Coffee Jelly Tea	Onion Soup Bologna Applesauce Tea Coleslaw Gingersnaps Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Liver and Fried Onions Creamed Potatoes Carrots Prune Whip Coffee Tea
THU 14	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Bacon Hashed Brown Potatoes Pickles Blancmange Fruit Sauce Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew with Dumplings Parsnips Spinach Steamed Apple Pudding with Cream Coffee Tea
FRI 15	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cream of Asparagus Soup Molded Vegetable Salad Hot Biscuits Tea Syrup Cocoa	Casserole of Pilchard and Hard-cooked Egg Browned Potato Cakes Mixed Greens Blancmange with Canned Peaches Coffee Tea
SAT 16	Applesauce Cereal Toasted Biscuits Conserves Coffee Tea	Baked Beans Mixed Green Salad Hard Brown Rolls Canned or Stewed Fruit Tea Cocoa	Tomato Bisque Hot Baked Cottage Roll Sweet Potatoes Sauerkraut Grapefruit and Orange Cup Coffee Tea
SUN 17	(Sunday) Tomato Juice Grilled Smoked Kippers Brown Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cold Sliced Cottage Roll Mustard Pickle Potato and Carrot Salad Baked Apples with Mincemeat Stuffing Tea Cocoa	Ruby Cocktail Grilled Steak Mashed Potatoes Harvard Beets Spanish Cream Coffee Tea
MON 18	Half Grapefruit Cereal French Toast Coffee Syrup Tea	Casserole of Scalloped Onions with Diced Cottage Roll Canned Pear and Jelly Salad Tea Cocoa	Omelet with Savory Tomato Sauce Fried Potatoes Cottage Pudding Fruit Sauce Peas Tea

16th—Tomato Bisque—Canned tomato soup mixed with an equal quantity of whole or skimmed milk.
22nd—Jellied Cranberry Salad—Lemon jelly powder prepared as directed, with additions of chopped raw cranberries, celery and diced leftover vegetables.
24th—Potato Pancakes—Pancake batter without sugar but with the addition of grated raw potato.
10th, 11th, 17th—Ruby Cocktail, Queens Cup, Apple Cranberry Punch—see recipes on page 84.

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
TUE 19	Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Grilled Kidneys on Toast Trifle (use leftover cottage pudding) Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Pot Roast of Beef Mashed Potatoes Ice Cream Squash Coffee Tea
WED 20	Sliced Oranges Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Fillet of Haddock Cooked in Milk Buttered Noodles Stewed Prunes (cook enough for Thursday) Tea Cocoa	Hot Roast Beef Sandwich with Gravy and Onions Hashed Brown Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Pumpkin Pie Coffee Tea
THU 21	Stewed Prunes Cereal Bacon Coffee Toast Tea	Tomato Cocktail Shepherd's Pie Fruit Jelly Tea Custard Sauce Cocoa	Shoulder Lamb Chops Boiled Potatoes Creamed Celery and Carrots Raspberry Roly-poly Coffee Tea
FRI 22	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cheese Fondue Lettuce French Dressing Stewed Apples Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Fish and Potato Chowder Jellied Cranberry Salad Steamed Chocolate Pudding Foamy Sauce Coffee Tea
SAT 23	Cereal Bran Muffins Honey Coffee Tea	Sausages Sweet Potatoes Grapefruit Salad Cake Tea Cocoa	Veal Birds Scalloped Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Baked Indian Pudding Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
SUN 24	(Sunday) Grape Juice with Lemon Cereal Potato Pancakes Coffee Sausage Tea	Casserole of Macaroni and Chipped Beef Celery Curls Carrot Strips Ice Cream Cake Tea Cocoa	Stewed Spareribs with Dumplings Savory Lima Beans Spinach Baked Apples with Mincemeat Stuffing Coffee Tea
MON 25	(Christmas Day) Grapefruit Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Tea	Oyster Stew Crackers Tomato Jelly Salad Fresh Fruit Christmas Cake Tea Cocoa	Apple Juice Cocktail Chicken Cranberry Stuffing Mashed Potatoes Beans Glazed Parsnips Carrot Pudding Sauce Coffee Tea
TUE 26	Cereal with Chopped Figs Toast Coffee Conserves Cocoa	Rice and Leftover Chicken Molds Mushroom Soup Sauce Sliced Oranges Bran Loaf Tea Cocoa	Vegetable Pie with Bran Pastry Lattice Top Bacon Curls Stewed Tomatoes Caramel Rennet Custard Coffee Tea
WED 27	Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Sausages Creamed Onions Canned Peaches Bran Loaf (from Tuesday) Tea Cocoa	Noodle Soup Boiled Tongue with Cranberries Mashed Potatoes Diced Turnip Fruit in Lemon Jelly Coffee Tea
THU 28	Raw Cranberry Sauce Cereal Fish Cakes Coffee Toast Tea	Scalloped Corn Oat Muffins Apple and Cottage Cheese Salad Tea Cocoa	Tomato Appetizer Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Cabbage Floating Island Coffee Tea
FRI 29	Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Pea Soup Toasted Sardine Sandwiches Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Grilled Ciscos Pan-fried Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Gingerbread Lemon Sauce Coffee Tea
SAT 30	Half Grapefruit Soft-cooked Eggs Brown Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Corned Beef Hash Chili Sauce Custard Sauce Apple Snow Tea Cocoa	Pork and Parsnip Stew Buttered Rice Beans Apple Upside-down Cake Sparkling Fruit Punch
SUN 31	(Sunday) Apple Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Tomato Soup Vegetable Salad Molds with Hard-cooked Egg Cup Cakes Hot Chocolate Sauce Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill of Lamb Chops, Sausage and Kidney Mashed Potatoes Broccoli Cranberry Shortcakes Coffee Tea



Photograph, courtesy Can. Westinghouse Ltd.

The Order of the Bath

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Collecting—Everybody can lend a hand by gathering their soiled clothes together and bringing them to the sorting depot. If there isn't a laundry chute in the house it's a good idea to have a laundry bag in each bedroom, and make the occupant responsible for delivery. Save steps by organizing your own pickup of general household linen.

Sorting—You won't need to bend down, sister—at least not more than benefits your figure—if you do your sorting on a table or wide shelf hung at a comfortable height. Spread newspapers on the floor to prevent picking up more grime and soil. Sort according to fabric, color and soil:

White cottons and linens.

Colored cottons and linens—light; dark; colors that are not tubfast.

Fabrics requiring special care—rayons, woollens, silk.

Subdivide each group, separate slightly soiled from very soiled, put aside stained pieces for treatment before they go into the tub. Examine for rips and loose buttons. Remove unwashable buttons, buckles, and sharp ornaments. Close slide fasteners and empty pockets.

Mending—One stitch before the washing saves at least nine afterward.

Removing Stains—See the article, "On the Spot," in November Chatelaine for step-by-step procedure.

Soaking—Soaking in cool to lukewarm soft or softened water is good preliminary treatment for white cottons and linens. It loosens soil, shortens washing time, and gives the suds a better chance to do their work of cleansing. But a short soak is better than a long one; 10 to 15 minutes does the trick.

Brush extra soiled parts—collars, cuffs, etc.—with soapsuds, roll up in neat bundles and immerse. Or you may give these white washables a light sudsy soak. Fast-colored cottons and linens may also get a tepid dip, but colors that are apt to run should never be soaked. Neither should rayon, silk or wool.

Washing—In order to have hot rich suds waiting to receive your first load of lightly soiled white linens and cottons begin by putting clear water—around 130 to 150 deg. Fahr.—in the tub, then start the machine and add enough soap to make a 2 to 3 inch standing froth.

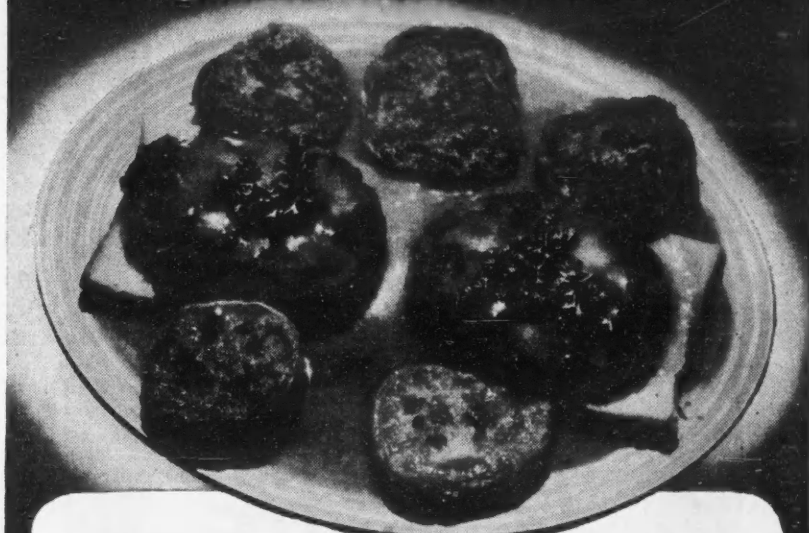
When you are sure that all the soap is dissolved, add the clothes a few at a time, according to the capacity of your washer; it's important not to overload it as that not only puts unnecessary strain on the motor but prevents the clothes from moving freely about and giving the suds a chance to do its best work of cleansing.

How long to wash? Depends on the degree of soil; 5 minutes is ample for lightly soiled, 8 to 10 for moderately soiled, and 15 minutes for overalls and other work clothes or heavily soiled garments. Don't get the idea that because a short time is good a longer would be better, for prolonged washing is apt to drive the dirt back into the fabric and defeat the purpose of washday.

Between loads, if the water is still fairly clean and can be used again, draw off part of it and add the same quantity of fresh hot water with enough more soap to produce rich, billowy suds. But as dirty water cannot clean clothes, change it as soon as it becomes badly soiled. For best results wash white, light-hued and dark-colored clothes separately, beginning with the lightly soiled and leading up to the quite dirty ones. Use hot suds for white linens and cottons—around 130 to 150 deg. Fahr.—in the machine or, if washing by hand, as hot as bearable. For tubfast colored pieces have the water rather more than lukewarm, but not hot. Loose colors should go—by themselves—into cool suds and be given a short gentle wash, then two or three quick rinses in water of the same temperature. Squeeze, pat in a towel, unroll, immediately dry in the shade.

Special handling is necessary for fine fabrics—silk, rayons, woollens. They

More 'oomph' for old favourites



Burgers 'n' gravy

Never this much rich brown gravy when you make meat patties? Here's the answer. You supply the meat and let Oxo supply the gravy... a special Oxo gravy which you can make anytime and quickly turn a dry meal into an appetizing and juicy one. And when you're not serving meat Oxo gravy is delicious on mashed potatoes or other vegetables. Why not make a double quantity of Oxo gravy and keep some on hand for that vegetable dinner tomorrow?

Try these New Flavour Tricks

Scalloped vegetables add OXO

Serving four. Add 1 teas. Fluid Oxo or 1 Oxo cube dissolved in hot milk.

For sandwiches

To egg or cheese mixtures add Oxo. A little Oxo in the fillings is delicious.

To Macaroni and Spaghetti dishes add OXO

It gives a richness and pep you won't forget.

Recipe for OXO GRAVY

- 4 tablespoons dripping (from the roast if possible)
- 1 small onion, finely chopped
- 6 tablespoons flour
- 2 OXO Cubes or 2 teaspoons Fluid OXO
- 2 cups boiling water
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1/8 teaspoon pepper

Melt dripping and cook onion in it until tender; add flour and brown richly, stirring constantly. Mix OXO and boiling water—stir until OXO is dissolved, if in cube form. Add hot liquid very slowly to browned mixture, stirring until blended; add salt and pepper and cook, stirring constantly, until gravy is smoothly thickened.

Oxo is real magic for the woman who knows all the ways it will serve her. Figure it out. Oxo is the goodness of prime beef... concentrated... ready to use in cube or fluid form, whichever you prefer.

As a beverage Oxo is warming and delicious. As a soup Oxo is ready when the kettle boils.

As a cooking aid Oxo means real beef goodness and extra flavour for many old favourites and new dishes.



OXO



SHORTY KNOCKS THE GALS FOR A LOOP WITH HIS MARMALADE SANDWICHES



● THERE ARE ways, and ways to acquire popularity—but Shorty the idol of Dept. G69 has really got the "femmes" atwitter. And it's no wonder! People just naturally know a good thing when they taste it, and Shirriff's Marmalade with its tiny sugar-mellowed orange slices is a good thing. If you want to invest those two Preserve Coupons in some downright eating enjoyment, take home a big family size jar of

SHIRRIFF'S MARMALADE

Made by the makers of Shirriff's LUSHUS and Shirriff's NEW DESSERTS

Christmas ★ ★ Tea Party



THE TIME is Christmas or any afternoon during the holiday week. Brother and sister give a tea party for their own special friends from the Junior High, and it's all very grown-up and oh, so formal, when the young fry entertain. Eats are simple but plentiful—hot tea from the best china, an edible Christmas wreath full of fruits and nuts, with ice cream and cookies to follow.

Christmas Wreath

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Make a rich biscuit dough and roll into an oblong sheet about one quarter of an inch thick. Spread with 1 or 2 tablespoonfuls of softened, but not melted, butter and sprinkle with the following mixture:

- ½ Cupful of brown sugar
- ¼ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- ¼ Cupful each of chopped nuts, mixed peel and candied or drained maraschino cherries

Press the fruit lightly into the dough and roll up like a jelly roll. Place on a cookie sheet, trim the ends and join to form a ring, moistening the ends and pinching well together. At intervals of an inch or so cut with the scissors from the outside to within ½ inch of the centre. Turn each section slightly to one side. Bake at 375 to 400 deg. Fahr. for 25 to 30 minutes. Serve warm.

Mince-meat Fills

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- ½ Cupful of lard or shortening
- ½ Cupful of brown sugar
- ¼ Cupful of water
- 1¼ Cupfuls of rolled oats
- 1¼ Cupfuls of all-purpose flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of soda
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1½ Cupfuls of mince-meat

Cream the lard and sugar together. Add the water and rolled oats. Mix well. Sift the flour, measure and sift again with the soda and salt. Combine with the first mixture. Divide the dough in half. Spread on the bottom of a cake pan about ¾ inch thick. Spread with mince-meat. Cover the top with the remaining dough. Bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 3 minutes. Cool. Cut in pieces 1 x 2 inches. Makes 2½ doz. ♦



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TWIN BAKER SEAL
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WHEN YOU BUY—
DONUTS

It guarantees a wholesome, nourishing cake donut that's taste-perfect, because it marks only donuts made according to a scientifically controlled tested quality formula. Look for it.

GOOD NUTRITION Plus EATING PLEASURE

KEEP A PERMANENT RECORD OF YOUR BABY'S GROWTH



BY MEREDITH MOULTON
REDHEAD, PH.B.
Baby Counsellor
of Heinz Home Institute

● A steady, regular gain in height and weight is an excellent sign that your baby is thriving. So it is wise to check these things at regular intervals—write down the dates and measurements—before you forget them . . . To help your baby grow, be sure to provide food of tempting flavour and real nutritive value. You can rely implicitly on Heinz Baby Foods. They are prepared with scientific skill and home-like care. Also they're backed by Heinz famous 75-year-old tradition of quality and good cooking.

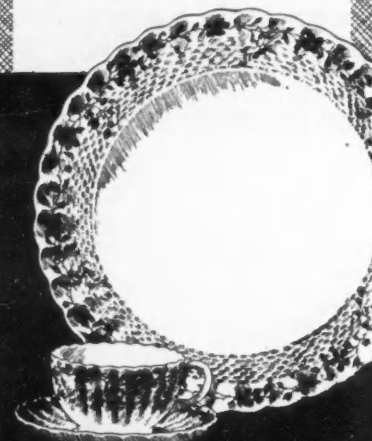


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HEINZ BABY FOODS

57

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Christmas Cranberries

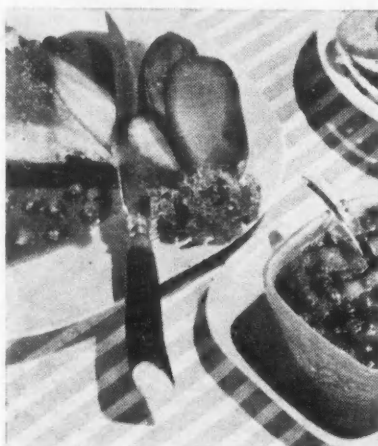
by JANE MONTEITH

CRISP CRIMSON cranberries are traditional "musts" in the Christmas menus. Crammed full of tart rich-in-vitamin juice they fit into almost any meal and provide a lively accompaniment to the combination. They're the berries to pep up a dish, and if you're looking for new ways to serve them, here are a few ideas for you.

Cranberry Shortcakes

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of fresh cranberries
- 2 Cupfuls of chopped tart apple
- 1 Orange
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of corn syrup
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 6 Hot baking powder biscuits



Hot boiled tongue garnished with rosy spiced cranberries—grand for dinner!

- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of orange juice
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 3 Grapefruits
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful small green or Malaga grapes (halved and seeded)

Wash the cranberries and cook in water till the berries are soft. Press through a sieve, add the sugar and fruit juices. Chill. Arrange the grapefruit sections, freed of rind and membrane, and the grapes in sherbet glasses. Pour cranberry juice (diluted with a little water if desired) over the fruit and chill again. Extra sugar may be dusted over the fruit if desired. Good morning pick-up or dinner first course.

Cranberry Stuffing

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of chopped fresh cranberries
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of chopped celery
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 4 Cupfuls of stale bread crumbs
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of sweet marjoram
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt

Combine the cranberries and the sugar. Cook the celery and parsley in the butter for two minutes; combine with the bread crumbs, seasonings and sugared cranberries. Blend well. Grand with chicken, pork tenderloin or spare-ribs.



Below: Split hot biscuits with an apple-orange - cranberry combination between.



Cranberry Vegetable Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Package of lemon jelly powder
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- 1 Cupful of cold water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- $\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of cooked peas
- $\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of cooked carrots, cut in strips, or grated raw carrots
- $\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of celery, diced
- $\frac{3}{8}$ Cupful of raw cranberries, chopped

Dissolve the jelly powder in the boiling water, add the cold water and salt and set in a cool place. When it begins to thicken, put into a mold with alternate layers of vegetables and cranberries. Chill until firm. Unmold and serve on salad greens. Six to eight servings. Colorful as a Christmas tree and delicious. +

Cranberry-Grapefruit Cup

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- $\frac{1}{2}$ Pound of cranberries
- 1 Pint of water
- $\frac{1}{2}$ - $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of sugar

It's the day before Christmas



1 It's the day before Christmas
And all through the shops,
Poppa is running
With starts and with stops.



2 What to give Momma?
What to give sister?
What to give grandma?
(It bothers the mister!)



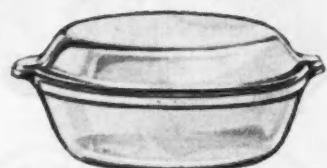
3 When just as he's ready
To give up in despair,
What does he see
But a sign "PYREX WARE"!



4 He knows that his wife
And his Aunt and his Cousin
Could use one or two,
Or maybe a dozen.



5 So he takes off his hat,
Throws it high in the air,
And solves his gift problems
With smart PYREX WARE!



POPPA LOVE MOMMA? This Pyrex Double-Duty Casserole has a dozen different uses. The cover is an extra pie plate! Four handy sizes—96-oz., 64-oz., 48-oz., and 32-oz.



GLAMOUR GIFT! This gleaming Pyrex Cake Dish is just right for baking chops, layer cakes, and desserts. Bakes food as much as one-third faster. A pair makes a lovely gift.



SHE'LL BE PROUD of her pies in this smart, transparent Pyrex Pie Plate! Sticky foods wash off its smooth sides like magic. Three sizes—8½, 9½ and 10½ inches in diameter.

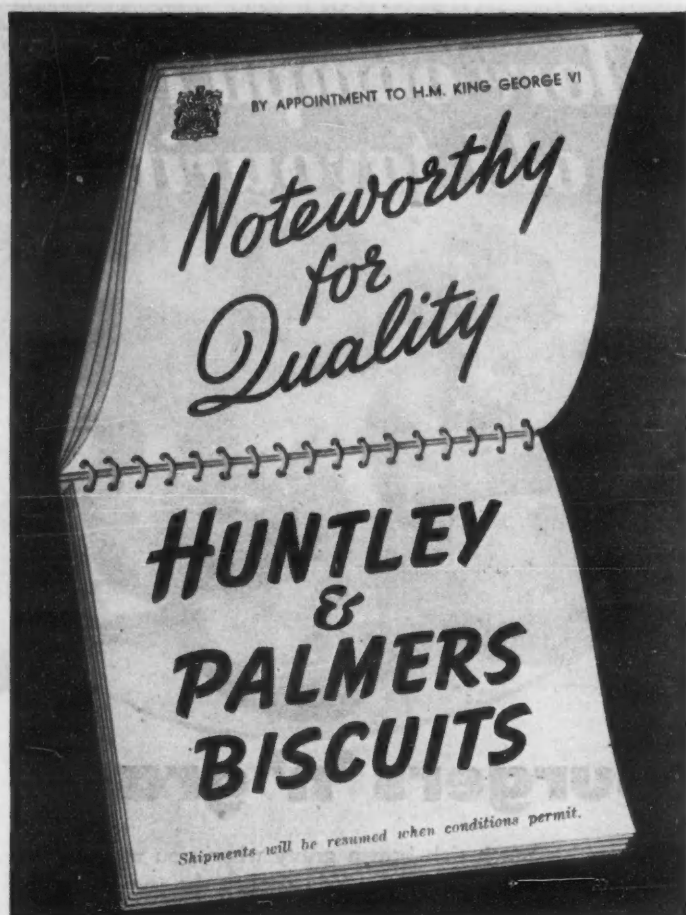


APPLE-OF-HER-EYE! This Pyrex Utility Dish goes from the oven to the table to the refrigerator with the greatest of ease. Cooks small roasts, hot breads, rolls, biscuits, desserts.

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Name
 Address

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need cool suds made with mild soap, and gentle treatment in the tub. Don't soak and don't rub or twist them, but squeeze the suds through the fabric. Or if washing them in the machine, run it for only two to three minutes.

Rinsing—Rinsing is quite as important as any other part of the laundry routine. It's better to have the first rinse softened, if necessary, and about the same temperature as the wash water. Follow by a cooler rinse, and if you can, give your clothes a third dip in plenty of clear water.

Some women like to use first a light soapy rinse, then a rinse in clear lukewarm water, finally one in cool. Fine fabrics need three rinses in cool-to-lukewarm water.

If rinsing is done in the washer, let the machine run for about three minutes. Wring out the clothes between each rinsing, and remove from the tub before the water is drained off; otherwise soil and scum will settle on them.

Bluing—Bluing, properly used, helps to keep white clothes a good color. Add it sparingly, according to the manufacturer's directions, to the last rinse. See that it is well blended, then shake out the clothes, and dip a few at a time, keeping the water in motion.

Wringing—Even the way you wring your clothes is important. Silk, wool and rayon should never be twisted, but squeezed, then rolled in a towel to absorb moisture. Some machines are equipped with a spinner arrangement which spin-dries several pieces at a time.

If you are using a wringer, flatten and straighten each piece and fold buttons and buckles in before feeding them through the rollers. Adjust the tension to the fabric or the size and weight of the articles; for cottons, heavy pressure; for silk, wool and synthetic materials, light to medium.

Starching—A dip in light starch solution is beneficial to many pieces in the weekly wash—children's dresses, aprons, glass curtains, collars and cuffs, boys' blouses, men's shirts and so on. The time to do this is when the clothes are damp after the last rinse and wringing. Follow directions on the package for making, cover closely (unless used right away), then dilute according to the fabric and the finish desired. Use a hot starch solution for white clothes, but have it merely warm for colored ones. Immerse each piece and take pains to get the starch evenly distributed through the fabric. Wring out well and hang out at once.

Hanging—Drying has its fine points, simple as it may sound. The first tip is to arrange your clothes in the basket with some sequence and order. Do this as they come through the wringer to save re-sorting. The regular wash—table and bed linen, towels, many garments—hang out-of-doors if you have a back yard where they can get good fresh air, and if the weather is fine. See that the line is clean and adjusted to the proper height, then give white clothes a place in the sun, but keep colored ones on the shady side. Shake out before hanging, to reduce wrinkles. Avoid stretching and undue wear and tear by pegging in proper position—towels and the closed ends of pillow cases folded over the line, not fastened at the corners, shirts hanging by the tails, shorts by the waistband, socks and cotton stockings by the toes, dresses from the hems or dried on hangers, sheets folded, hems together, right side up and the hemmed edges overlapping the line by a foot or so. Don't peg rayons and wool, but hang with the weight evenly distributed. Dry knitted goods flat patted out to shape. +



Try New, Improved Ovaltine

If your child lacks a zest for food, it may be that his diet is short in very important food elements which, science has discovered, everyone needs for health. His growth may be stunted or impaired and he may be an easy victim to prevailing sickness.

As a "protecting" food-drink, New, Improved Ovaltine adds to a child's meals the essential food elements most likely to be deficient in his diet.

Three servings of New, Improved Ovaltine furnish a child with a significant portion of his daily requirement of Vitamins A, B₁, and D, and the minerals Calcium, Phosphorus and Iron—also quick food-energy elements and high quality proteins—all for building sturdy bodies.

So—if your child eats poorly, is thin or under par, why not start giving him New, Improved Ovaltine regularly? Get Ovaltine at your drug or food store.

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Please send me a sample of New, Improved Ovaltine and informative pamphlet on its nutritional values. (One sample offer to a person).

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NEW, IMPROVED
OVALTINE

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Training Your Child

By DR. WILLIAM E. BLATZ

Director, Institute of Child Study, University of Toronto.



Should I Explain Santa Claus to My Child?

IT IS not difficult to find a pertinent topic for this season of the year. Should one teach one's children about Santa Claus? Should one go through the motions of Santa climbing down the chimney and placing the toys and good things in the stockings hung up in the hope that Santa will come?

From time to time an ardent purist declares that Santa Claus is a humbug; Christmas is a commercialized holiday; children are being deceived only to be disillusioned; Santa Claus is an example of hysterical mass wishful thinking, etc. All such misanthropes should read or reread "A Christmas Carol," with all its sentiment, mysticism, pathos and escape from reality, and if not even one spark glows through their cynicism, they are pretty hopeless.

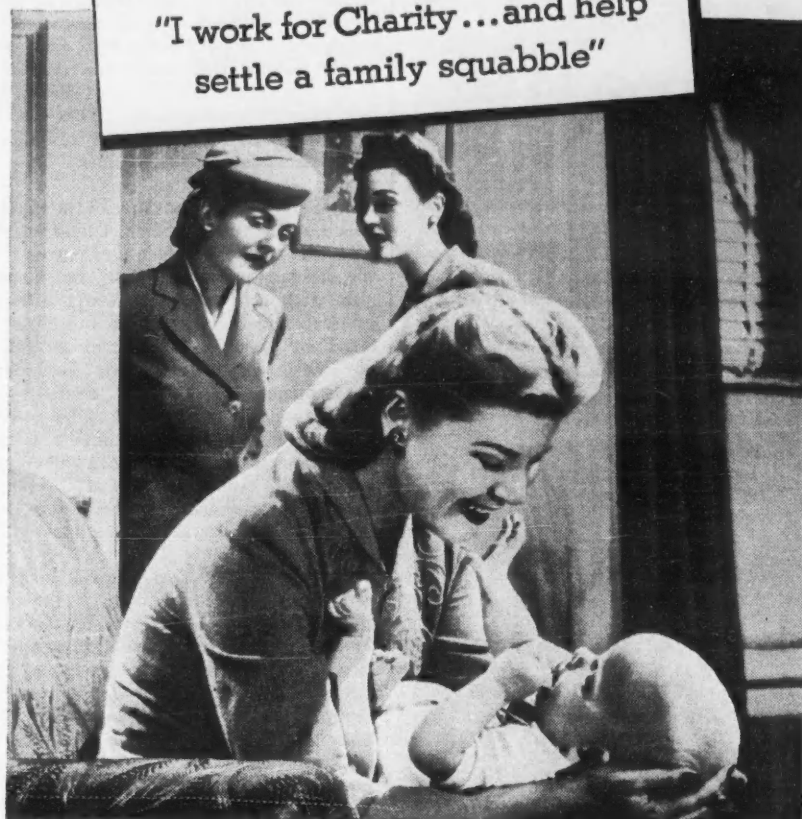
The first question to answer is, "Is the Santa myth harmful to children?" which suggests the further question, "Is any myth harmful to anyone?" The answer lies in the development of the individual. If through experience the myth is discovered to be an illusion and, in fact, a myth, surely no harm has been done. Unless, of course, the myth has been propagated by someone to influence another or others for an ulterior purpose resulting in some advantage to the propagator. We are living at the present

time in a world wherein myths are flying back and forth, political myths, national myths, international myths, ideological myths, and innumerable others. Fortunately is that person who can severely reserve judgment until experience justifies an opinion one way or the other. The harm that is done consists in the acceptance of a myth after it has been proved untenable by cold experience. Such an attitude is wishful thinking indeed.

To return to Santa Claus. First, what other modern myth strikes across so many lines of prejudice? The poor, the rich, the orthodox and unorthodox, the liberal, the conservative, the city dweller, the farmer, the capitalist and the laborer, the devout and the wayward, all unite in this one magnificent deception. For one day in the year the illusion of good fellowship and giving prevails throughout the land. A conspiracy toward the deliberate inculcation of a super hoax occupies the attention of all who hold childhood dear.

Second, in most myths there is a villain or a tragedy lurking in the background, or all too obviously in the foreground. For example, the myth of Little Red Ridinghood, the Sleeping Beauty, Arabian Nights, or, to cite a more sophisticated example, Icarus and his

"I work for Charity...and help settle a family squabble"



FOR SEVERAL YEARS, I've been making all the calls I can for our annual Community Chest drive. I cover our whole block, which is a pretty big job, what with running a family. But I know the need is great, and I'm certainly glad to do it.



LAST SATURDAY I visited a new family on the street... a young mother, with a cute baby girl. Her husband's in the service, so her sister is living with her. When I happened in that day, both sisters seemed upset. And I found out why.



I WAS ADMIRING the child, when her mother said, "Joan, my sister, thinks I'm spoiling her—because I have so many special things for her... even a special laxative. But a child's system needs special care. So I give her Castoria."



"I HATE to break in on a family tiff," I said, "but I give my child Castoria, too, because it's made especially for children. It's never harsh or griping, as an adult laxative might be—but always mild, gentle, and effective."



I STOPPED in this week to pick up their contribution. And I was surprised to see Joan, the sister, giving the baby Castoria. (Naturally, the child loves it.) Joan smiled and said, "Guess you and my sister have the right idea, after all."



As the medical profession knows, the chief ingredient in Castoria—senna—has an excellent reputation in medical literature. Research has proved that senna works mostly in the lower bowel, so it rarely disturbs the appetite or digestion. In regulated doses, senna produces easy elimination and almost never gripes or irritates.

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"Isn't it time for my NUTRIM?"

Babies like Nutriment for one simple reason—it tastes so good! And this special formula cereal—recommended for baby's first solid food up to age of 3—helps baby grow sturdy and strong!

You see, Nutriment provides balanced nourishment for thriving growth and sound bone development—and supplies 5 needed vitamins, A, B1, D*, Niacin and Riboflavin, plus 3 important minerals, calcium, phosphorus and iron. Nutriment is ready to serve—requires no cooking. At grocers, chain stores, druggists.

*No other baby cereal supplies Vitamin D.



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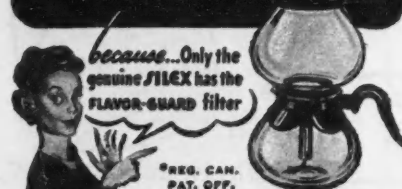
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A Toast to Christmas



by JANE MONTEITH

LET THE flavor of your holiday beverage match the tingle in the air and reflect the glitter of the season. Give it the tang of fruit, the chill of ice and the sparkle of sparkling water. Or ladle the traditional eggnog from a huge bowl, pour a chocolate smoothie from an outsize jug, or pass fat mugs of amber cider—plain or spiced. Then raise your glasses... drink a toast to Christmas!

RECIPES—each 12 servings.

Queen's Cup—Mix 3 cupfuls of grapefruit juice with 1½ cupfuls of orange juice, ¾ cupful of lemon juice and sweeten to taste with sugar syrup. Add sparkling water if desired, to give a zip. Pour over red ice cubes flavored, if desired, with a drop of wintergreen. Or drop a cranberry juice ice cube into the glass.

Apple Cranberry Punch—Pour 2 cupfuls of cranberry juice, 6 cupfuls of apple juice and enough sugar syrup to sweeten into your glass punch bowl. Be liberal with ice cubes; at the last moment add sparkling water. Then ladle out the bubbling rosy punch. Perfect accompaniment for Christmas cake, or your favorite little confections.

Apple-Orange Julep—Partially fill tall glasses with a mixture of 2 cupfuls of apple juice, 4 cupfuls of orange juice, ½ cupful of lemon juice and sugar syrup to taste. Add ice cubes and fill with water, plain or sparkling. Stir. Finally, place a thin slice of orange on the rim of the glass and drop in a red cherry. Or set the cherry on the end of a long glass pick and let your guests do their own stirring.

Ruby Sparkle—Equal parts of grapefruit juice and cranberry juice, sweetened with sugar syrup. Serve icy cold and bubbling with sparkling water. A dash of spearmint or a little spice gives this sparkle an interesting fillip.

Coffee Eggnog—The Christmas eggnog must be cold but should never know the touch of ice; let all the ingredients be thoroughly chilled before mixing.

Beat the yolks of 6 eggs until light and fluffy; add 6 cupfuls of rich milk—or half thin cream and half milk to make a real smoothie—1½ cupfuls of very strong sweetened coffee and a little vanilla. Stir in the beaten egg whites and pour the foaming mixture into a punch bowl or individual glasses. Serve immediately with a little nutmeg dusted over the top.

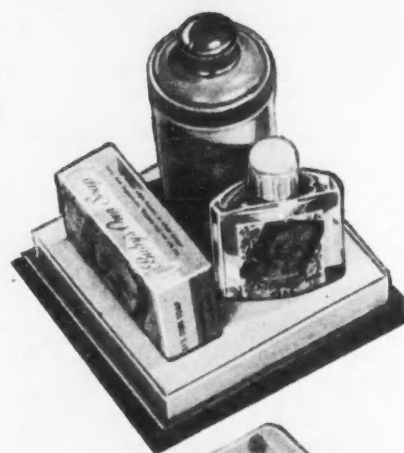
Hot Spiced Apple Juice—Tie 1 teaspoonful of whole cloves and 4 tablespoonfuls of stick cinnamon pieces in a small cheesecloth bag. Let the spices simmer slowly in 8 cupfuls of heated apple juice for 5 to 10 minutes. It's fun to keep a steaming pitcher of the brew in a corner of the fireplace for callers who drop in on a crisp Christmas Eve.

Chocolate Cola—Combine chocolate syrup and milk (2 tablespoonfuls of chocolate syrup to each cupful of milk) and gradually add an equal amount of "coke." This is right on the beam for teen-agers, served with Christmas cookies or cake.

Grape-Grapefruit Cordial—Blend equal quantities of grape and grapefruit juice. Sweeten to taste. Pour over ice cubes, add sparkling water if desired. Especially nice with Christmas cake in the late afternoons of the "twelve days of Christmas."

Fruit Juice Fizz—Any leftover fruit juice (from a fruit salad or cup) with a touch of lemon juice to add zest, and a dash of sparkling water to give an added "nip." Serve icy cold. Minted green ice cubes dress up peach, pear or green gage fizzes. +

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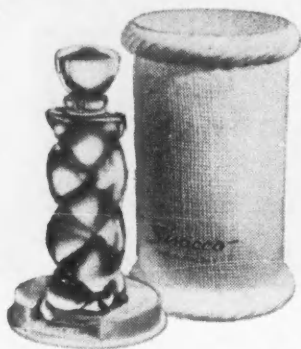
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Lesson in Love

Continued from page 65

Where was Jill?

As he turned to search for her, she was beside him. She eased a cold hand into his fist and turned up to him grey eyes round with something unreadable.

"Come on," he said, taking her roughly by the arm, "I'm getting you out of here."

She came without a protest. Meekly she let him lift her into his car. Not until he'd climbed in beside her, slammed the door, and was sitting there, trying to squeeze his heart down to a size that would let him breathe, did she speak. Then she said, "Mr. Twin-

ing . . ."

"Al!" he barked.

HE NEVER knew how it happened. But when she said, "Al . . ." when he saw her bright red lips open to speak, and then remain open while she drew in a quivering breath, he completely forgot his role of male governess. In one swift lunge he took her in his arms and kissed her. It was 40 seconds before he realized that Jill was returning that kiss—with conviction.

The instant he understood this, he loosened her arms from round his neck, sat back and blinked and told himself, with satisfaction, "Well, I kissed her, anyway." Then he leaned over and snapped on the ignition.

"You're . . . taking me . . . home?"

"And high time."

"Then . . . the evening is . . . finished?"

"More than just the evening," he said. And it was a pleasure to step down hard on the gas.

Flowers for Christmas

Continued from page 74

that has been fought for freedom has not brought such freedom as that. Of course women could and did say without invitation what was in their hearts, but it was a tremendous gamble. They didn't always win the stake of a life's happiness.

She could feel him behind her waiting for her to speak, and it seemed the atmosphere of the room was charged with the tension of awareness of unspoken things. She decided to be reckless.

"One thing I'd ask from you," she said. "The truth. We were good friends before you went away. You used to write to me as"—she hesitated, discarding too strong a word—"as man to man. Then you changed. You became a stranger. It hurt me, Simon. It would hurt me less if I knew the reason—whatever it was."

"That's a hard thing to tell," he said, "and best forgotten now."

But she had to know. "A girl in England?"

"What do you mean, Al?"

It was suddenly difficult to get his voice working, because she slid over in the seat, and was pressed warmly against his arm. "I mean . . . you've completed your extracurricular course. It's time you stopped fooling around. It's time you got to work on that novel."

"But I don't want to write a novel . . . Al."

"You don't *what*?" he shouted, narrowly missing the ditch.

"What woman," she asked gently, "wants to write about life . . . if she can live it?"

Something cold slid down Al's spine. He remembered the conviction in that kiss. Had he turned this innocent child into an emotional experimental station? He stopped the car and turned to face her. He didn't have to use tact. She was honest. She knew how to answer bluntness.

"Just what do you mean by that, Jilancy?"

"But . . . Al . . ." she said. "You kissed me. That sort of kiss, in almost any country, is invariably followed by a proposal of marriage."

"Marriage!" Pin-wheels burst in his brain.

"Is it so appalling . . . the thought of marriage . . . with me?"

"But, Jill! I'm . . . only . . ." he floundered. Then, shocked into soberness, he demanded, "What would your mother think of that?"

"Mother and I have discussed the possibility," she told him. "We are agreed that it would be an eminently suitable union."

"You are a shameless hussy," he told her lovingly.

"Even my governesses," she said, "understood that a woman must be, in these matters." ♦

"No, Pauli. The first German I killed with my bare hands in the dark. I felt dirty. I knew it was my job—the Commandos was my own choice—but I moved into that compartment and shut the door on the other. You remember what I said about that?"

"I remember." It was good that it was not another girl, but it would be awful if Simon had shut the door so tight on his real self that he could never get back. Slow quiet tears began to slip down her face. Simon saw her brush them away with the back of her hand. He came and put his arm about her young slim waist.

"I had a crazy reason for not tying you up before I went away. I loved you all right. But I thought I was one of the doomed. I was certain I'd never come back. But you froze me Christmas Eve when I came to make a present of myself right there in the shop."

Pauli cried out, "How cruel! I had a right to that time all the more if you thought it was going to be so little—"

He turned her round and she saw in his eyes the old familiar light. There was nothing more to be said. No words are marvellous enough for lovers in their first moments in each other's arms. ♦



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should live in
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ARE YOU willing to take time and thought enough, and make a small contribution, in order to help fight the 6,000 deaths and thousands more broken homes in Canada that result every year from the dread disease of tuberculosis?

"Give Unto Others" and help protect your own street and family by buying Canadian Tuberculosis Christmas seals now. This dread disease can be eradicated. Add your Christmas contribution.

Original Campana's Italian Balm



RICH... CONCENTRATED

You'll hear it in every province in Canada, that there's no other lotion quite so effective as Campana's Italian Balm, especially during chapped-skin weather. This original Balm, is rich and concentrated: A drop or two is sufficient for both hands. Let it give your hands—all winter long—its famous, protecting care. Then, in spite of wind, weather, water and work, your hands will be smooth, soft and lovely.

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Campana's Italian Balm can be bought at all cosmetic counters in one handy size at 35c.

Two Balms by Campana

CAMPANA'S ITALIAN BALM
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unfortunate flight. In the myth of Santa Claus we have no villain, just one member of the cast. There is one central figure, then, full of joviality, geniality, incredible industry and efficiency. So many chimney pots in the land and one person to visit them all! How does he do it? How indeed? BUT, and there is a but, as in all questions, the Santa Claus myth has been debased and he is blamed for the behavior of his detractors.

FIRST, THERE is nothing in the myth which suggests that Santa Claus visits only the "good" children and passes by the stockings of the "bad" boys and girls with cold neglect. Santa is not interested in behavior, he is only interested in children. Parents, as self-appointed deputies of His Gracious Benevolence, should not demand a *quid pro quo*. "You'd better be good, otherwise Santa won't come" is a perversion of the myth. Santa will come and usually does in spite of all forebodings. Santa should not be made the scapegoat for parental disciplinary inefficiency.

Second, there should be no deliberate attempt to perpetuate the myth beyond the period of childhood naïveté. When, in the course of time, the child discovers that his idea of Santa Claus was indeed infantile and moves into more mature realms of reality, be honest with him. If your child of six, seven or eight (depending largely on his credulity) comes to you and tearfully asks, "Is there really a Santa Claus?" you must decide whether he wants confirmation or elucidation. Your answer must be the essence of Solomonic judgment. Ofttimes your child is anxious to assure you that there is a Santa Claus. Ofttimes there is the suggestion that if he expresses disbelief he may not benefit by the next visitation. At any rate, disillusionment will come and the child has to "take it" in the same spirit which he takes the subsequent disillusionments which are the corollary of growing up.

Third, there are many definitions of

adulthood. In this connection an adult is one who has been disillusioned. One's role as an adult, then, is to join the conspiracy by which one has oneself been deceived, a conspiracy directed toward childhood, not toward adults, and obviously nothing can be more childish or unseemly than a disillusioned adult trying to behave like a child. In this connection one also deplores a continuation of the exchange of gifts among adults. Santa Claus has no use for adults. He, too, has been disillusioned. Remnants of the Santa Claus myth persisting into maturity cause more heartburnings among adults at Christmas than the end warrants. One has heard of a society which deserves our wholehearted support, "The Spugs" (Society for Prevention of Useless Giving).

Fourth, and leading directly from the previous "but," one deplores the commercialization of Santa Claus, but we are afraid that very little can be done about this, as one would immediately enter into a discussion of economic cycles. One can only suggest that for very young, undisillusioned children a visit to a commercial Santa Claus may be frightening and confusing. If the sophisticates take pleasure from the more or less artistic panoramas at Christmas time, then perhaps they fulfill a purpose. But exploitation of young children is never warranted.

One must then come to the conclusion that the Santa Claus myth for young children can help to add something to the spice of life and that whatever harm may be ascribed to the experience of believing may be accounted for by the behavior of adults and the ulterior motives which adults attempt to fulfill through the credulity of children. One hopes that the time will never come when for one day a year, at least, a home would not feel honored and happy to welcome benevolence, unselfishness and good will as a guest. And so to all young children one can affirm that there is a Santa Claus and to all adults, "If you know of a better myth, go to it."+

The Night Before

Continued from page 76

- 2½ Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 4½ Cupfuls of milk
- ½ Teaspoonful of grated onion
- Salt, pepper

Melt the butter in the top part of a double boiler placed over direct heat. Add the radishes, saving some for garnish, and the half teaspoonful of salt. Cover and cook over low heat until the radishes are tender, but not mushy. Place over hot water. Add the flour, mixing lightly, then add the milk gradually, and cook, stirring constantly, until smooth and thickened. Add the onion, salt and pepper to taste. Serve piping hot with slices of raw radish floating on the top of the soup. Six servings.

Apple Cottage Cheese Coleslaw

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1½ Teaspoonfuls of vinegar
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of thick sour cream
- 1 Cupful of cottage cheese
- 3 Cupfuls of shredded cabbage
- 1½ Cupfuls of diced apples

Mix the vinegar, salt and sour cream, add to the cottage cheese and mix lightly. Add to the cabbage and apples and toss together. (Use rosy apples and do not peel.) Six servings.

Cheese Relish

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Package of cream cheese
- ½ Pint of cottage cheese
- ¼ Cupful of cream
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- 4-5 Drops of Worcestershire sauce
- ½ Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- ½ Teaspoonful of sugar
- Onion salt, cayenne
- Paprika, white pepper
- Garlic if desired

Beat cream cheese, cottage cheese and cream together until smoothly blended. Add seasonings (onion salt, cayenne, paprika and pepper to taste). A well-mashed clove of garlic may be added if desired. Serve in a bowl, placed on a tray with potato chips, small crackers or melba toast fingers to dip out and accompany the relish. Serves 12-15.

Toast Shells

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- Thinly sliced fresh bread
- Melted butter

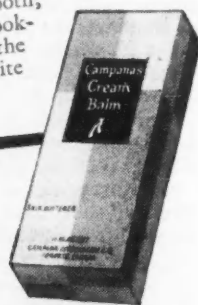
Cut rounds with a cookie cutter, 2½ inches in diameter, from the bread slices, and brush lightly with melted butter. Fit, buttered side down, into tiny ungreased muffin tins (1½ inches in diameter), pressing firmly with the fingers to make a tartlike shell. Or fit buttered squares (2½ inches) into the muffin tins with the corners sticking up. Place in a slow oven—300-325 deg. Fahr.—and bake 15-20 minutes or until crisp and lightly browned. +

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Wabasso's Manitou Bedset . . . A coloured bordered Sheet and two coloured bordered Pillow Cases. Available in Blue, Gold, Green, Rose, Peach and Mauve.



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Nothing New

ONCE I saw a Christmas tree, a shapely Canadian spruce, all done up in a subtle black and gold scheme: the tree itself spray-painted to a dull sooty tone, the gold touch introduced by means of chains of pretzels dipped in gilt paint. The ingenuity of the designer had to be admired, certainly, and the effect was striking, but, somehow, I've never quite got round to trying it out myself. If there's a Christmas tree on the agenda this year, I think I'll take it plain—just a nice dark green, a little wobbly on its two-by-fours, and fixed up with the same old ornaments kept (I hope) in the lower drawer of the bookcase.

I'm partial (and that word is a direct swipe from Father Fitzgibbon in "Going My Way"), I'm partial, too, to a good bit of muss around the base—a lot of crisp, noisy, white tissue paper, ends of ribbon, cards and broken seals. There should be a few new toys to trip over, of course, and throughout the house that fine pervasive fragrance, compounded of turkey and sage and candlewax and evergreens, which is an essential part of the magic of the season when everyone becomes young and innocent and lighthearted once again.

This is sentiment, I know, sentiment of the really sinister common or garden variety. But I doubt if you can separate sentiment from Christmas. It happens to be the one great occasion in Christendom when all of us can shed our adult complexities, when we can unashamedly have feelings without the dreary necessity of rationalizing them, and when the familiar symbols of the season are, each in their turn, a key unlocking some store of memory, which otherwise might have remained dark and hidden and unvalued. It is good to recover simple things, and happiness can be a precious possession even in retrospect.

I want to join lustily in the hymn, "While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night" to the 16th Century psalter tune of Winchester Old, and I hope I'll hear three or four high, breathy children's voices do "Away in a Manger." And if some modern mocking Scrooge is present to argue the ridiculousness of "peace on earth and mercy mild" in a world tired and battered with war, I think I shall be more sorry for him than angry. True, we have failed, in 2,000 years of striving, to realize the promise given to mankind in that first Christmas message, but to deny ourselves the revitalizing, heartening influence of that promise, especially at this moment in history, would be tantamount to closing the door on hope itself.

It is good to know, too, that there is Nothing New about Christmas. In a world rocked by change, in a society teased and tormented with the impalpable shape of things to come, it is comforting to come to this great finale of the Christian year and draw strength and peace from its stability. The material environment will alter and undergo "improvement," but the things which touch us deeply can never be subject to seasonal remodelling. The real part of Christmas cannot be modernized or streamlined; it was a perfect Gift offered to the world, and its shining perfection, its lovely simplicity, remains; nothing can be added or taken away; it is there for all mankind to share equally. We should rejoice and be exceeding glad.

Mary. Ella Macpherson

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BACK HOME FOR KEEPS



You'll cry—the tears you haven't dared to cry since the day he went away. You'll laugh—the deep-welling laughter of two heart-happy people who once again are one. You'll make a million plans—for now you can see your plans come true.

And when you dream of your home, your table, the soft light of tall candles, the gleam of fine silverware—then Community* will be right in there thinking with you. Our hands are hard at work for the war. Our hearts, like yours, are turning home. We're longing to be at the business of making Canada's long-sought, bride-loved Community. Wait for it—there'll be patterns worth waiting for. And know all Canada is hoping with you—we pray the day will come!



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